THE POEMS OF HORACE,

Consisting of

Odes, *Satyres*, and *Epistles*,

Rendred in

ENGLISH and PARAPHRASED

BY

SEVERAL PERSONS.

The second Edition with Alterations.

HOR. SAT. 3. Lib. 1.

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Postulat; ignoscat verrucas illius ——

He that desires his Wens should not offend
His Friend, must wink at th' pimples of his Friend.

LONDON:
Printed by *A.C.* for *H. Brome* at the Gun at the
West-end of St. *Paul's*, M. DC. LXXI.

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Roger L'Estrange.

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The Poems of Horace Translated into English, By Several Persons

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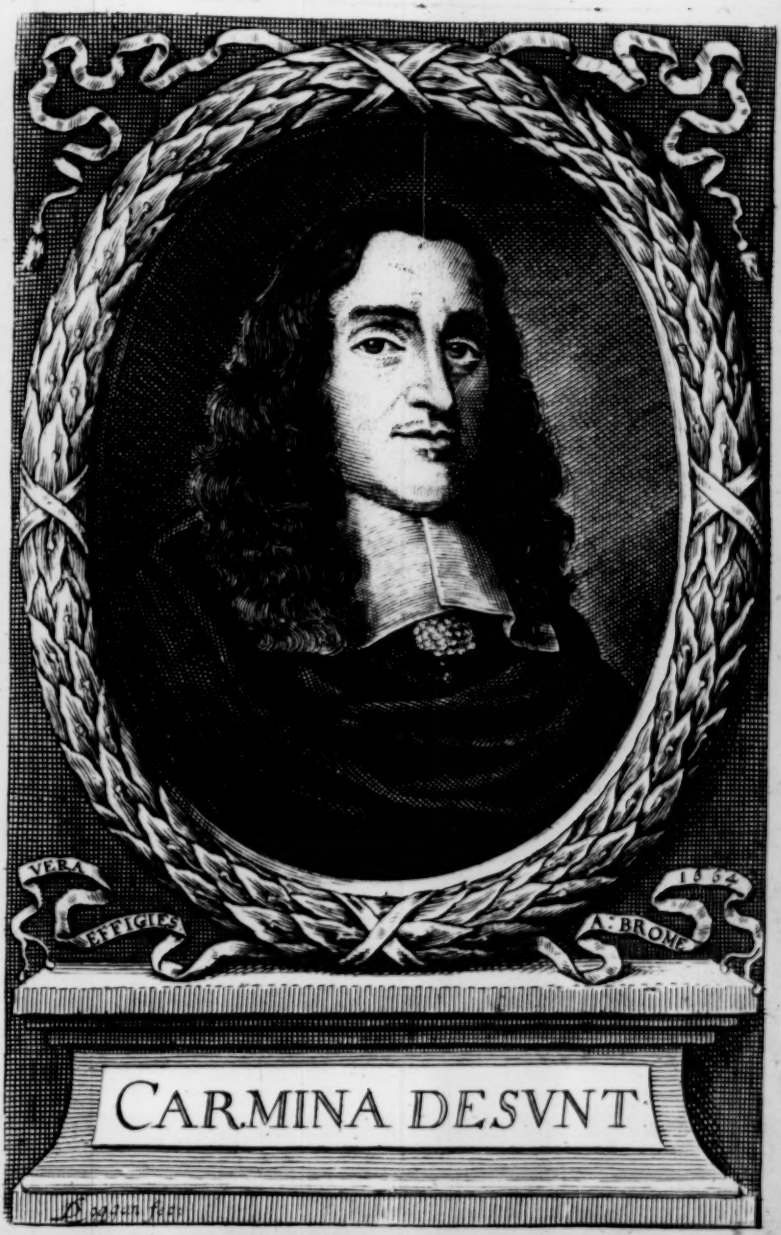
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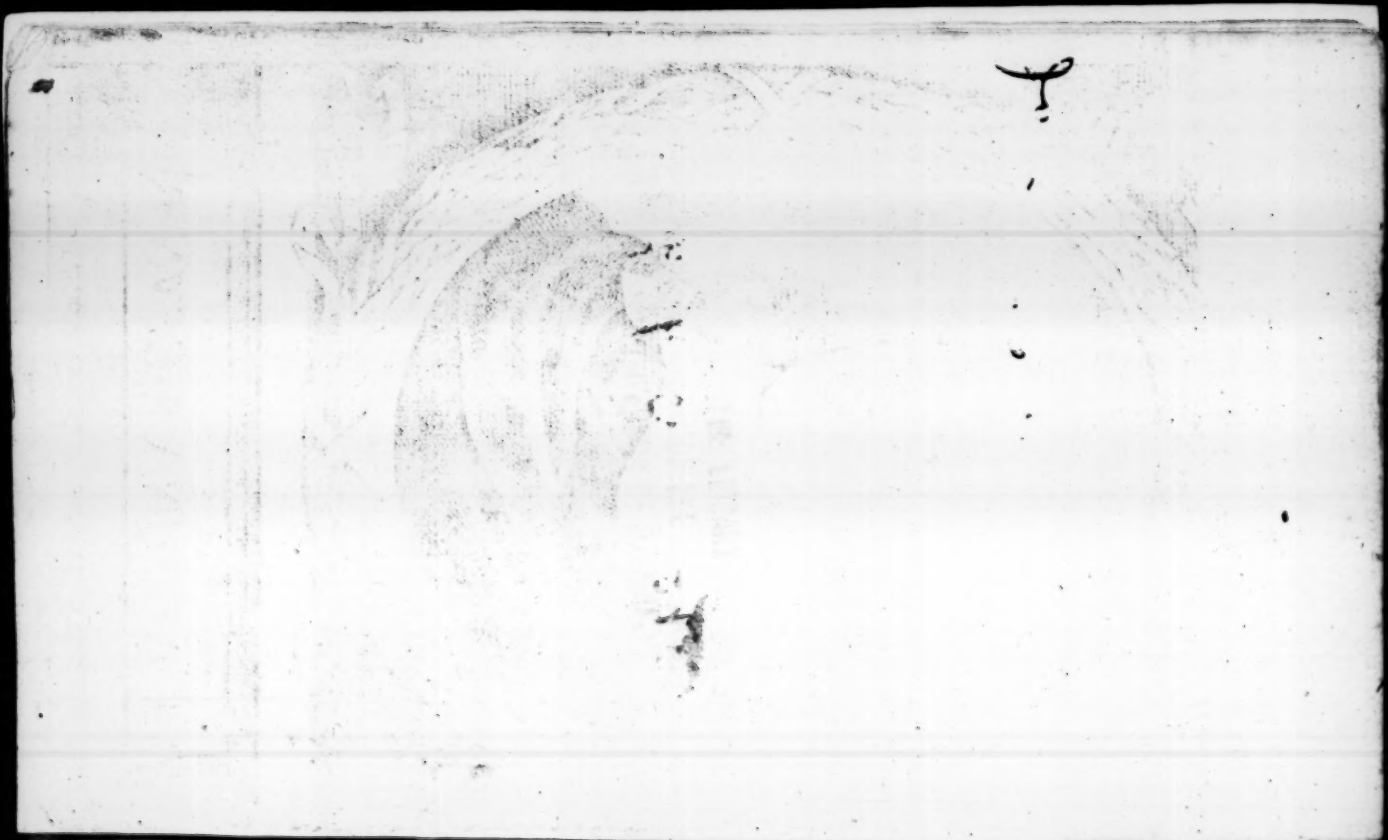

THE POEMS OF HORACE,

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ENGLISH and PARAPHRASED

By

SEVERAL PERSONS.

The ſecond Edition with Alterations.

HOR. SAT. 3. Lib. 1.

Qui, ne tuberibus propriis offendat amicum
Poſtulat; ignoſcat verrucas illius ——

He that deſires his Wens ſhould not offend
His Friend, muſt wink at th' pimples of his Friend.

LONDON:
Printed by *A.C.* for *H. Brome* at the Gun at the
Weſt-end of St. *Paul's*, M. DC. LXXI.

871
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1671

To his honored Friend and Patron

Sir William Backhouſe

BARONET.

SIR,

I *Here preſent, or rather pay, what I have often promiſed you, and what you have a right to*; The Poems of HORACE *in the* Engliſh Tongue: *To the Tranſlation*

495336

whereof my pleaſant retirement *and* conveniencies *at your delightſom* Habitation, *have* liberally *contributed.*

And now according to the Cuſtom of my Predeceſſors, *having ſpoiled ſome paper with writing a bad* Book, *I am to waſte more in a worſe* Preface, *leſt I ſuffer under the* imputation *of being a* heretick *in Book-writing.*

However, I will be ſo kind to you and my ſelf, as to ſpare ſo much time and paper as might be employed in celebrating your Greatneſs, Virtues, and generous Inclinations towards me, being Themes for a higher Pen than I

dare

dare pretend to, and only tell you how you came to be disturbed *with these undertakings.*

'Twas not because I understand this Author *better than others do, nor because I thought I did. But the same* temptation *which induced our Grandame* Eve *to eat fruit, prevail'd with me to read* Horace; *meerly because forbidden.*

But the frequent Quotation *of him by all sorts of* ingenious *men, and the* Hault-gouſt *which the* wit *and* truth *of his excellent sayings gave, made me* languiſh *till I had broken through all the* difficulties *which*

my imbecillity contended with, and thrown my self on this audacious adventure.

In the prosecution whereof I never blush'd to ask the advice or take the assistance of any person whom I thought able to contribute either. And among the rest, of that indefatigable and eminently learned person with whom, by your indulgence and his own condescension I had the honour and happiness to grow acquainted, whom I found so skill'd in all the difficulties of this Poet, that he was to me more than all the Voluminous Commentators.

Sir,

Sir, For my ſpeedier diſpatch *and your* advantage, *I made bold to take in all ſuch parts of* HORACE, *as have been* Engliſhed *by the* Lord Embaſſadour Fanſhaw; *and what were* omitted *by him, I* ſupplyed *with ſuch as have been done by Sir* Thomas Hawkins, *or Dr.* Holiday, *or both, for they are both the ſame; and whether of the two is the* Author, *remains to me* undiſcovered: *What were not touched by theſe, I gathered out of Mr.* Cowleys *and other Printed Books; and ſuch as were not* Tranſlated *by others, my ſelf and ſeveral friends of*

mine

mine at my requeſt have attempted: De Arte Poetica *being long ſince* Engliſhed *by that great* Maſter *thereof* B. Johnſon, *I have borrowed to* crown *the reſt.*

So that you will eaſily find, that as this Book conſiſts of ſeveral *mens endeavours, ſo thoſe* ſeveral *men went* ſeveral *ways; but all ſtudied to ſhun a nice* Pedantical Tranſlation, *which* Horace *could not abide. By reading all which you are certain of two Pleaſures*, Liberty of cenſuring, *and* variety of matter.

And I have this felicity, *that*

if

if any dislike what is done, it will not be safe for them to traduce *it publickly, lest they should reproach some of the* Undertakers *to their faces; for we are considerable for* number *and* quality, *consisting of many persons; and those either* Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, Reverend, *or (which is as good)* Well-beloved; *and if I for my part have herein played the* Fool, *'tis in very good* Company.

Such as it is I expose *it to publick* perusal, *with this becoming* Confidence, *that the excellence of the* Author *will*

make

make amends for the imperfections of the Translators; *and having this in my prospect, that* HORACE *may chance to find as good fortune as his dear friend* VIRGIL *had, who being plundered of all his* Ornaments *by the old Translatours, was restored to others with double lustre by those* Standard-bearers *of Wit and Judgment,* Denham *and* Waller. *To which end I humbly commend this rude* Essay, *to those Persons whose* Learning, Wit, *and* Leisure *shall enable to do him such right as he deserves. And for a president, I*

desire

desire them to compare these lines of Phaer,

This end had Priams *destinies, all this chance him Fortune sent,*

When he the fire in Troy *had seen, his Walls and Castles rent,*

That sometimes over People proud, and Lands had raign'd with fame

Of Asia, *Emperour great, now short on shore he lies with shame,*

His head besides his shoulders laid, his corps no more of name.

with this done by Sir John Denham,

Thus fell the King who yet surviv'd the State,

With such a signal and peculiar fate,

Under so vast a ruine, not a grave,

Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have:

He whom ſuch Titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom the Scepters of all Aſia *bow'd;*
On the cold earth lies this neglected King,
A headleſs Carcaſs, and a nameleſs thing.

By which they may perceive how highly Tranſlations may be improved. *And if any Gentlemen will be ſo induſtrious and kind, as to amend, or but to find out the faults in this Eſſay (which may eaſily be done) or furniſh the* Stationer *with any better againſt the next Impreſſion, they will be ſo far from diſobliging me, that I invite them to it, conceiving it a* work *by which they may gratifie and oblige* Poſterity: *And ſhould rejoyce to ſee theſe rude and im-*

imperfect draughts, like the Athenian *ſhip ſo often and throughly amended, that there ſhall not an old plank remain therein: That ſo theſe* Poems *which were ſo acceptable to* Auguſtus *in their native* dreſs, *might be ſo poliſh'd in our* language, *that they may be look'd on by a more indulgent and greater* Prince *than he was.*

Perhaps it may be expected that I ſhould have embelliſhed (*as they call it*) *this Addreſs with* Witty Paſſages *and* Rhetorical flowers; *but indeed Sir, they are grown quite out of* faſhion, *and I am heartily glad that thereby I am freed from a task which I was ſo unfit for.* *And*

And now Sir, having tired you with this flat Narrative, *to make you amends, I will make no* Address to the Gentle Reader; *only I declare to him and all the World, that I profess my self, and am what your Goodness has made me,*

Honored Mecænas,

Your very much obliged Servant,

Alex. Brome.

THE LIFE OF HORACE.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at *Venusium*, formerly one of the best Cities in *Italy*, now called *Venosa*; of mean parentage; his Father was one whom the *Romans* called *Libertinus*, viz. *the Son of a Slave who had been made free*; and by Profession he was a *Præco*, or a *Coactor*, whose Imployment was to gather in Debts for

Usurers. Of his *Mother* we find no mention; only 'tis agreed by all the *Dutch Commentators* that he had one. He was born two years before *Catalines Conspiracy*, *viz.* the 6th. of the *Ides* of *December*; *Cotta* and *Torquatus* being Consuls. His Education was at *Rome*, where his Father finding him very pregnant, kept him at *School* under *Orbilius* a *whipping School-Master*; his Father also, being a very prudent man, had a severe and *watchful* eye over him, and instructed him in Virtue. Having attained to a good measure of *Grammar* learning at *Rome*, he

he was ſent to *Athens* (then the *moſt famous Univerſity* in the World) and there ſtudied *Philoſophy*; in which, if he adhered to any Sect, it was to the *Epicureans*. At firſt he was no great *Zealot* in Religion, but rather jeered than adored any of the *Heathen Gods*; of which nevertheleſs he afterwards repented and made an *Ode* profeſſedly to teſtifie his *Recantation*. In the Civil War betwixt *Auguſtus* and *Brutus* and *Caſsius*, he being the familiar Friend of *Brutus*, took his part in the battel at *Philippi*; in which he was a *Tribune*, which is equivalent to

a *Colonel* here: but whether he fought or not, does not appear; only by his being ſo great a *Commander* and ſo *ingenious* a perſon, 'tis probable that the *Muſes* might inſpire him with *VVit* enough to keep himſelf out of *danger*: Some have *traduced* him for *running away*, which if true is *excuſable*; for *Valour* and *VVit* are two *ſpirits* which poſſeſs only *ſome* men, and that but at *ſome times*: So that the ſame *Commanders* who have proved *Cowards* in a juſt and honourable *VVar*, have afterwards in a *Tavern* dared to *challenge* ſuch as call'd them ſo; and

and by the *law* a Souldier is no more bound to *fight* when he is out of his *humor*, then an Orator to ſpeak when he is out of his *wits*: Nor is it prudent for a man of *VVit* and *Learning* to have his *brains* beaten out by one that has none. *Auguſtus* having won the Battel, it appeared that *Horace* had taken the wrong ſide, for which his great friend *Mecænas*, a very rich Nobleman of *Rome*, and in great eſteem with *Auguſtus*, obtained a pardon: And *Auguſtus*, like a good-natured *Prince*, not only *pardoned*, but *rewarded* him for being againſt him, and

(if it had then bin in fashion there) would have *Knighted* him. Now being become a *Courtier*, and not *old* or *bold* enough to *begg*; and *Augustus*, so newly after a VVar, not *rich* enough to *give*; he (like others of his Order) wanted *Money*, and that put him upon making *Verses*, which he performed to *admiration*, and was the first that introduced the *Lyrick Poetry* among the *Romans*: By which, and his great *ingenuity* and sweetness of *Conversation*, he grew so much in favour with *Mecænas*, that he by his good will, would never have him out

of

of his Company; and to encourage him in his Studies, and enable him to live without cares, beſtowed on him a competent Eſtate among the *Sabines*, where he had a *Country-houſe*, to which he often retired, from the noiſe and buſtle of *Rome*, to *write* and *contemplate*, and in which he took great delight and recreation. By *Mecænas* he was preferr'd to a familiar acquaintance with *Auguſtus*, who offer'd to make him his *Secretary of State*: But *Horace* (like other great VVits) hated buſineſs. *Auguſtus* alſo conſidering what immortality *Poets* confer on

Princes and other great men, wrote a Letter himſelf, inviting him to come and live with him as his *companion*. And having read ſome of the *Satyres*, and found not himſelf *concern'd* or his name *mentioned* therein, he complain'd of it, and asked him, *Whether he thought it would be a diſparagement to him to have it recorded to poſterity, that* Horace *was a familiar friend to* Auguſtus? As to his *Stature*, he was ſhort and very fat, blear-ey'd, gray-headed in his youth, and bald in the forehead. And for his *morals*, he was a very good man, pious and grateful to his Father,

Father, whom being grown old and poor, he relieved and kept at his Country houſe: much a *Gentleman* in his nature and demeanour; very merry and *facetious* in company, ſoon angry and as ſoon *pleaſed:* As to his Diet, he was that which we by a grand miſtake call an *Epicure*, for he loved and underſtood how to eat and drink well; and though he was very *temperate* and *frugal* generally, yet at a *Treat*, if he lik'd his Company, he would give nature a *looſe*, and come up to *Ohe*! He had that good-natured *Vice* (if it be one) which conſtantly adheres to great

great *Wits*, and is much indulged by high *imagination*: an inclination to *women*, which he is the leſs to be *condemned* for, becauſe he was a *Batchelour*, and in his time and *Country* it was not eſteemed a crime. He was well acquainted with, and highly *valued* by, all the eminent *wits*, and perſons of quality in his time. By frequent *Company-keeping*, and ſtrict obſervation, he informed himſelf of all the *vices* and *humours* of *Rome*, which he reproved and *chaſtiſed* in a way of raillery, whereby men were

were *jeer'd* out of their ill manners, and not offended: So conſiderable was he for his *parts*, and ſo eminent for his *writings*, that he deſervedly won the applauſes of divers of the greateſt Scholars in their times, as *Tibullus*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, *Petronius*, *Perſius*, *Quintilian*, *Alex. Severus*, St. *Auguſtine*, *Scaliger*, and *Biſhop Jewel*, who have all written in his *Commendation*, and are known to be neither *Fools* nor *Flatterers*. How long he lived, is not agreed on; ſome ſay 50, ſome 55, ſome 59, others 70 years: but

but when he finish'd his second Book of *Epistles* he was 44 years old. And he dyed soon after *Mecænas*, namely (as the best Authors report) 5 *Kal. Decem. Censorinus* and *Gallus* being Consuls, which was five years before the birth of *Christ*, having made *Augustus* his *heir*, to whom he left his *Library*, which was a good one; and a years provision, which he always designed to keep before-hand: and being a great contemner of *wealth*, and a *derider* of covetous men, he never aim'd at more. Being *dead* he was *buried* next to

Mecænas

Mecænas himſelf, in the *Eſquiliæ*; an *honour* which good *Poets* deſerve, and which great *Princes* have in all times taken care to *confer* upon them.

To the Reader.

TO take away all exception againſt this ſecond Edition, 'twas thought neceſſary, by a friend to the dead Collector of theſe Tranſlations, to let thee know that there is nothing either added to, or taken from the Former, more, or leſs then (if he had liv'd) himſelf intended, as may appear by his Epiſtle Dedicatory; where he invites new Adventurers, and conceives it a work by which they might gratifie and oblige Poſterity: *In order to that his Deſign, Mr.* Brome *left behind him ſeveral Copies, to be put in the place of many there printed; from his deſires, and example, encouragement was taken to ſubſtitute others, in the room of ſome former Verſions throughout the whole Book: And 'tis hoped that the ſame modeſty, which oblig'd the Authors of them to conceal their names then, will alſo now hinder them from thinking themſelves aggriev'd: As for them that have uſurpt their Odes, they have this to ſay for themſelves, that having a tolerable Opinion of their own performances (as all* Poets *have) they judg'd it reaſonable, that they alſo ſhould have their turn in the Preſs; and run the ſame Riſque of cenſure with their predeceſſors: intending by this experiment to inform themſelves how the world ſtands affected toward their Muſes: if favourably, ten to one*

but

but you hear of them again; if otherwiſe, they hope they ſhall have wit enough hereafter to forbear rhyming, and keep ſafe on the ſhore, rather then run the hazard of a ſecond ſhipwrack. Now ſhould it after all this ſo happen, that offence be taken where none is intended, The Stationer ſays he ſhould be very ſorry, but could not tell how to help it: And is contented (if his Cuſtomers will have it ſo) that the Barber's Baſin *be no longer a* Barber's Baſin, *but the* Helmet *of the doughty* Mambrino.

ODES.

BOOK I.

Ode I. By Sir *R. Fanſhaw.*

To *MÆCENAS.*

That ſeveral Men affect ſeveral Things: That himſelf is delighted with the Study of Lyrick *Verſes.*

MÆCENAS, *Thuſcan* Kings deſcent,
My Bulwark and ſweet Ornament.
There are that love their Charets ſpoak
With rais'd *Olympick* duſt ſhould ſmoak;
And with hot Wheels the Goal cloſe ſhaven,
And noble Palm, lifts Men to Heaven.
One, if the fickle Peoples blaſt
Redoubled Honours on him caſt:
Another that delights to teare
With Plough the Fields his Fathers were;
If in his private Barns He ſtore
Whatever fruitful *Africk* bore;
The wealth of *Cræſus* cannot gain
With trembling Keel to plough the Main.

Frighted with rough *Icarian* Seas,
The Merchant praiſes Home and Eaſe:
But His bruis'd Veſſel repairs ſtraight,
Impatient of a mean Eſtate.
There is that neither ſcorns to taſte
Old *Maſſique*, nor half-days to waſte
Under a ſhady Poplar ſpread,
Or at a Bubling Fountains Head.
Some Drums and Trumpets love, and War;
Which Mothers do as much abhorr.
The Huntſman in the cold doth rome,
Forgetting his poor Wife at home,
Whether his Hounds a Stagg have rowz'd,
Or *Marſian* Boar his Nets have towz'd.
Me Ivy (Meed of learned Heads)
Ranks with the gods: Me chill Groves, Treads
Of Satyrs with looſe Nymphs, have ſhow'd
A way out of the common Road;
Whileſt kind *Euterpe* wets my Flute,
Whileſt *Polyhymne* ſtrings my Lute;
Then write Me in the *Lyrick* Role,
My lofty Head ſhall knock the Pole.

A Paraphraſe upon the firſt Ode, *by* S. W. *Eſq*;

To *MÆCENAS*.

MÆCENAS, ſprung from Royal blood,
My greateſt *Patron*, juſt and good!
There are, who in th' *Olympick* Games
Raiſe the light duſt, but more their names:
When the fleet Race, and noble prize,
E're death, the *Victor* deifies.

Some

Some in *applauſe*, that empty aire,
Place both their honour, and their care;
While others with a different minde
Would chooſe more ſolid *wealth* to finde,
And rich in what the *Earth* does yield,
To the whole *Sea* prefers one *field*;
The *Sea*'l not tempt them, or its ſtore,
No not the *World*, to leave the *ſhore*.
The *Merchant* when he ſees the Skyes
Cover'd with ſtorms, and *Tempeſts* riſe,
Thinks none ſo happy live or well,
As thoſe that on the *Main-land* dwell;
He praiſes what he ſlights at home:
But when from a bad *Voyage* come,
Above the *Earth* he loves the *Main*,
And longs to be at Sea again.
The *Fuddlecap*, whoſe God's the *Vine*,
Lacks not the *Sun* if he have *Wine*;
By th' Sun he only finds a way
To ſome cool *Spring*, to ſpend the day.
Shrill Flutes and Trumpets *Souldiers* love,
And ſcorn thoſe fears that Women move.
The *Huntſman*, in the open Plains
Regardleſs of the Air remains;
A *Deer* makes him forget his Wife,
And a fierce *Boar* deſpiſe his life.
But me the learned *Laurel* give,
The Gods themſelves by *Poets* live.
Give me a Grove, whoſe gloomy ſhade
For *Nymphs* and friſking *Fawns* was made,
Where from the *Vulgar* hid, I'le be,
The *Muſes* waiting all on me;
Here one my *Harp* and *Lute* ſhall ſtring,
Another there ſhall ſtand and *ſing*.

This one thing great *Mæcenas* do,
Inroll me in the *Lyrick* Count
A *Lyrick* Poet, and I'l mount
Above the skies, almoſt as high as you.

Ode II. By Sir *R. F.*

To *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.*

That all the Gods are angry with the Romans *for the killing of* Julius Cæſar: *That the only hope of the Empire is placed in* Auguſtus.

ENough of Hail and cruel Snow
Hath *Jove* now ſhowr'd on us below;
Enough with thundring Steeples down
Frighted the Town.
Frighted the World, leſt *Pyrrha*'s Raign
Which of new monſters did complain,
Should come again, when *Proteus* Flocks
Did climb the Rocks:
And Fiſh in tops of Elm-Trees hung,
Where Birds once built their Neſts, and ſung,
And the all-covering Sea did bear
The trembling Dear.
We, Yellow *Tyber* did behold
Back from the *Tyrrhene* Ocean rowl'd,
Againſt the Fane of *Veſta* power,
And *Numa*'s Tower;
Whileſt the Uxorious River ſwears
He'l be reveng'd for *Ilia*'s Tears;
And over both his Banks doth rove
Unbid of *Jove*.

Our

Our Children through our faults but few,
Shall hear that we their Fathers ſlew
Our Countrymen: Who might as well
The *Perſians* quell.
What God ſhall we invoke to ſtay
The falling Empire? with what Lay
Shall holy Nuns tire *Veſta*'s Pray'r-
Reſiſting Ear?
To whom will *Jove* the charge commend
Of Purging us? at length deſcend
Prophetick *Phœbus*, whoſe white Neck
A Cloud doth deck.
Or *Venus* in whoſe ſmiling Rayes
Youth with a thouſand *Cupid*'s playes:
Or *Mars*, if thou at length canſt pity
Thy long-plagu'd City.
Alas, we long have ſported thee,
To whom 'tis ſport bright Casks to ſee,
And grim Aſpects of Mooriſh Foot
With Blood and Soot;
Or winged *Hermes*, if 'tis you
Whom in *Auguſtus* form we view,
With this revenging th' other Flood
Of *Julius* Blood;
Return to Heaven late we pray,
And long with us the *Romans* ſtay:
Nor let diſdain of that Offence
Snatch thee from hence.
Love here Victorious Triumphs rather;
Love here the Name of Prince and Father:
Nor let the *Medes* unpuniſht ride,
Thou being our Guide.

A Paraphraſe on the Second Ode *by* S. W.

To *AUGUSTUS.*

STorms long enough at length have blown!
Jove hail, fire, has darted down,
Has his own *Temples* overthrown,
And threatned all the Town:
Threatned the *World*, which now did fear
Another *Deluge* to be near;
When *Proteus* all his herds did drive
Upon the hills to live.
When higheſt trees with *Fiſh* were fill'd,
Thoſe *trees* where birds were wont to build;
And *Stags* that could the wind out-flye
Muſt take the Sea, or dye.
We *Tiber* ſaw, when Seas withſtood
His ſtreams, and checkt with Seas his flood,
More heady, and unruly grown,
Not waſh, but bear all down;
And ſwelling at his *Ilias* wrong
No more his banks did glide along,
But choſe new *Channels* and a *Sea*,
To be reveng'd would be.
How our own *ſwords* thoſe wounds did make
Which might have made the *Perſian* quake,
Theſe *Civil* Wars, next age ſhall tell,
And fear what us befell.
When th' Empire thus begins to fall,
On what God ſhall poor *Romans* call?
In vain we hope our god will hear
When *Veſta* ſtops her ear.

To whom will *Jove* Commiſſion give
To purge us, or our Plagues reprieve?
Deſcend *Apollo* cloth'd with light,
Thy beams muſt make us bright.
Or elſe thou faireſt *Queen* of Love,
More needed here then thou'art above,
About whoſe neck the *Graces* flye,
And languiſh in thine eye.
Or *Mars*, if he hath any pity
For his deſpis'd and ruin'd City;
Though *Mars* has been ſo long at *Rome*
We need not wiſh he'd come.
Or you bright *Hermes*, proud to be
Auguſtus, more than *Mercury*,
Since in that ſhape you chooſe to breath,
And expiate *Cæſars* death.
Let it be long ere you return
To heav'n, in love your *Romans* burn
For their old crimes, deſire your ſtay,
Never to go away.
Do you their Lives and Wars command,
The *Prince* and *Father* of your Land,
Nor let our Enemies o're us ride,
While *Cæſar* is our Guide.

Ode III. By Sir *R. F.*

He prays a prosperous Voyage to Virgil, *Embarqued for* Athens: *and takes occasion from thence to inveigh against the Boldness of Man.*

SHip, that to us sweet *Virgil* ow'st
(With thee intrusted) safe
Convey him to the Attick Coast;
And save my better half:
So *Helene*'s Brothers (stellifi'd)
And *Venus* guide thy Sails:
And the Wind's Father, having ti'd
All up, but Vernal Gales.
Of Oak a Bosom had that man,
And trebble-sheath'd with Brass,
Who first the horrid Ocean
With brittle Barque did pass;
Nor fear'd the hollow Storms, that rore;
The *Hyades*, that weep;
Nor the South-wind, which Lords it 'ore
The *Adriatick* Deep.
What face of Death could him dismay,
That saw the Monsters fell;
And wracking Rocks, and swelling Sea,
With Eyes that did not swell?
In vain, the Providence of God
The Earth and Sea did part,
If yet the watry Pathes are trod
By a forbidden Art.
But Men (that will have all, or none)
Still things forbid desire:
Iapetus bold Son stole down
The Elemental Fire:

Whence

Whence Leanneſs over-ſpread the World,
And Fevers (a new Race)
Which creeping Death on Mortals hurl'd;
And bad him mend his pace.
Dedale the empty Air did cut
With wings not giv'n to men;
And *Hercules* the Gates unſhut
Of *Pluto*'s diſmal Den.
Nothing is hard to ſinful Man:
At Heav'n it ſelf we fly;
Nor ſuffer *Jove* (do what he can)
To lay his Thunder by.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

To L. SEXTIUS *a Conſular Man.*

Propoſeth the arrival of the Spring; and the common condition of Death, as inducements to Pleaſures.

SHarp winter's thaw'd with ſpring and weſtern gales,
And Ships drawn up the Engine hales:
The Clown the Fire, the Beaſts their Stalls forgo:
The Fields have caſt their Coats of Snow.
Fair *Venus* now by Moon-ſhine leads a Dance,
The Graces after comely prance.
With them the Nymphs the Earth alternate beat,
Whileſt *Vulcan* at his Forge doth ſweat.
Now ſhould we be with laſting Myrtle Crown'd,
Or Flowers late Priſners in the Ground.
Now ſhould we ſacrifice a Lambkins Blood
To *Faunus* in a ſacred Wood.
Death knocks as boldly at the Rich mans door,
As at the Cottage of the Poor,

Rich

Rich *Sextius*: and the ſhortneſs of our days
Fits not with long and rugged ways.
Swift night will intercept thee, and the Sprights,
They chat ſo of in Winter Nights,
And *Pluto*'s haunted Inn. Thou canſt not there
Call for the Muſick and good Cheer:
Nor in ſoft *Chloris* gaze away thy ſight,
Her Sexes Envy, Our delight.

Ode V. By Sir *R. F.*

To PYRRHA.

That thoſe Men are miſerable who are intangled in her Love: That he is eſcaped out of it as from Shipwrack by Swimming.

WHat Stripling now thee diſcompoſes,
In Woodbine Rooms, on Beds of Roſes,
For whom thy Auburn hair
Is ſpread, unpainted fair?
How will he one day curſe thy Oaths,
And Heav'n that witneſs'd your Betroaths!
How will the poor Cuckold,
That deems thee perfect Gold,
Bearing no ſtamp but his, be maz'd
To ſee a ſudden Tempeſt rais'd!
He dreams not of the Windes,
And thinks all Gold that ſhines.
For me my Votive Table ſhowes
That I have hung up my wet Clothes
Upon the Temple wall
Of Seas great Admiral.

A

A Paraphraſe on the fifth Ode, by Dr. C.

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha* art thou kind?
To what Heart-raviſhy Lover
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich Cabinet?

2.

Ah ſimple youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo Cameleon-like an hew,
That ſtill their colour changes with it too.

3.

How oft alas, will he admire
The blackneſs of the skies?
Trembling to hear the winds ſound higher,
And ſee the billows riſe,
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne're before alas had been at Sea!

4.

He enjoyes thy calmy Sun-ſhine now,
And no treath ſtirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No ſmalleſt cloud appears;
He ſees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the faithleſs *April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou untried doſt ſhine,

But

But there's no danger now for me,
Since or'e *Lorettoes* ſhrine,
In witneſs of the ſhipwrack paſt,
My conſecrated veſſel hangs at laſt.

Ode VI. By *C. C.* Eſq;

To AGRIPPA.

Argument.

Though Varius *in Heroick ſtile*
Agrippa's *Martial Acts compile;*
Yet Horace *his low-pitched Muſe*
More humble Subjects beſt purſues.

VArius in living Annals may
To the admiring Univerſe
Voice out in high *Maonian* Verſe
Thy courage and thy conqueſts won,
And what thy Troops by Land and Sea,
Have through thy noble conduct done.
Our Muſe *Agrippa* that does fly
An humbler pitch, attempts not theſe,
T' expreſs *Pelides* rage; nor fly
Ulyſſes tedious Voyages:
Nor dips her Plume in thoſe red Tydes
Flow from the bloody Parricides
Of *Pelops* cruel Family:
We nothing to ſuch heights pretend,
Since Modeſty,
And our weak Muſe, who does aſpire
No further than the jolly *Lyre*,
Forbids that we
Should in our vain attempts offend,

And

And darken with our humble Layes
Thine, and great *Cæſars* God-like praiſe.
Who to his worth can *Mars* diſplay
When clad in Arms, whoſe dreadful ray,
Puts out the day?
Or brave *Meriones* ſet forth,
When ſoyl'd in *Trojan* duſt, or raiſe
Fit Trophies to *Tydides* worth,
Who to th' immortal gods was made
A Rival by *Minerva*'s aid?
We ſing of Feaſting, and Delights,
Stout Drinking, and the harmleſs Fights
Of hot young Men and bluſhing Maids,
Who when the Foe invades
Make a faint ſhow
To guard what they 're contènt ſhould go.
Theſe are the Subjects of our Song
In Nights that elſe would ſeem too long,
Did we not wiſely prove
The ſweets of Jollity and Love.

Ode VII. By Sir *T. H.*

To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

Some praiſe one City, ſome another, but Horace *preferreth* Tibur *before all, where* Plancus *was born, whom he exhorteth to waſh Care away with Wine.*

SOme *Rhodes*, ſome *Myt'lene*, *Epheſus* doth pleaſe,
Or Walls of *Corinth* with its two-fold Seas:
Some *Thebes*, ſome *Delian Delphos* worth defend,
Other *Theſſalian Tempe's* Air commend.

There

There are, who make their ſole, and fix'd Deſign,
To mention *Pallas* City in each line,
And rather ſtrive her Olive branch to grace,
Than any pull'd off from another place:
Yea ſome to honour *Juno* loud proclaim
Horſe-racing *Argos*, and *Mycenæ* fame.
Me, not the patient *Sparta's* pompous fights,
Nor fat *Lariſſa* field ſo much delights,
As do *Albunea's* Eccho-giving Groves,
And *Anien's* headlong Stream that by it roves;
Or than *Tiburnus* woods, and Orchard-grounds,
Moiſtned with gliding brook which it arrounds.
As the South wind, the Heav'ns from dark Clouds
And doth not generate perpetual ſhowers; (ſcours,
So (*Plancus*) with good Wine, be it thy ſtrife,
To waſh down ſadneſs, and the toils of life:
Whether thou to thy glittering Tents art ty'd,
Or doſt in *Tiber's* ſhady Bowers abide.
When *Teucer* fled, Father, and *Salamine*,
He, (it is ſaid) his Temples dew'd with wine;
And brows encircled with a Poplar wreath,
Did 'mongſt his penſive friends theſe accents breath:
What way Fortune (more kind than Sires) ſhall ſhow,
We, Friends, and dear Companions, will go.
Teucer, your Guide, *Teucer* Encourager,
Deſpair not any thing, admit no fear:
For we ſhall raiſe a ſecond *Salamine*,
(Says wiſe *Apollo*) in another Clime:
Brave Spirits, who with me have ſuffer'd ſorrow,
Drink cares away; wee'l ſet up ſails to morrow.

ODE

Ode VIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To LYDIA.

He notes obſcurely a certain Young Man, whom he calls Sybaris, *as undone with Love, and melted with Pleaſures.*

Lydia, in Heavens Name
Why melts young *Sybaris* in thy Flame?
Why doth he bed-rid lie
That can indure th' intemperate Skie?
Why rides he not and twits
The *French* great Horſe with wringled bits?
Why ſhuns he *Tybur*'s Flood,
And wreſtlers Oyl like Vipers Blood?
Nor hath his Fleſh made ſoft
With bruiſing Arms; having ſo oft
Been prais'd for ſhooting far
And clean delivery of the Bar?
For ſhame, why lies he hid
As at *Troy*'s ſiege *Achilles* did,
For fear leſt Mans Array
Should him to Manly Deeds betray?

Ode IX. By Sir *R. F.*

To THALIARCHUS.

That being Winter, it is time for Men to give themselves to Pleasure.

THou seest the Hills candied with Snow
Which groaning Woods scarce undergo,
And a stiff Ice those Veins
Congeals which Branch the Plains.
Dissolve the Frost with Logs pil'd up
To th' Mantle-tree; let the great Cup
Out of a larger Sluice
Pour the reviving Juice.
Trust *Jove* with other things; when he
The fighting Winds takes up at Sea,
Nor speared Cypress shakes,
Nor aged Elm-tree quakes.
Upon to Morrow reckon not,
Then if it comes 'tis clearly got:
Nor being young despise
Or Dancings, or Loves Joyes.
Till testy Age gray Hairs shall snow
Upon thy Head, lose Masque, nor Show:
Sost whispers now delight
At a set hour by Night:
And Maids that gigle to discover
Where they are hidden to a Lover;
And Bracelets or some toy
Snatcht from the willing Coy.

ODE

Ode X. By R. N. Paraphras'd.

To MERCURY.

In praiſe of Mercury.

1.

THou ſweet-tongu'd God, the ſon of *Jove* and *May!*
Who didſt the Rabble teach
A more refined ſpeech;
And ſhewd'ſt the active Youth the Hug to play.
Of thee I'll ſing,
Who doſt with nimble wing
Convey the Meſſages 'twixt *Jove*,
And all the other Gods above.

2.

Of thee, who did'ſt at firſt the Lyre invent,
And did'ſt the Thief ſo ſubtly play,
Stealing whate're thou couldſt away,
And yet intend no hurt but merriment.
Of thee, who did'ſt *Apollo*'s herd reſtore,
That were or ſtoln, or ſtray'd not ſo before,
Which made him fret,
And utter many a threat,
Yet being not able to Revenge, did laugh it o're.

3.

Of thee I'll ſing, who *Priam* did'ſt convey
Through th' armed croud
Of *Greeks* with Conqueſt proud,
Leaving in flames his falling *Troy*.
Thou doſt all ſouls conduct to their laſt home,
The Virtuous to *Elyſium*:
The Vicious to that place, where torments dwell;
Officious both to Gods above, and Devils in Hell.

Ode XI. By Sir *T. H.*

To LEUCONOE.

He exhorteth Leuconoe, *that care omitted, ſhe ſeek to pleaſe her ſelf, taking argument from the ſhortneſs of life, and ſpeed of death.*

STrive not (*Leuconoe*) to know what end
The Gods above to thee or me will ſend:
Nor with Aſtrologers conſult at all,
That thou may'ſt better know what can befall.
Whether thou liv'ſt more winters, or thy laſt
Be this, which *Tyrrhen* waves 'gainſt rocks do caſt;
Be wiſe, drink free, and in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Do not protracted hopes of life embrace,
Whileſt we are talking, envious Time doth ſlide:
This day's thine own, the next may be deny'd.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by S. W.

To LEUCONOE.

NE're ſtrive *Leuconoe*, ne're ſtrive to know
What *Fates* decreed for thee and me, nor go
To an *Aſtrologer*; 'tis half the cure,
When Ill, to think it will not long endure:
Whether *Jove* will another Winter give,
Or whether 'tis your laſt that now you live;
Be *wiſe*, and ſince you have not long to ſtay,
Feel not with tedious hopes your life away.
Time, while we ſpeak on't flyes; now baniſh ſorrow,
Live well to *day*, and never truſt to *morrow*.

ODE

Ode XII. By Sir T. H.

To AUGUSTUS.

The Gods, Demy-Gods, and ſome worthy men honoured, he deſcendeth into the divine praiſes of Auguſtus.

WHat man, or *Hero*, (*Clio*) wilt thou praiſe
With ſhrilleſt Pipe, or *Lyra*'s ſofter layes?
What God? whoſe name in ſportive ſtrain,
Eccho will chaunt thee back again?

Either in ſhady *Heliconian* Bowers,
High *Pindus*, or cold craggy *Hemus* Towers,
Whence leavy Groves by heaps confus'd,
To wait on tuneful *Orpheus* us'd;

Orpheus well skill'd from mothers artful lay,
Swift rivers glide, and ſpeedy winds to ſtay,
And with his harps melodious ſong
Attentive Okes to draw along.

What ſhall I ſing before the conſtant praiſe
Of Father *Jove*, who Gods, and Mortals ſwayes?
Yea, Land, Sea, World extended wide
With various ſeaſons doth divide?

From whom there nothing ſprings, greater than he;
Like nothing lives, nor can a ſecond be:
Yet ſhall next honours *Pallas* grace,
Though ſeated in a lower place.

Nor will I, warlike *Bacchus*, let thee goe,
Nor *Dian*, ſavage beaſts eternal foe:
Phœbus ſhall likewiſe have a part,
Dreadful with unavoided dart.

With *Hercules* I *Leda*'s ſons muſt name;
Horſe-ſervice this, Foot-fight gives th'other Fame:
Whoſe brighter ſtar, when firſt in sky,
The wakeful Sailer doth deſcry.

Down from the rocks impetuous waters flow;
The winds ſurceaſe, the clouds diſpelled go:
And threatning waves (ſo the Twins will)
Upon the Oceans brow are ſtill.

Theſe mentioned firſt, ſhall *Romulus* obtain
The next record, or *Numa*'s peaceful raign?
Shall I the power of *Tarquins* State,
Or *Cato*'s manly death relate?

Stout *Regulus*, the *Scauri*, *Paulus*, free
Of his great ſoul in *Canna*'s victory;
Or ſhall my grateful tongue rehearſe
Fabritius, in reſplendent verſe?

Who with the valiant *Curius*, rough in guiſe
And hair uncomb'd, did with *Camillus* riſe
To high advancement, homely bred
In their poor Grand-Sires lands, and Shed.

Marcellus Fame is like a ſpreading Tree,
Which groweth ſtill, although inſenſibly:
Each eye the *Julian* Star admires,
As *Cynthia* 'mongſt the leſſer fires,

Great

Great Father, and Protector of Man-kind
From *Saturn* ſprung, to thee the Fates aſſign'd
The care of mighty *Cæſar*; Reign,
And *Cæſar* ſecond place obtain.

He whether in full triumph lead along
The vanquiſh'd *Parthians*, who near *Latium* throng,
Or *Seres*, and ſwart *Indians* tame,
That Eaſt-ward tremble at his name:

He leſs, but Juſt, the ſpacious world ſhall guide;
Heav'n-ſhaking, thou in thund'ring Chariot ride,
And thy offended lightning caſt
On Groves, which harbour the unchaſt.

Ode XIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To LYDIA.

He complains that Telephus *is preferred before him.*

THe Arms that Wax-like bend,
And every henge when you commend,
On which the Head doth turn
Of *Telephus*, ah, how I burn!
Madneſs my mind doth rap,
My Colour goes; and the warm ſap
Wheeſing through either Eye,
Shows with what lingring Flames I fry.
I fry; when thy white hue
Is in a Tavern-brawl dy'd blew,
Or when the ſharp-ſet Youth
Thy melting Kiſs grinds with his Tooth.

Believe't, his love's not found
That can ſuch healing kiſſes wound;
Kiſſes which *Venus* hath
Made ſupple in a Nectar bath.
O their felicity
Whom a firm cord of love doth ty,
Unbroke with wicked ſtrife,
And twiſted with their threds of Life!

Ode XIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To the Commonwealth preparing afreſh for Civil war

O Ship, what do'ſt? freſh ſtorms again
Will drive thee back into the Main;
Bravely recover Port, and Shore.
See'ſt not th'art deſtitute of Oar?
Swift South-weſt winds invade thy maſt,
Thy ſail-yard cracks with every blaſt?
And cables ſcarce thy keel aſſure,
Thoſe ſurly billows to endure?
Thy ſails are torn, and thou a thrall,
No gods haſte to invoke at all.
Though Pontique Pine (woods noble race)
Thou boaſt thy barren name and place:
The fearful Sailer (dangers tride)
Doth not to painted ſhips confide:
Take heed unleſs thou haſt a mind
To be a ſport unto the wind.
(Oh my deſire and greateſt care,
Earſt horrour to my heart) Beware,
And flie in time thoſe ſhelfie Seas,
Which run betwixt bright Cyclades.

ODE XV.

The Prophecy of Nereus *concerning the deſtruction of* Troy.

WHen in *Idæan* ſhips the treacherous ſwain,
With *Hellen* his *Greek* miſtreſs croſt the main,
Nereus, that ill events he might preſage,
Becalm'd with lazy reſt the ſwift winds rage.
Thou her tak'ſt home with thee in an ill hower,
Whom *Greece* ſhall fetch again with armed power,
Conſpiring to diſſolve thy married ſtate,
And *Priam's* antient Kingdom ruinate.
Alas! what toil for horſe, for men what pain,
What direful funerals of *Trojans* ſlain.
See, *Pallas*, helm and target doth provide,
And will on her incenſed Chariot ride.
In vain grown inſolent with *Venus* grace,
Shalt thou thine hair diſhevel, ſleek thy face:
In vain ſhalt thou, on harps effeminate ſtring,
Soft tuned notes t' attentive women ſing:
In vain, thou in thy chamber ſhalt decline
Sharp ſpears, and head of *Cnoſſian* javeline,
Loud noiſe, and *Ajax*, nimble to purſue,
Yet duſt at laſt ſhall ſoil thy beauties hue.
Do'ſt thou not *Neſtor*, nor *Ulyſſes* mind,
Who for thy countries ruine art deſign'd?
On the undaunted *Salaminius* flies;
Thee *Sthenelus* provokes, who bears the prize
Of arms, or horſe to manage with command:
'Gainſt thee likewiſe ſhall *Meriones* ſtand:
Fell *Diomedes* ſtronger than his fire,
For thee, with des'prate fury ſhall enquire;

VVhom as an hart that doth neglect his food,
Spying far off the wolf thirſty of blood,
Thou faintly ſhalt, and almoſt breathleſs flie,
Breaking thy vow to *Hellen* cowardly.
Achilles wrathful Fleet the hour ſhall ſlack
Of *Phrygian* Matrons fall, and *Ilium's* wrack;
But *Grecian* fire in time determinate,
Shall *Trojan* buildings burn, and diſſipate.

Ode XVI. By Sir *T. H.*

To a Friend.

He recants: For he asketh pardon of a Maid, whom he had wounded with Iambicks, transferring the fault upon anger, the unbridled force whereof he deſcribeth.

DAughter, than thy fair mother much more fair,
On my Iambicks fraught with ſpiteful air,
Do thou preſcribe what doom thy ſelf ſhall pleaſe,
Either of flames, or Adriatique ſeas.
Not *Dindymenian*, nor the *Pythian* Prieſt,
Are with ſuch fury by their Gods poſſeſt;
Not *Bacchus*, nor the *Corybantes* ſo,
VVhen on ſhrill braſs they iterate their blow,
As baneful anger, which not *Norique* arms,
Nor the ſhip-wracking ſtormy Ocean charms:
Not furious fire, nor *Jove* himſelf on high,
VVhen he with dreadful thunder rends the skie.
'Tis ſaid, *Prometheus* reſolv'd to make
Man out of clay, did ſeveral parcels take
Diſſected cunningly from every beaſt,
And put fierce lions wrath into our breaſt.

Anger

Anger *Thyeſtes* into ruine caſt,
And unto Cities ever was the laſt
Cauſe, why they fell, and that proud foes were ſeen
VVith [illegible]le ſhare to plough where walls had been,
Bridle [illegible]lf. Me likewiſe heat of blood
Enrag'd [illegible] youth, and with diſtemper'd mood
Into Iambicks hurri'd: Now I ſeek
To change my rougher language into meek;
So wrongs recanted, thou more friendly be,
And love reciprocal return to me.

ODE XVII. By *R. N.*

The Conveniencies of his Country Farm.

1

SO ſweetly ſeated is my Country Farm,
That neither ſummers ſcorching heat
Nor winters ſtormy cold doth threat
My ſelf, nor yet my thriving flocks with harm.

2

But there my wanton Kids ſecurely may
VVithout their dams through Copſes ſtray,
VVhom neither feeding ſerpents bite,
Nor folded do the hungry wolves affright.

3

There when the Goatherds trembling fingers touch
The holes of his loud pipe, the ſound
From th' ecchoing Rocks doth ſo rebound,
'Tis made both twice as ſweet, and twice as much:

4.

The Gods whom I adore, are my defence,
And they although so far above,
Yet bend so low to fall in love
Both with my Poetry and Innocence.

5.

Hence flow their Blessings on me more and more,
Without my wealth, within my Peace
At once they largely do increase
Giving content, whilst adding to my store.

6

From noise and business there thou maist retire,
And underneath some private shade,
Where no disturbance can invade,
Chaunt out these songs of Love unto thy Lyre.

7

Here mayst thou sit and never fear
Thy jealous Husbands coming near
And call the Jade or Whore,
Or pull thee by the head or thy cloaths tear.

8

Or there, if thou 'rt inclin'd to mirth or so,
Thou and an honest friend or two
May drink and laugh, and never hear
The noise and quarrels which in Taverns are.

Ode. XVIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To QUINTILIUS VARUS.

That with moderate drinking of wine, the mind is exhilarated: with immoderate, quarrels begotten.

OF all the trees, plant me the ſacred Vine
In *Tybur*'s mellow fields, and let it climb
Cathyllus walls: for *Jove* doth cares propound
To ſober heads, which in full cups are drown'd:
Of want, or war who cries out after wine?
Thee father *Bacchus*, thee fair *Erycine*,
Who doth not ſing? but through intemp'rate uſe,
Leſt * *Liber's* gifts you turn into abuſe,
Think of the *Centaures* braul, fought in their Cans,
With *Lapithes*: and to *Sithonians* * *Other*
Heavy *Evons*, when their heated blood *names of*
Makes little difference betwixt what's good, *Bacchus.*
And what is not. No, gentle *Baſſareu*
I will not force thee; nor betray to view
Thy vine-clad parts: ſuppreſs thy *Thracian* hollow,
And diſmal dyan: which blind ſelf-love doth follow,
Aud Glory-puffing heads with empty worth,
And a Glaſs-boſome pouring ſecrets forth.

Ode XIX. By R. T.

Of GLYCERA.

How he is beſotted with Love of her.

1

TO her again I muſt; 'tis true I ſwore
But two daies ſince I'de never ſee her 1
Yet drink, and having nothing elſe to do,
VVould make an Anchorite to woe.

2

Heroick Muſe farewel, for now my pen
Is dictating a clean contrary theme;
Turn it to thee, it turns to her agen:
VVhen I ſhould ſhow how the brave *Parthians* fight
Charging the *Scythians* in their flight,
I think my ſelf one of the *Scythians* dying
By the keen dart of her that ſhoots me flying.

3

He that ſees *Glycera* and not deſires,
May ſport as well with everlaſting Fires;
For my part I to' Eternity cou'd gaze
Upon the grateful anger in her Face,
VVhich we behold through frowns, juſt like the Sun
Through Clouds which elſe we dare not look upon.

4

Boy make a fire, perfume the room, and get
Me wine and all things for a Noble treat;
Get the beſt Muſick nature can invent,
Such as of old made ſullen ſtones relent:
He that will Deities incens'd appeaſe
Muſt to their ſhrines bring Hecatombs of theſe.

Ode 20.

Ode XX. By *R. N.*

To MÆCENAS.

Whom he invites to a ſmall Treat.

I Pray Sir with me to my Chamber go,
For there I have in ſtore
Some half a ſcore
Bottles of Claret-wine or more,
And they of mine own bottling too:
Pray go, wee'l drink but moderate I vow.

Me thought I lately taken was
VVith that late general applauſe;
How overjoy'd the multitude
About the Theatre did croud,
And cry'd up you and your great Acts aloud!

But come, pray let's no longer tarry,
I muſt confeſs I've no Canary,
Nor Malago nor Sherry;
Such wines for me are much too dear,
VVelcome ſhall be your greateſt Chear;
Come go, and we'll be merry.

Ode XXI. By Sir *T. H.*

Of *Diana* and *Apollo*.

He exhorteth youths and virgins to ſing forth their Praiſes.

YOu tender virgins, ſound *Diana's* name,
(Boys) be your ſong youthful *Apollo's* Fame;
Latona likewiſe touch,
By *Jove* affected much,

(Maids) mention her, who loved rivers ſo,
And woods which on cold *Algidus* do grow,
On *Erymant* are ſpread;
Or *Cragus* verdant head.

(Boys) with your notes delightful *Tempe* grace,
And *Delos* chaunt, *Apollo's* native place;
His ſhoulders, quiver-dight,
And harp of heavenly might.

He, with our prayers mov'd, ſhall baniſh far,
Sharp hunger, peſtilence, and direful war
From Prince and people, to
Perſian, and *Britiſh* foe.

Ode XXII. By Sir *T. H.*

To ARISTIUS.

Integrity of life is every where ſafe, which he proveth by his own example.

WHo lives upright, and pure of heart,
(O *Fuſcus*) neither needs the dart,
Nor bow, nor quiver, fraught with ſtore
Of ſhafts envenom'd by the *Moor*.

VVhether o're *Lybia's* parched ſands,
Or *Caucaſus* that houſeleſs ſtands,
He takes his journey; or thoſe places
Through which the fam'd *Hydaſpes* traces.

For (careleſs) through the *Sabin* grove,
VVhileſt chaunting *Lalage*, I rove,
Not well obſerving limits due,
A wolf (from me unarmed) flew.

A monſter ſuch as all exceeds,
VVhich in huge woods fierce *Daunia* feeds:
Or thoſe that *Juba's* Kingdom hath,
The Deſart-nurſe of Lions wrath.

Place me in coldeſt Champains, where
No *Summer*-warmth the trees do cheer:
Let me in that dull Climate reſt
VVhich clouds and ſullen *Jove* infeſt,

Yea,

Yea, place me underneath the Carre
Of too near *Phœbus*: ſeated farre
From dwellings: *Lalage* I love,
Whoſe ſmiles, whoſe words ſo ſweetly move.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *By* S. W.

To FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

THe' juſt man needs nor Sword nor Bow,
Thoſe arms *his fear*, not ſafety ſhow,
Who better has for his defence
Strong guards of innocence.

For if along rough ſhores he coaſt,
Tempeſts and *Seas* on him are loſt.
Or if he *Caucaſus* paſs by,
Tygers their rage deny.

A *Wolf* that croſt me in my grove,
As I walkt muſing on my love
Beyond my bounds, and no arms had,
Was of my love afraid.

Away he fled, though *Daunia* yields
No greater monſter in her fields:
Though *Africa* which Lions breeds,
None half ſo cruel feeds.

Put me where never *Summer* breeze
Kiſt the dull earth, or lifeleſs trees,
In that skirt of the world, where ſhow'rs
Do number out the hours;

Or

Or place me in the *Torrid Zone*,
Where never houſe or man was known;
If there my *Lalage* but ſmile
And ſing, I'le love the while.

ODE XXIII. By *R. T.*

To CHLOE.

That ſhe hath no reaſon to be ſo coy.

1

SO flyes the tim'rous Fawn (her mother gone)
From flying ſhadows of her own;
Every blaſt and twig that moves is made
By her vain fears, an Ambuſcade.

2

Her heart beats quicker then her feet can fly,
Although no foes ſhe can deſcry
Unleſs the winds that buſtle by,
Or leaves which with the winds do play,
Or Newts that tremble more then they,
Hurrying through thorns to make their way.

3

Come, come, my deareſt turn again,
All this Coyneſs is in vain;
Alas! I do not ravenouſly purſue
What opportunity might prompt us to,
But with a zealous paſſion to diſcover
That it is time thy ſervitude were over,
And thou injoy'dſt the freedom of a Lover;
Virgins may juſtly challenge it at twelve,
Thy Mother at that age did ſo her ſelf.

Ode XXIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To VIRGIL.

Who immoderately bewailed the death of Quintilius.

MElpomene, whom *Jove* our Father daigns
Shrill voice apply'd to harps melodious ſtrains,
Tell in ſad notes how far the bounds extend
Of love, and ſhame unto ſo dear a friend;
Shall then in endleſs ſleep *Quintilius* lie?
As equal unto whom, pure Modeſty,
And Juſtice' ſiſter, Faith ſincere and plain,
Nor naked Verity ſhall ever gain?
Of many worthy men bemoan'd he fell,
But *(Virgil)* no mans grief can thine excel.
Thou (loving) doſt (alas) the *gods* in vain
Quintilius, not ſo lent thee, ask again.
What if more ſweet, than *Thracian Orpheus* wyre,
You trees perſwade to hearken to your lyre?
Yet can you not return of life command
To ſhadow vain, which once with dreadful wand,
God *Mercury*, unwilling Fate t' unlock,
Hath forc'd to dwell among the *Stygian* flock.
'Tis hard, I grant; "But patience makes that light,
"Which to correct, or change, exceeds our might.

The ſame by Sir *R. F.*

To VIRGIL.

Who lamented immoderately the death of Quintilian.

WHat ſhame, or ſtint in mourning ore
So dear a Head? Weep not but rore
Melpomene, to whom thy Sire
Gave a ſhrill voice, and twanging lyre.
But does *Quintilian* ſleep his laſt?
Whoſe Fellow, Modeſty, and faſt
Faith, with her Siſter Juſtice joyn'd
And naked truth, when will they find?
Bewail'd by all good men, he's gone:
But then Thee *Virgil*, more by none.
Thou begſt back (ah! pious in vain)
Thee, not ſo lent, *Quintilian.*
If ſweeter than the *Thracian* Bard,
Thou could'ſt ſtrike tunes by dull Trees heard,
The blood would never more be made
To flow into the empty ſhade,
Which *Hermes* with his horrid wand
(Inflexible to countermand
Th' unevitable doom of Death)
Once drove to the black Flock beneath.
'Tis hard: But patience makes that leſs,
Which all the world cannot redreſs.

Ode XXV. Paraphras'd by *R. N.*

To *LYDIA.*

Insulting over her being grown old.

WHy how now *Lydia*? what's the matter
The Dammees don't so often clatter
About thy borded windows, nor
Croud so thick about thy door
As they did use before?
Faith, you are now too old to be a Whore.
Your trade grows less and less I see,
And must I still so lust for thee,
When thou canst only dream of Leachery!
Pox on't, go and be hang'd you damn'd old Jade:
Since thou'rt no longer fit for Trade,
Retire to some dark Cell,
And with thy presence make that Hell:
There thou wilt cry and rore,
Not that thou'st sin'd so much before,
But 'cause thou'rt able now to sin no more.
Your dancing days are done, your youthful knocks
Have now at last brought forth the pox:
Go and repent, shew some Remorse
For thy damn'd Lust,
Which was at first
Not to be satisfied by any Horse.
Our Gallants now that wear the Muff
Delight in younger stuff:
But if you'l trade, you must contented be
With some old Citizens dry Leachery.

Ode XXVI. By Sir *T. H.*

To his Muſe concerning *Ælius Lamia.*

It is not fit for the lovers of the Muſes to be ſubject to cares and ſadneſs. The Poet commendeth his Lamia *to the Pimplean Muſe.*

I, who the Muſes love, ſadneſs, and fear
Will to rough winds commit, that they may bear
Them to the Cretique Sea, careleſs, who ſways,
And whom the far-North dweller moſt obeys:
Or what doth great *Tyridates* affright.
O my Pimplean Muſe (my hearts delight;)
O thou who near pure Fountains ſitteſt down,
Wreath od'rous flowers for *Lamia*, wreath a crown.
Little without thee worketh my applauſe:
'Tis now become thine, and thy Siſter's cauſe,
Him with unuſed ſtrains to celebrate,
And with thy *Lesbian* lyre to conſecrate.

Ode XXVII. By Sir *R. F.*

To his Companions.

To his Companions feaſting together, that they ſhou'd not quarrel in their drink, and fight with the Cups themſelves, after the manner of the Barbarians.

With Goblets made for Mirth, to fight,
'Tis barbarous: leave that *Thracian* rite,
Nor mix the baſhful bluſhing God
Of Wine, with quarrels and with blood.

A Cand-ſtick, and Quart-pot, how far,
They differ from the Cymitar?
Your wicked noiſe Companions ceaſe,
And on your elbows lean in peace.
Would you have me to ſhare th' auſtere
Falernian liquor: Let me hear
Megella's brother, by what eyes,
Or what bleſt wound and ſhaft he dies.
No! then will I not drink: whatever
Venus tames thee, ſhe toſts thy Liver
With fire thou haſt no cauſe to cover,
Still findging an ingenious Lover.
Come, thou may'ſt lay it whatſoere
It is, ſecurely in my Ear.
Ah wretch! in what a Whirl-pool tane?
Boy worthy of a better flame,
What Witch with her *Theſſalian* Rod
Can looſe thee from thoſe charms? What God?
Scarce *Pegaſus* himſelf can thee
From this three-ſhap'd *Chimera* free.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *by Dr.* P.

WHat? Quarrel in your drink, my friends? y'abuſe
Glaſſes, and Wine, made for a better uſe.
'Tis a *Dutch* trick Fie, let your brawling ceaſe, (peace.
And from your Wine and Olives learn both mirth and
Your *ſwords* drawn in a *Tavern*, whilſt the hand
That holds them ſhakes, and he that fights cann't ſtand;

Sheath

Sheath 'um for ſhame, embrace, kiſs, ſo away,
Sit down, and ply the buſineſs of the day.
But I'le not drink, unleſs *T. S.* declares
Who is his *Miſtreſs*, and whoſe wounds he wears.
Whence comes the glance, from what ſweet-killing-Eye,
That ſinks his Hope ſo low, and mounts his Muſe ſo high!
Wilt thou not tell? Drawer, what's to pay?
If you're reſerv'd, Ile neither drink nor ſtay:
Or let me go, or outw'it; ſhe muſt be
Worth naming, ſure; whoſe *Fate* it was to conquer thee:
Speak ſoftly,——She! forbid it Heaven above!
Unhappy youth! unhappy in thy love;
Oh how I pity thy Eternal pain!
Thou never canſt get looſe, thou never canſt obtain;
Let's talk no more of love, my friends, let's drink again.

ODE XXVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

Architas, a Philoſopher, and Geometrician, is preſented, anſwering to a certain Mariner, that all men muſt die, and intreating him, that he would not ſuffer his body to lie on the ſhore unburied.

THe poor gift of a little duſt, confines,
And neer unto the *Matine* ſhore enſhrines
Thee, now (*Architas*) who could'ſt meaſure well
The Sea, the Earth, and Sands, which none can tell.

Nor could it any help, or profit be,
Death being ready ſtill to ſeize on thee;
Thoſe airy manſions to have ſought from hence,
And oft ſurvey'd the Heavens circumference.
The fire of *Pelops*, who with *gods* did feaſt,
And aged *Tython*, ſhrunk at Deaths arreſt:
And *Minos*, to *Joves* counſels call'd, was ſlain;
And *Panthois* dy'd, ſent down to Hell again;
Though by the ſhield pull'd down, he proving well
That his Faſt-birth in *Trojan* ages fell,
Affirm'd, that Death nought kill'd, but nerves and skin:
(No man in natures power was better ſeen:)
But we into one ſelf-ſame night do fall,
And muſt the paths of Death tread once for all.
The Furies ſome to games of *Mars* apply,
The greedy ſailer drench'd in ſails doth lie.
In death both young and old, by heaps do joyn;
Nor any head eſcapes ſad *Proſerpine*.
Me, the South-wind, crooked *Orion*'s Mate
O're whelmed in *Illyrian* waves of late:
But (gentle Friend) be pleas'd now I am dead,
In looſe ſands to interre my bones, and head.
Which done (ſo thou be ſafe) may th'Eaſtern-wind,
Which ſtirs *Heſperian* billows, be aſſign'd
To bluſter lowdly in *Venuſium* woods:
And may on every ſide, thy traffiqu'd goods
In plenty flow to thee from *Joves* juſt hand,
And *Neptune*, who *Tarentum* doth command:
But if this fault of thine ſhall ſeem but ſlight,
(Which may upon thy harmleſs iſſue light)
I wiſh due puniſhment and proud neglect,
May on thy funeral Obſequies reflect:
Nor ſhall my prayers be poured forth in vain,
Nor vows have ſtrength to ſet thee free again:

Yet

Yet if thou haſte, no longer ſtay I crave,
But thrice to throw the duſt upon my Grave.

Ode XXIX. By Sir *T. A.*

To ICCIUS.

It is a ſtrange thing, that Iccius *the Philoſopher intermitting his Studies, ſhould become a man at Arms, out of the love of money.*

Iccius, thou now the *Arabs* doſt envy
Their golden treaſure, and to wars doſt hie,
'Gainſt the *Sabean* Kings unvanquiſhed,
And nets prepar'ſt to ſnare the horrid *Mede*.
What Captive Damſel her beloved ſlain
Shall ſerve thee now? What youth of noble ſtrain
Shall now anointed, on thy Cup attend,
Prompt from his fathers Bow ſwift ſhafts to ſend?
Who can deny but falling Rivers may
Run up ſteep hills, and *Tyber* backward ſtray:
When thou *Panetius* books on all ſides ſought,
And houſe of *Socrates*, where arts were taught,
Do'ſt into Steely *Spaniſh* arms tranſlate,
With promiſe to thy ſelf of better ſtate.

Ode XXX. By *R. T.* Paraphras'd.

To VENUS.

Whom he desires to assist him in his woing.

TO *Glic'ra* on th' old Pilgrimage I'm going;
But nere was man so gravel'd in his woing:
Good *Venus* send thy servant fairer weather;
Or else remove thy self, and Temple thither,
That (should my youth, or Language once more fail)
Thy presence may infallibly prevail.

Ode XXXI. By Sir *R. F.*

To APOLLO.

He askes not riches of Apollo, *but that he may have a sound mind in a sound body.*

WHat does the Poet *Phœbus* pray,
In his new Fane? what does he say,
Pouring sweet liquor from the cup?
Not give me fat *Sardinia*'s crop,
Not hot *Calabria*'s goodly Kye:
Not Gold, and *Indian* Ivory:
Not Fields which quiet *Liris* laves,
And eats into with silent waves.
Proyne, They that have them, Massick Vines:
In golden Goblets carowse Wines,
The wealthy Merchant, which he bought
With Merchandise from *Syria* brought,

The

The Minion of the Gods: as he
That in one year the *Atlantick* Sea
Three or four times, unpuniſh'd paſt.
Mine Olives, Endive my repaſt,
And Mallows light. *Latona's Son,*
In Minde and Bodies health my own
T'enjoy; old Age from dotage free,
And ſolac'd with the Lute, give me.

The ſame by Sir T. H.

WHat doth thy Poet ask (*Phœbus* divine)
What craves he, when he pours the bowles of (Wine?
Not the rich corn of fat *Sardinia*,
Nor fruitful Flocks of burnt *Calabria*,
Nor Gold, nor *Indian* Ivory; nor the grounds,
Which ſilent *Lyris* with ſoft ſtreams arrounds.
Let thoſe whom fortune ſo much ſtore aſſigns,
Prune with *Calenian* hook their fertile vines:
Let the rich Merchant to the Gods ſo dear,
(For ſo I term him right, who every year,
Three, or four times, viſits the *Atlantique* Seas
From ſhipwrack free:) Let him his palate pleaſe;
And in gilt bowls drink wines of higheſt price,
Bought with the ſale of *Syrian* Merchandiſe.
Looſe Mallows, Succory, and Olive-plant
Serve me for food. O (great *Apollo*) grant
To me in health, and free from life's annoy,
Things native, and ſoon gotten to enjoy;
And with a mind compos'd old Age attain,
Not loathſome, nor depriv'd of *Lyrick* ſtrain.

Ode XXXII. Paraphras'd by *R. T.*

To his Lyre.

1

IF in my lov'd retirement, when
My nobler thoughts were free
From the impertinence of busie men,
I have addrest to thee;
What I sang then shall live; shall keep its fire,
Until the universal one expire,
And o're posterity I'le reign
Monarch of Poets in the Lyrique strain.

2

'Tis true *Alcæus* long before
Found out the Mine, but left the Ore,
Rough, and untry'd to be
Fin'd, and wrought out by me,
Though happier far than me in this;
His even genius never mov'd amiss;
But in the Field, or in the Fleet,
In the Charge, or the Retreat,
In the heat of Action could improve
Every tender hint of Love,
And with an equal pow'r create
Not only laws for verse, but Fate.

3

Ah Dear Companion! Thou that canst controul
Diseases of the Body, of the Soul!
Thou that in happy times of old;
Hast had an interest above
Amongst the Counsellors of *Jove*,
And here, wrought greater Miracles than gold!

Thee I'le inceſſantly invoke with pray'rs,
Grant me a ſetled ſpirit in my Ayrs,
And let my wavering fancy feel
An inſpiration, conſtant as my zeal.

Ode XXXIII. Paraphras'd by *R. N.*

To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

He would not have his Friend trouble himſelf becauſe his Miſtreſs prefers another before him.

1

AWay, away fond fool, what doſt thou ſigh
Becauſe thy Miſtreſs thee forſakes,
And in thy room another takes?
Is this the cauſe of all thy whining Poetry?

2

Pox on't forbear, for it is ten to one
That he whom now ſhe loves will be
Slighted ere long as much as thee,
And 'tis no more then what a thouſand elſe have done.

3

Were it my caſe I ſwear, the wolf and lamb
Should ſooner down together lye,
Then ere it ſhould be ſaid that I
Once courted her again, let her go and be damn'd.

4

Love is a Witch 'tis true which oft times doth
Perſons of different humours tye
Together moſt unequally,
To the great diſcontent and ſlavery of both.

5

But yet I'le have the Laſs that's fair and free,
'Twixt whoſe imbracing Arms I may
Wanton as doth the Rivers play
Between their Banks, 'tis ſuch a one is fit for me.

Ode XXXIV. By Sir *R. F.*

To himſelf.

Repenting that having followed the Epicureans, he had been little ſtudious in worſhipping the Gods.

I, That have ſeldom worſhipt Heaven,
As to a mad Sect too much giv'n,
My former ways am forc'd to balk,
And after the old light to walk.
For Cloud-dividing, lightning-*Jove*,
Through a clear Firmament late drove
His thundring Horſes, and ſwift wheels:
With which ſupporting *Atlas* reels:
With which Earth, Seas, the Stygian Lake,
And Hell, with all her Furies quake.
It ſhook me too. God pulls the Proud
From his high Seat, and from their Cloud
Draws the obſcure: Levels the hills,
And with their Earth the vallies fills:
'Tis all he does, he does it all:
Yet this, blind Mortals Fortune call.

A

A Paraphraſe on the ſame by R. N.

1.

YOu that ſo ſeldom to the Temples go,
And only but for faſhion when you do,
Or elſe to ſcoffe at, and deſpiſe
Thoſe who are more devout then you,
Whoſe own mad humors, Luſts and Luxuries
Are the ſole Deities
To which your ſelves, and all you have you ſacrifice:
A time will come, when you ſhall find that way
The beſt, from which you did ſo wildly ſtray;
When ſudden fear ſhall force you to adore
That God whom you ſo ſlighted and contemn'd before.

2.

That God, who when he to bold ſinners ſpeaks,
His voice like to a Clap of thunder breaks,
Rattles aloud, and through the melting skies
With vengeance ſwift and terrible as lightning flies;
Whilſt the aſtoniſht earth, and frighted Seas
Tremble at ſuch loud words as theſe,
And ſmoak and horrid ſhrecks from Hell ariſe;
And you, preſumptuous you, then ſtanding near
Its dreadful Brink all pale with fear,
By his juſt hand expecting to be caſt
Into thoſe flames, which ſhall for ever laſt:
'Tis he, who in his Juſtice tumbles down
Headlong into the deepeſt Hell
Thoſe who with Pride high as huge Mountains ſwell,
And with exalted glories doth the Humble Crown.

ODE

Ode XXXV. By Sir *T. H.*

To Fortune.

He beſeecheth her, that ſhe would preſerve Cæſar *going into* Britany.

O Goddeſs, which beloved *Antium* ſways,
Still ready with thy powerful Arm to raiſe
Men, from the low degree of wretched thralls,
Or turn proud Triumphs into Funerals;
The poor and ruſtick Clown with humble plea
Solicites thee: The Lady of the Sea
He lowdly invocates, who ere doth ſweep
In *Aſian* veſſel the *Carpathian* Deep.
The *Dacian* rough, the wandring *Scythian*,
Kingdoms and Cities the fierce *Latian*:
Thee Mothers of *Barbarian* Kings do fear,
And Tyrants which bright Purple wear.
Let not a ſtanding Pillar be o'rethrown
By thy offended foot: Nor be it known,
That troops of Warlike people now at reſt,
Take Arms again, and Empire's peace infeſt.
Still, ſharp Neceſſity before thee goes,
Holden in Brazen hand, (as pledge of woes)
Tormenting beams, and wracks: and more to daunt,
Sharp hooks, and molten lead do never want.
Thee, Hope, and ſimple Faith in white attire,
Much honour, and thy company deſire;
How e're thou do'ſt another habit take,
And made a Foe to Great Men, them forſake.
But the falſe Multitude, and perjur'd Whore
Retireth back: yea friends, when veſſels ſtore

Is to the dregs drunk up, away do flie,
Shunning the yoke of mutual poverty;
Preſerve thou *Caſar* ſafe, we thee implore,
Bound to the worlds remoteſt *Britain* ſhore,
And thoſe new Troops of youth, whoſe dreadful ſight,
The Eaſt and ruddy Ocean doth affright.
Fie on our broils, vile Acts, and Brothers fall.
Bad age! what miſchief do we ſhun at all?
What youth, his hand for fear of Gods contains?
Or who from ſacred Altar's ſpoil refrains?
Ah! rather let's dull ſwords new forge, and whet
Againſt th' *Arabian* and the *Maſſaget.*

ODE XXXVI. Paraphras'd by *R. N.*

To POMPONIUS NUMIDA.

He welcomes him home from Spain.

BLeſt be thoſe Powers above, thoſe Deities
That have again
Brought back our Friend from *Spain,*
Come, come, and let us ſacrifice;
Down with the Calf, come incenſe bring
And let it burn
While we our Thanks to Gods return
For his Arrival, let's rejoice and ſing.

See how h's kind ſalutes he doth diſperſe
'Mongſt thoſe with whom he did converſe;
Though none
But *Lamia* alone
He doth ſo often kiſs, and ſo much own.

Their Age and breeding were the ſame,
And they in nothing differ but the Name.

Come, faith we'l make this day a Holy-day,
Ho there! ſome Bottles bring,
We'll Drink, and Dance, and Sing
Our Friends good health —— about w'it, flie away:
What? baulk your Glaſs! Thoſe that refuſe, Pox rot 'um,
I'll ſee it pledg'd though 'twere a mile to th' bottom.
Methinks we look as brisk as Flowers in *May*.

Now for a handſome Girl, on whom
Our ſparkling eyes may gaze,
Whilſt ſhe
Cloſe as the Ivy about the Tree,
With circling Arms our new-come friend imbrace,
And give him thouſand Kiſſes for his welcome home.

Ode XXXVII. By Sir *T. H.*

To his Companions.

Whom he exhorteth to be merry upon the News of the Actiaque *victory.*

NOw let us drink, now dance (Companions) now;
Let's *Salian* banquets to the Gods allow.
It might before this time be thought a ſin,
To broach old *Cæcube* wines, whilſt the mad Queen
Prepar'd the ruine, and diſaſtrous fall,
Both of the Empire and the Capitol,
With her ſcabb'd Troop of men effeminate,
Proud with vaſt hopes, and *drunk* with proſp'rous ſtate:

But

But the ſcarce ſafety of one ſhip from fire
Leſs'ned her fury, whilſt great *Caſars* ire
To real fears enforc'd her to reſign
Her mind enrag'd with *Mareotique* Wine,
He preſſed with ſwift veſſels to enchain
This monſter, flying *Italy* amain:
As Hawk the fearful Dove, or Hunter ſwift
Purſues the Hare th'row *Æmon*'s ſnowie drift:
Whilſt ſhe, that ſhe might die the nobler way,
Did neither as a Woman fear the ray
Of brandiſh'd ſword, nor laboured to flie,
With ſpeedy flight in ſecret nooks to lie:
But with an eye ſerene, and courage bold,
Durſt her dejected Palaces behold,
Handle the hiſſing Adder and the Snake,
And in her body their black poyſon take;
Made the more fierce by death determined,
She (Noble Spirit) ſcorned to be led
In hoſtile veſſels, as a private thrall,
To fill proud triumphs with her wretched fall.

ODE XXXVIII. Paraphraſed by *R. N.*

To his Servant.

1.

BOy, take away my Gown, I hate thoſe ſhows
Which uſually at Halls are made
'Mongſt the Furr'd Brethren of the Trade,
When a whole Market's ranſackt for a Roſe,
For Mr. Warden's Worſhips noſe.

2.

Sirrah, ſome Bottles to yon' Arbour bring;
That which is ſhaded with the Vine,
And pluck ſome Burrage for the Wine:
That gives a flavor —— Come, *Long live the King*;
About with't, while a Ketch we ſing.

The end of the Firſt Book.

ODES.

BOOK II.

Ode I. By Sir *R. F.*

To C. ASINIUS POLLIO.

He exhorts him to intermit a while his writing of Tragedies, *until he have finiſht his Hiſtory of the Civil War of* Rome; *Then extols that work.*

THE Civil War from the firſt ſeeds,
The Cauſes of it, Vices, Tides
Of various Chance, and our prime Lords
Fatal Alliance, and the Sword's
Sheath'd, but not yet hung up, and oyl'd,
The Quarrel's fully reconcil'd:
Thou writ'ſt a work of hazard great,
And walk'ſt on Embers in deceit-
Full Aſhes rak't. Let thy ſevere
Tragical Muſe a while forbear

The Stage: This publick Task then done,
Thy Buskins high again put on,
Afflicted Clients grand ſupport
And light to the conſulting Court:
Whom thy *Dalmatick* triumph crown'd
With deathleſs Bayes. Hark how the ſound
Of thy brac'd Drums, awakes old fears,
Thy Trumpets tingle in our ears:
How clattering arms make the Horſe ſhog,
And from the Horſe-man's face the blood.
Now, now amidſt the Common Heard
See the great Generals fight, beſmear'd
With glorious duſt: and quel'd the whole
World, but unconquer'd *Cato*'s ſoul!
Juno, and whatſoever Gods,
To *Africk* Friends, yielded to th' odds
Of *Rome*; the Victors Grandſon's made
A Sacrifice to *Jugurth*'s ſhade.
What Field, manur'd with *Daunian* blood
Shews not in Graves, our impious Feud,
And the loud crack of *Latiums* fall,
Heard to the *Babylonian* wall?
What lake, what river's ignorant
Of the ſad war? what Sea with paint
Of *Latine* ſlaughter, is not red?
What land's not peopled with our dead?
But wanton Muſe, left leaving Toyes,
Thou ſhould'ſt turn Odes to Elegies,
Let us in *Dioneian* Cell
Seek matter for a lighter Quill.

Ode II. By Sir R. F.

To C. SALUSTIUS CRISPUS.

First, he praiſes P. for his liberality to his Brothers: Then ſhews, that he who can repreſs his appetite, and deſpiſe money, is only a King, only happy.

Saluſt, thou enemy of gold,
Metals, which th' earth hath hoarded, Mould,
Until with moderate exerciſe
Their colour riſe.
No Age the name of *Pontius* ſmothers,
For being a Father to his Brothers:
Surviving Fame on towring wings
His bounty ſings.
He that reſtrains his covetous ſoul,
Rules more, then if he ſhould controul
Both Land and Sea; and add a *Weſt-*
Indies to th' *Eaſt*.
The cruel Dropſie grows, ſelf-nurſt,
The thirſt not quencht, till the cauſe firſt
Be purg'd the veins, and the faint humour
Which made the tumour.
Vertue, that reves what Fortune gave,
Calls crown'd *Phraates* his Wealth's ſlave,
And to the Common People teaches
More proper ſpeeches.
Giving a Scepter, and ſure Throne,
And unſhar'd Palms to him alone,
That (unconcerned) could behold
Mountains of Gold.

Ode III. By Sir *R. F.*

To DELLIUS.

That the mind ſhould not be caſt down with adverſity, nor puft up with proſperity: But that we ſhould live merrily, ſince the condition of dying is equal to all.

KEep ſtill an equal mind, not ſunk
With ſtorms of adverſe chance, not drunk
With ſweet Proſperity,
O *Dellius* that muſt dy,
Whether thou live ſtill melancholy,
Or ſtretcht in a retired valley;
Make all thy hours merry
With bowls of choiceſt Sherry.
Where the white Poplar and tall Pine,
Their hoſpitable ſhadow joyn,
And a ſoft purling brook,
With wrigling ſtream doth crook;
Bid hither Wines and Oyntments bring,
And the too ſhort ſweets of the Spring,
Whilſt wealth and youth combine,
And the Fates give thee Line.
Thou muſt forgo thy purchas'd ſeats,
Ev'n that which golden *Tyber* wets,
Thou muſt; and a glad Heir
Shall revel with thy care.
If thou be rich, born of the Race
Of antient *Inachus*, or baſe
Lieſt in the ſtreet; all's one,
Impartial death ſpares none.

All

All go one way: ſhak'd is the pot,
And firſt or laſt comes forth thy lot,
The Paſs by which thou'rt ſent
T' Eternal baniſhment.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

To XANTHIA PHOCEUS.

That he need not be aſham'd of being in love with a Serving-maid: for that the ſame had befaln many a Great Man.

TO love a Serving-Maid's no ſhame;
The white *Briſeis* did enflame
Her Lord *Achilles*, and yet none
Was prouder known.
Stout *Telamonian Ajax* prov'd
His Captives Slave; *Atrides* lov'd
In midſt of all his Victories,
A Girl his prize:
When the *Barbarian* ſide went down,
And *Hector*'s death rendred the Town
Of *Troy*, more eaſie to be carryed
By *Grecians* wearied.
Know'ſt thou from whom fair *Phillis* ſprings?
Thou may'ſt be ſon in law to Kings;
She mourns, as one depos'd by Fate
From regal ſtate.
Believe't ſhe was not poorly born:
Phocens, ſuch Faith, ſo brave a ſcorn
Of tempting riches, could not come
From a baſe womb.

Her face, round arms, and every lim
I praiſe unſmit. Suſpect not him,
On whoſe *loves* wild-fire Age doth throw
Its cooling Snow.

Ode V. By *R. N.* Paraphras'd.

Upon LALAGE.

He adviſeth his Friend to forbear Courting his Miſtreſs, becauſe ſhe is yet too Childiſh.

1

THy Miſs, alas, is yet too young,
She's ignorant what 'tis to Wed:
She knows not yet what does belong
To thoſe encounters of the Marriage Bed.

2

Let her alone awhile, for ſhe
'll not yet indure to hear thee ſpeak;
She muſt among her School-mates be
To gather flowers, and play at Barly-break.

3

She'll quickly ripen, and then all
Her Childiſh tricks will be forgot:
Like fruit in Autumn ſhe will fall;
'Twill be thine own fault, if thou haſt her not.

4

Patience a while, and ſhe'll wooe thee,
Fortune will all things bring to paſs;
As thou groweſt older, ſo will ſhe.
I'll paſs my word that thou ſhalt have the Laſs.

5

She'll bolder grow I warr'nt thee Boy,
And yet (ne'r fear't) ſhe will be none
Of thoſe that ſeem ſo nice and coy,
Meerly to drill their whining Lovers on.

6

Faith ſhe's a pretty Girl, I ſwear,
She hath a skin ſo pure and white
As new faln ſnow, and doth appear
Bright as the Moon, even in the cleareſt night.

7

Some Men may talk of this or that;
Of that ſame Boy that was ſo fair,
You'ld take him for I know not what,
For beauty he could nothing be to her.

Ode VI. By Sir *T. H.*

To SEPTIMIUS.

He wiſheth Tybur *and* Tarentum *may be the ſeat of his old age, whoſe ſweetneſs he praiſeth.*

SEptimius, ready bent, with me
Rude *Cantabers*, or *Gades* to ſee,
And thoſe inhoſpitable Quick-ſands, where
The *Mooriſh* ſeas high billows rear.
Tyber, which th' *Argives* built (O may)
That be the place of my laſt day:
May it my limit be, of eaſe
From journeys, warfare, and rough ſeas.
But if the Siſter-Fates deny,
I'le to rich fleec'd *Galeſus* hie,

And

And thence down to *Tarentum* ſtray,
Earſt ſubject to *Phalantus* ſway.
That tract of land beſt pleaſeth me,
Where not *Hymetta*'s full fraught Bee
Yields better honey, and where grow
Olives, that equal *Venafro*;
Where the middle air yields gentle froſt,
And a long Spring-tide warms the coaſt,
And *Aulon* fertile in rich vines,
Envieth not *Falernian* wines.
That place, with all thoſe fruitful hills,
Me with deſire of thee full fills:
There let thy due-paid tears deſcend
O're the warm aſhes of thy friend.

ODE VII. By *A. B.*

To POMPEIUS VARUS.

Congratulating his Return into his own Country.

MY dear Comrade and chiefeſt friend,
How often have we two
(As inconſiderate Souldiers do)
Ventur'd our lives together, when
We fought to ſerve Ambitious men,
Who for Dominion did contend,
And had no other Law but Might,
That could determine which had right.

What

What bleſſed Star has brought thee home
To pleaſant *Italy*,
Made thee a Citizen again of *Rome*,
Where thou thy Gods mayſt ſee,
And thy dear friends, and chiefly me;
Whom thy Arrival does revive,
Concern'd to live now thou'rt alive?

Many a Summers day have we
In frolicks paſt away,
Our heads with Garlands crown'd,
While we to raiſe our ſouls,
With over-flowing bowls
Of ſpritely Wine, drank ſwiftly round.

O *Varus* that *Philippic* fight!
When *Cæſar* won the day!
And our whole Army put to flight:
Down we our Arms did caſt,
And baſely ran away ſo faſt,
As if we were in haſt:
While thoſe that would not run nor yield,
Were by th'inſulting Conquerors kill'd:
And ſo met grinning Honour in the field.

Mounted upon the wings of fear,
Which me did through their Army bear,
I flew like lightning through the air:
And being got out of harms way
I had the grace to ſtay.
While thou no ſooner wert got free,
But th'itch of fighting hurried thee
Into the Camp as formerly:

The waves of War made thee their wrack,
First ſpued thee out, then ſuck'd thee back.

Now offer Sacrifice to *Jove*,
And thank thoſe bleſſed Powers above;
And then thy aged Limbs, which are
Tir'd with a continued War,
Repoſe in Safety here
In my ſweet Groves of Laurel, where
No Danger lies or Fear.
Spare not the Bottles, for they did attend
Thy Coming, my ingenious Friend;
My ſelf and all my Houſe is thine,
We'll fill our Goblets with rare Wine.

Of Cares and Buſineſs we'll nere think,
But laugh, and ſing, and dance, and drink,
And make our Cheeks with Ointments ſhine;
Old Stories we'll with Joy repear,
But all paſt Miſeries forget,
And fear no more to come.
Chaplets of Myrtle and ſweet Flowers
Shall crown their cheerful Brow.
Boy, bring the Dice that we may throw,
Who ſhall a Brimmer firſt begin;
The Dice and Wine we'll mingle ſo,
Till both of us are in and in.

We'll have our Frolicks and our Freaks,
And though we're *Romans* drink like *Greeks*,
That man's no Company for me,
That wo' n't ſometimes unbend
His thoughtful Brows; I love to be
Tranſported, when I treat my Friend.

The

The ſame Ode *Paraphras'd by* R. T.

1.

WHO ever thought to ſee
This Civil Fury at an end?
And my moſt conſtant Friend
Made Denizen again and free?
The equal Sharer in my Mirth and Fear,
When many a ſullen ſluggiſh day
With ſparkling Wine w' have ſpur'd away,
When many a fatal Arrow's flight
We ſaw, (uncertain where 'twould light.)
And Death himſelf to aggravate our fright
Fac'd us in all the Vizors he could wear.

2.

When we together from *Philippi* fled,
Philippi moſt unfortunate!
Where juſt we ſcap'd the number of the dead,
And thou went'ſt back to court thy Fate:
I with ſome paltry Scars
(Thanks to my lucky Stars)
Had fairly quit my Shield;
And did not emulate the Praiſe of thoſe,
Whom I left ſcrambling with our Foes
For grinning Honour in the Field.

3.

Suſpend thy toilſome Arms,
And in this Brimmer drownd
Ev'ry inharmonious Sound,
By the Magick of thoſe Charms
Let us forget we ever felt a Wound:

To *Jove* this Sacrifice I have decreed;
Jove, (though he baffl'd our Deſign)
For thy Return ſhall have our Thanks in VVine,
Whilſt all their Bottles bleed.

4.

Here I begin my firſt Oblation,
Twenty go-downs on Reputation.
—— And that too, deareſt, fie,
That Pearl the Gipſie Queens would buy,
Or the great thing we fought for, Liberty.
Who talks of *Thracian* Drinking, let 's outdo
The *Dane*, the *Dutch*, and *Engliſh* too.
To gratulate the Safety of my Friend,
I'll enter a Debauch, VVorld without end.

Ode VIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To BARINE.

That there is no Reaſon why he ſhould believe her, when ſhe ſwears: for the Gods revenge not the Perjuries of handſome Women.

IF any Puniſhment did follow
Thy Perjury: if but a hollow
Tooth, or a ſpeckled Nail, thy Vow
Should paſs; but thou
When thou haſt bound thy Head with flights
Untwiſting Oaths, art fairer by 't:
And like a Comet ſpread'ſt thy Raies,
The publick Gaze.

It

It boots thee to deceive the Ghoſt
Of thy dead Mother, and ſtill boaſt
Of Heav'n with their etern abodes,
And deathleſs *Gods*.
Venus but laughs at what is done,
Her eaſie nymphs, and cruel ſon,
On bloody whetſtone grinding ever
His burning quiver.
New ſuitors daily are inrol'd,
New ſervants come, nor do the old
Forſake their impious Miſtreſs dore,
Which they forſwore.
Thee Mothers for their Fillies dread,
Thee gripple Sires, and Wives new wed,
Leſt thy bewitching breath ſhould fray
Their Lords away.

Ode IX. By Sir *T. H.*

To VALGIUS.

That now at length he would deſiſt to deplore his deceaſed Myſte.

THe ſwelling Clouds not always powres
On rugged Fields, impetuous ſhowres:
Nor *Caſpian* Sea (*Valgius* belov'd)
With boyſtrous ſtorms is ever mov'd:
Nor on *Armenia's* bordring ſhore,
Dull Iſicles ſtand alwaies hore:
Or garden-groves with North-winds riv'd,
Or are Aſh-trees of leaves depriv'd.

You ſtill in mournful ſort complain,
That death hath your dear *Myſte* ſlain;
Your love ſets not, if *Veſper* riſe,
Nor when from *Phœbus*, *Heſper* flies:
But thrice-ag'd *Neſtor* did not ſtill,
Tears, for *Antilochus* diſtill:
Nor Parents, nor ſad Siſters, ever
To wail young *Troilus* perſever.
Ceaſe then at length thy ſoft complaint,
And in our ſongs, now let us paint
Great *Cæſars* Trophies, and command,
And how conjoyn'd to conquer land.
The *Median* ſtream, and *Nyphate* ſtrong,
In leſſer channels run along,
And *Gelons* to leſs limits ty'd,
In far more ſtraightned Fields do ride.

Ode X. By Sir *R. F.*

To LICINIUS.

That Mediocrity, and Equality of the Mind, in both Fortunes, are to be retained.

THe ſafeſt way of life, is neither
To tempt the Deeps, nor whileſt foul weather
You fearfully avoid, too near
The ſhore to ſteer.
He that affects the *Golden Mean*,
Will neither want a houſe that's clean,
Nor ſwell unto the place of ſhowers,
His envy'd Towers.

The

The Tempeſt doth more often ſhake
Huge Pines: and lofty turrets take
The greateſt falls: and Thunder lops
The mountain tops.
A mind which true proportion bears,
In adverſe hopes, in proſperous fears
The other lot. *Jove* Winters brings,
And *Jove* gives Springs.
It may be well, if now 'tis ill:
Sometimes *Apollo* with his quill,
Wakes his dull Harp, and doth not ever
Make uſe of's Quiver.
In boyſtrous Fortune ply thy Oar,
And tug it ſtoutly to the ſhore;
Contract in too auſpicious Gales
Thy ſwelling ſails.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *by* S. W.

WOuld you a conſtant Fortune keep,
Licinius? Truſt not the falſe *Deep*;
And though black ſtorms begin to roar,
As little truſt the *ſhore*.

The man who loves the *golden mean*,
Has his earth neat, and houſe ſwept clean:
Below't he envies not the Court,
Above't he cares not for't.

Winds oft'neſt tear the lofty *Pine*,
While its low growth defends the *Vine*;
Huge *Piles* in greateſt ruines fall,
And *Thunder* levels all.

A *gallant breſt* hopes well at worſt,
A change will come, though't be long firſt;
And when 'tis come, he fears the beſt,
And dare not think of reſt.

This Heav'n will teach us every year,
Winter has *Summer* in the rear,
And when the *Ebbe* doth run moſt low,
The *Tide* ere long will flow.

Though 'tis bad now, 'twill ſoon be ſpent,
Apollo's bow's not alwaies bent,
But ſometimes he'l the *Muſe* bid ſing,
And touch a better ſtring.

When Fates are croſs, then *courage* ſhow,
Be wiſe when *gales* more *proſperous* blow;
Strike ſail, and put not too far out,
The wind may turn about.

ODE XI. By Sir *T. H.*

To QUINTUS HIRPINUS.

Cares laid aſide, let us live merrily.

WHat the *Cantabrian* ſtout, or *Scythian* think,
Divided from us by rough *Adria*'s brink,
(*Quintus Hirpinus*) do not thou inquire
Nor for life's uſe, which little doth deſire,
Be too ſolicitous. Sleek youth apace
Haſt's hence away, and with it beauties grace.

Dry-

Dry-aged hoarineſs which furrows deep
Diſpelling amorous fires, and gentle ſleep.
The *Summer* Flow'rs keep not their Native grace,
Nor ſhines the bright Moon, with a conſtant face.
Why doſt thou vex thy mind, ſubordinate
Unto the counſels of Eternal Fate?
Why under this high Plane, or Pine-trees ſhade
In diſcompoſed manner, careleſs laid
Anoint not we, and then to drink prepare?
Free *Bacchus* diſſipates conſuming care.
But (oh) what Boy *Falernian* wine's hot rage,
Will ſoon for me, with Fountain ſtreams aſſwage?
Or, who will *Lyde* wiſh from cloſe retire
Hither to come? Boy, with her Ivory lire
Bid her make haſte, and like *Laconian* maids
Tie her neglected hair in careleſs braids.

ODE XII. *Paraphras'd* by *R. N.*

To MÆCENAS.

HE that in verſe would to the world declare
The deeds of Souldiers, and the rage of War;
Would *Hannibals* Noble Attempts relate,
And tell his Countries and his own ſad Fate,
Muſt run them in a brave Heroick vein
Not ſing them in a gentle Lyrick ſtrain.
The March and Charge don't the ſoft Harp become,
But the loud Trumpet, and the rattling Drum:
He that the toils of *Hercules* would ſhew,
How here the cruel *Lapethites* he ſlew
And there the monſtrous *Centaurs* overthrew,

How he ſubdu'd thoſe Giants, that durſt make
Wars 'gainſt the Gods, and cauſe ev'n *Jove* to ſhake,
Muſt cauſe it in a Verſe and ſtyle to run
Great, like the Man, and Actions he hath done.
Thus muſt the mighty *Cæſars* Triumphs be
In numbers told, that look as big as he;
When Captive Kings his harneſs't ſteeds become,
To draw his Chariot through the ſtreets of *Rome*.

2.

But he whoſe Muſe of Love would ſing,
Muſt touch it on a gentle ſtring,
And when hee'l praiſe his Ladies eye, (ſigh:
Each word muſt drop a Tear, each verſe muſt breath a
If of her Heart he durſt to ſpeak,
He muſt do't ſo as if his own would break.
Her Dancing, and his Verſe muſt meet
With comely Grace, and equal feet,
Her very jeſts muſt be expreſt
As they were Oracles at leaſt.
His Muſe muſt ſo commend her hair
As if thoſe curled treſſes were
Of greater value then the *Indies* are.
Muſt ſpeak, if ſhe a frown but caſt,
Words ſo, as if they were his laſt,
Till by a ſmile or kiſs ſhe doth reſtore
New life to him that was a dying juſt before.

Ode XIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To a Tree, by whoſe fall in his Sabine Villa, *he was like to have been ſlain.*

That no man can ſufficiently underſtand what to avoid: From thence he ſlides into the praiſes of Sappho *and* Alcæus.

A Planter with a ( ) was he
That with unhallowed hand ſet thee,
A trap for the ſucceeding race,
And ignominy of the place.
He might as well have hang'd his Sire,
Or practis'd all the Poyſons dire
Medea temper'd, or have ſhed
His Gueſts blood ſleeping in his bed:
Or if a worſe crime may be found,
As to place thee upon my ground,
Unlucky wood; thee, ſtagg'ring trunk,
To brain thy *Maſter* when th'art drunk.
No man knows truly what to ſhun;
The *Punick* Sea-man fears to run
Upon ſome *Shelf*, but doth not dread
Another *Fate* over his head:
The Souldier, Shafts, and *Parthian* fight:
The *Parthian* chains and *Roman* might.
But *Death* had ſtill, and ſtill will have
A thouſand back-waies to the grave.
How near was I *Hells* Jaundied Queen,
And *Minos* on the *Bench* t' have ſeen,
And the deſcrib'd *Elyſian* ſhades?
And *Sappho*, of her Country-maids

Complaining on *Æolian* wire?
And the *Alcæus*, with *gold* lyre
In fuller notes thundring a Fight,
Ratling a ſtorm, fluttring a *flight*?
Both (worthy of a *ſacred pauſe*)
The pious Ghoſts hear with applauſe:
But moſt the *Fights*, and *Tyrants* fears,
The ſhouldring throng drink with their *ears*.
What wonder, when th' infernal *hound*,
With three heads, liſtens to that ſound:
The furies *ſnakes* their curls unknit,
Nor find revenge ſo ſweet as it.
'Tis Play-day too, with *Pelop's* fire,
And him that ſtole from *Heaven* the fire.
Orion ev'n his hunting leaves,
And greater pleaſure thence receives.

ODE XIV. By *R. F.*

To POSTHUMUS.

That Death cannot be avoided.

AH *Poſthumus*? the years of man
Slide on with winged pace, nor can
Vertue reprieve her friend
From wrinkles, age, and end.
Not, though thou bribe with daily blood
Stern *Dis*, who with the *Stygian* Flood
Doth *Gerion* ſurround,
And *Titius* Acres bound.
Sad Flood, which we muſt *ferry* all
That feed upon this earthly ball,

From

From the King to the poor
Beggar that howls at door.
In vain avoid we *Mars*'s fury,
And breaking waves that kill and bury:
In vain the fickly falls,
Fruitful of funerals.
Viſit we muſt the ſootie ſhore
Of dull *Cocytus*, th' empty ſtore
Of *Danaus* wicked ſtock,
And *Siſyphs* reſtleſs rock.
Thou muſt forego thy lands and goods,
And pleaſing wife: Nor of thy woods
Shall any follow thee,
But the ſad Cypreſs-tree.
Thy worthy heir ſhall then carouſe
Thy hoarded wines, and waſh the houſe
With better Sack, then that
Which makes the Abbots fat.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by S. W.

I.

TIme (*Poſthumus*) goes with full ſail,
Nor can thy honeſt heart avail
A furrow'd brow, Old-age at hand,
Or *Death unconquer'd* to withſtand:
One long night,
Shall hide this light
From all our ſight,
And equal *Death*
Shall few days hence, ſtop every breath.

Though

2.

Though thou whole *Hecatombs* ſhould'ſt bring
In honour of th' *Infernal King*,
Who *Geryon* and *Titio* bold,
In chains of *Stygian* waves doth hold:
He'l not prize,
But more deſpiſe
Thy ſacrifice:
Thou Death muſt feel,
'Tis ſo decree'd by the *Fatal* Wheel.

3.

The numerous Off-ſpring of the Earth,
That feed on her who gave them birth;
Each birth muſt have its *funeral*,
The *Womb* and *Urn*'s alike to all:
Kings muſt die,
And as ſtill lie,
As thou or I;
And though they have
Atchievements here, there's none in th' Grave.

4.

In vain we bloody *battels* flie,
Or fear to ſail when winds are high;
The *Plague* or an infectious breath,
When every hour brings a new Death.
Time will mow
What e're we ſow;
Both weal and woe
Shall have an end,
And this th' unwilling *Fates* muſt ſend;

Cocytus

5.

Cocytus lake thou muſt waſt o're,
Thy totter'd *boat* ſhall touch that ſhore;
Thou *Siſyphus* ere long muſt know,
And into new acquaintance grow:
Shalt with life,
Leave houſe and wife,
Thy loves and ſtrife,
And have no tree,
But the ſad *Cypreſs* follow thee.

6.

Mean while thy *heir* ſhall nobly quaffe,
What thou with hundred *locks* kept'ſt ſafe,
Cæcuban wines, and waſh the Flore
With juice would make an *Emperor* rore:
'Twill be thy lot,
Queſtion it not,
To be forgot
With all thy deeds,
E're he puts on his Mourning weeds.

Ode XV. By Sir *R. F.*

Againſt the Luxury of his Age.

OUr Princely piles will ſhortly leave
But little *lands* for *ploughs* to cleave:
Ponds out-ſtretch *Lucrine* ſhores,
Unmarried *Sycamores*
Supplant the Elms. The Vi'let, Roſe,
With all the junkets of the Noſe,

Perfume

Perfume the Olive-yards,
Which fed their former Lords:
And *Daphne* twiſts her limbs to ſhun
The ſons rude Courtſhip. Not ſo done
By *Cato's* Precedent,
And the old Regiment.
Great was the Commonwealth alone,
The private ſmall. No wide *Balcon*
Meaſur'd with private ſquare
Gap'd for the Norths cool air.
Nor the next turf might men reject;
Bid at the Publick Charge t' erect
Temples and *Towns*, alone,
Of beautiful new *ſtone*.

Ode XVI. By Sir *R. F.*

To GROSPHUS.

That tranquillity of the mind is wiſht by all: But that the ſame is not purchaſed by heaping up Riches, or obtaining Honours, but by bridling the deſires.

Quiet! the trembling *Merchant* cries,
Into *Egean* Seas driven far:
When the Moon winks, and he deſcries
No guiding *ſtar*.
Quiet! In war the *Thracian* bold;
Quiet! the *Medes* with *quivers* dight;
Not to be bought with *gems*, nor *gold*,
Nor *purple* bright.

For

For 'tis not wealth, nor armed troops,
Can tumults of the mind remove,
And cares, which about fretted roofs
Hover above.
His little's much, whoſe thrifty board
Shines with a ſalt that was his fires:
Whoſe eaſie ſleeps nor fears diſturb,
Nor baſe deſires.
Why in ſhort life eternal care?
Why changing for another *Sun*?
Who having ſhun'd his native air,
Himſelf could ſhun?
Take horſe, rude Care will ride behind;
Embarque, into thy ſhip ſhe crouds:
Fleeter then Stags, and the Eaſt-wind
Chaſing the Clouds.
Let minds of any joy poſſeſt,
Sweeten with that whatever gall
Is mixt: No ſoul that ere was bleſt,
Was bleſt in all.
The fam'd *Achilles* timeleſs dy'd,
Old *Tithon* did his bliſs outlive,
And Chance, what ſhe to thee deny'd,
To me may give.
A hundred flocks about thee bleat,
And fair *Sicilian* heifers low;
To thee large neighing Mares curvete:
In ſcarlet thou,
Twice-dipt, art clad. Indulgent fate
Gave me a grange; a *verſing* vein;
A heart which (injur'd cannot hate,
But can diſdain.

ODE. XVII.

Ode XVII. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS *sick.*

That he will not live after him.

WHy doſt thou talk of dying ſo?
Neither the Gods, nor I'm content,
Mæcenas, that thou ſhouldſt firſt go,
My Pillar and great Ornament.
If thee, the one half of my ſoul,
A riper *fate* ſnatch hence: alas!
What ſhould I ſtay for, neither whole,
And but the dregs of what I was?
That day ſhall end us both: Come, come,
I've ſwornt; and will not break it neither:
March when thou wilt to thy long home,
That journey we will make together.
Chimæra's flames, nor (were he riſe
Again) *Briareus* hundred hands,
Should keep me back. 'Tis juſtice this:
And in the Book of *fate* it ſtands.
Were I or under *Libra* born,
Or *Scorpio* my aſcendant be
With grim aſpect, or *Capricorn*
(The *Tyrant* of the *Latian* Sea:)
Our *ſtars* do wondrouſly conſent.
Benigner *Jove* repriev'd thy breath
When *Saturn* was malevolent,
And clipt the haſty wings of Death,
In frequent Theater when thee
Thrice the rejoycing people clapt,
A falling *Trunk* had brained me,
Between if *Faunus* had not ſtept.

The

The guardian of *Mercurial* men.
Pay thou an ample *ſacrifice*,
And build the Chappel thou vow'dſt then;
For me an humble *Lambkin* dies.

Ode XVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

He affirmeth himſelf to be contented with a little, while others are wholly addicted to their deſires, and increaſe of riches, as if they ſhould always live.

NO guilded roof, nor Ivory Fret,
For ſplendor in my houſe is ſet;
Nor are beams from *Hymettia* ſought,
To lie a-thwart rich Columns, brought
From *Africk*; nor I heir unknown,
Make *Attalus* his wealth, mine own.
No honeſt Tenants wives you ſee,
Laconian purples weave for me:
A loyal heart, and ready vain
Of wit I have, which doth conſtrain
Rome's richeſt men to ſeek the love
Of me, though poor: Nor *gods* above
Do I invoke for larger ſtore;
Nor of *Mæcenas* ask I more.
To me my ſingle *Sabine* field,
Sufficient happineſs doth yield,
"One day thruſts on another faſt,
And new Moons to the wane do haſt.
When death (perhaps) is neer at hand,
Thou faireſt Marbles doſt command
Be cut for uſe, yet doſt neglect
Thy grave, and houſes ſtill erect:

Nay

Nay would'ſt abridge the vaſt Seas ſhore,
Which loudly doth at *Baiæ* roar:
Enriched little, leſs content,
With limits of the Continent.
Why often pull'ſt thou up the bounds,
T' enlarge the circuit of thy grounds,
Encroaching far from Confines known,
To make the neighbouring field thine own?
The husband, wife, and ſordid brood,
With antient houſhold *gods*, that ſtood
In quiet peace, muſt be expell'd:
Yet is not any Manſion held
For the rich Land-lord, ſo aſſur'd,
As deep in Hell to be immur'd.
Then whither do you further tend?
Th' indifferent earth an equal friend,
As willingly opens her womb,
For Begga rs grave, as Princes tomb.
Gold could of *Charon* not obtain,
To bear *Prometheus* back again.
Proud *Tantalus*, and all his ſtock,
Death, with the bands of *fate* doth lock:
And call'd, or not call'd ready ſtands,
To free the poor from painful bands.

Ode XIX. Paraphras'd by *T. F.*

Being half foxt he praiſeth Bacchus.

IN a blind corner jolly *Bacchus* taught
The Nymphs, and Satyrs Poetry,
My ſelf (a thing ſcarce to be thought)
Was at that time a ſtander by.

And

And ever ſince, the whim runs in my head,
With heavenly frenzy I'm on fire;
Dear *Bacchus* let me not be puniſhed
For raving, when thou did'ſt inſpire.
Extatically drunk, I now dare ſing
Thy bigot *Thyades*, and the ſource
Whence thy brisk Wine, Honey, and Milk did ſpring,
Enchanell'd by thy Scepters force.
Bold as I am, I dare yet higher fly,
And ſing bright *Ariadne*'s crown,
Rejoyce to ſee bold *Pentheus* deſtinie,
And grave *Lycurgus* tumbled down.
Rivers, and Seas thine Empire all obey,
When thou thy Standard do'ſt advance,
Wild Mountaineers, thy Vaſſals, trim, and gay,
In tune and time ſtagger a dance.
Thou when great *Jove* began to fear his throne;
(In no ſmall danger then he was)
The mighty *Rhœcus* thou did'ſt piſs upon,
And of that Lion mad'ſt an Aſs.
'Tis true, thy talent is not war, but mirth;
The Fiddle, not the Trumpet, thine;
Yet did'ſt thou bravely lay about thee then,
Great Moderator, God of Wine.
And when to Hell in triumph thou did'ſt ride
O're *Cerberus* thou did'ſt prevail,
The ſilly Curr, Thee for his Maſter own'd,
And like a Puppy wagg'd his tail.

Ode XX. By Sir *T. H.*

HORACE *turned into a Swan, will fly all over the world; whence he promiſeth the immortality of his Poeſie.*

A Two-fold Poet, through the liquid skie,
I with a ſtrong unuſual wing will flie:
No longer ſhall I of the Earth partake,
But out of Envies reach the World forſake.
I am not iſſued of Ignoble ſtrain,
Nor whom *Maecenas* pleaſeth to retain
Under the title of *belov'd* ſhall die,
Or in the *Stygian* lake forgotten lie.
Now, now, upon my legs a rugged skin
Is over-ſpread, and I a Swan am ſeen:
Upward transform'd; a light and downie plume,
My fingers, and wing'd ſhoulders now aſſume.
And now a ſhrill-tune Bird become, I'le ſoar
And much more ſwift then *Icarus*, explore
The *Lybian Syrtes* and them urmuring ſand
Of *Boſphor* ſtraights, and *Hyperborean* land.
Me, *Colchos*, and the *Dacian*, who doth faign
Fear of the *Marſian's* arms, ſhall entertain;
Gelons remote, and they who on the brink
Of *Iber* dwell, or *Rhodanus* do drink.
Baniſh from my thin Herſe your fun'ral moans,
Your ill bemoaning tears, complaints, and groans:
Clamour forbear, or fondly to confer
The needleſs honour of a Sepulcher.

A Pa-

A Paraphraſe on the ſame By R. N.

1.

EXcellent Poetry! whoſe noble flight,
Soars up beyond the vulgars ſight,
Whilſt through thoſe undiſcovered Paths above
The Fanſie doth unſeen, and quick like Angels move.
This mounts the Poets Soul ſo high
Above the ſordid Earth below,
And all its Flatteries, and Envies too,
Whilſt others in the Dirt do ly
Beſpatter'd with the ſoil of foul mortality.

2.

He that's a Poet, and is truly ſo,
Needs neither Wealth, nor Birth to go
Before him to proclaim his worth;
For his own Noble Fancies ſet him forth.
Let them whoſe more Indulgent Fate
Gives them huge Titles, or a great Eſtate,
Becauſe they 've nothing elſe, glory in This or That;
He ſets up on his own great ſtock of Wit,
And grows more truly Noble, and more Rich by it,
Becomes both honour'd and belov'd by Kings,
Whilſt in his lofty ſtyle he their great Actions ſings;
And when he dies, to his Eternal Fame
Leaves Treaſures in his Works, and an Immortal Name.

3.

He comes into the World, as others do,
As Naked and as Helpleſs too;
Till he by Time, and the Propitious Heat
Of Arts and Sciences ſome ſtrength doth get,
And then his Muſe more fledg doth grow,

With Fancies ſmooth and ſoft as Down
Of Swans becomes o'regrown.
The Youth now touch't with Love
(Not any's Fate as much as his)
Through all its Labyrinths, how pleaſant doth he move?
And with rich Words & Metaphors doth Beauty much
Making ev'n Love it ſelf more lovely then it is. (improve,

4.

Paſt this Adventure, now his Muſe begins
To find (as well as Downy Feathers) wings,
With Fancies vigorous and ſtrong
Through the regardleſs world ſhe powers along,
And notice takes of Men, and Things,
Becomes with Lands and Seas familiar.
If in a Calm ſhe doth at Anchor ly,
How ſmooth and gentle her Expreſſions are?
But if through ſtorms ſhe chance to fly,
How buſtling are her Words, her Verſe how high?
With a becoming Pride ſometimes her Flight
She takes above the loftieſt Mountains height,
And then with a more lowly ſtrain
She ſtoops down to the humble Plain;
Into the Camp ſhe ruſhes, where ſhe ſhews
How here the Conquer'd fly, and there the Conquerour
She ranges all the World about, and thence (purſues;
Extracts its very Quinteſſence.
Her Center's every where, but no where her Circumfe-

5. (rence.

Brave Man! But yet (oh Pity!) Thou muſt dy,
And in the Duſt muſt undiſtinguiſht ly,
Thrown in amongſt the Ruines of Mortality.
But yet thy ſoul doth upward fly,
Regardleſs of our Tears below,
Which we in vain upon thy Herſe beſtow.

In

In vain we weep, in vain we cry,
In vain our loſs we do bemoan;
All we can do, is on thy Grave
Cover'd with ſome neglected ſtone,
To write ſome needleſs Epitaph,
Only that when
Thoſe that n'ere knew thee living paſs that way,
Viewing the ſad Inſcription, may
Read an *Hic Jacet Corpus*,——Or an O Rare *Ben*——.

The End of the Second Book.

ODES.

BOOK III.

Ode I. By Sir *R. F.*

That a happy man is not made by Riches or Honours, but by tranquillity of the mind.

I Hate Lay-vulgar: make no noiſe,
Room for a Prieſt of *Helicon*:
I ſing to noble Girls and Boys
Such *verſes* as were never known,
Fear'd Kings command on their own Ground;
The King commanding Kings is *Jove*:
Whoſe Arm the Giants did confound,
Whoſe awful brow doth all things move.
One man may be a greater Lord
Of land then other: this may ſhow
A nobler Pedigree: a third
In parts and fame may both out-go:

A fourth

A fourth in Clients out-vie all.
Neceſſity in a vaſt Pot
Shuffling the names of great and ſmall,
Draws every one's impartial lot.
Over whoſe head hangs a drawn ſword,
Him cannot pleaſe a Royal feaſt:
Nor melody of *lute* or *bird*,
Give to his eyes their wonted reſt.
Sleep, gentle ſleep, ſcorns not the poor
Abiding of the Plough-man: loves
By ſides of Rivers ſhades obſcure:
And rockt with Weſt-winds, *Tempe* Groves.
That man to whom enough's enough,
Nor raging ſeas trouble his head,
Nor fell *Arcturus* ſetting rough,
Nor fury of the riſing Kid:
Not hail-ſmit Vines and years of Dearth;
Sometimes the too much wet in fault,
Sometimes the *ſtars* that broil the earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was naught.
The Fiſh fear ſtifling in the ſea,
Damm'd up. The Maſter builder and
His men, the Land-ſick Lord too, he
Throws rubbiſh in with his own hand.
But fear and dangers haunt the Lord
Into all places: and black Care
Behind him rides: or, if on board
A ſhip, 'tis his companion there.
If Marble keep not Fevers out,
Nor purple rayment help the blind,
Nor *Perſian* Oyntments cure the *gout*,
Nor *Maſſick* Wines a troubled mind:

With envied poſts in faſhion ſtrange
Why ſhould I raiſe a ſtately pile?
My *Sabine* vale why ſhould I change
For wealth accompani'd with toyl?

Ode II. By Sir *T. H.*

To his Friends.

Boys are to be enured from their tender age, to poverty, warfare, and painful life.

LEt th' able youth himſelf enure,
By ſharp wars taught, want to endure:
And mounted on his horſe, with ſpear,
Confront bold *Parthians*, free from fear:
Let him expos'd to open air,
Live, and attempt the hard'ſt affair:
Whom when ſome warlike *Tyrants* Queen,
Or Virgin marriager-ipe hath ſeen,
Afar from hoſtile walls, may cry
With ſighs, which from ſad paſſion fly;
O, that my Royal Lord, untrain'd
In Martial feats, would be reſtrain'd,
Not by fierce Combats fatal ſtroke,
That wrathful Lion to provoke,
Whom bloody Anger's direful rage,
In thickeſt ſlaughters doth engage.
"It is a ſweet, and noble gain,
"In Countries *quarrel* to be ſlain.
Death the ſwift flying man purſues
With ready ſteps: Nor doth he uſe

To

To ſpare from unavoided wrack,
Youths ſupple hams, or fearful back.
Vertue, that ne're repulſe admits,
In taintleſs honours, glorious ſits,
Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities,
Rais'd with the noiſe of vulgar cries.
Vertue (to worth Heav'n opening wide)
Dauntleſs, breaks through ways deny'd,
And (taught) the Rabble to deſpiſe,
Forſaking *earth* to *heaven* flies.
Yea truſty *ſilence* is not barr'd,
From having a deſerv'd reward.
He, who to blab the holy Rites,
Of ſecret *Ceres* Fane delights,
Under the ſame roof ſhall not be,
Nor in frail Veſſel ſail with me.
"Oft *Jove* neglected makes the juſt
"To ſmart with thoſe are ſtain'd with luſt:
"Seldom revenge, though ſlow of pace,
"Leaves ill fore-going men to trace.

ODE III. By Sir *R. F.*

A Speech of Juno *at the Council of the Gods, concerning the ending of the War of* Troy; *and the beginning which the* Roman *Empire ſhould take from the* Trojans.

AN honeſt and reſolved man,
Neither a peoples tumults can,
Neither a Tyrants indignation,
Un-center from his faſt foundation;

Nor

Nor ſtorms that from the bottom move
The *Adrian* ſea, nor thundring *Jove*:
If the crackt Orbes would ſplit and fall,
Cruſh him they would, but not appall.
Pollux, and wandring *Hercules*,
Gain'd Heaven by ſuch ways as theſe:
'Mongſt whom *Auguſtus*, leaning, ſips
Immortal Nectar with red lips.
This way deſerving *Bacchus* clomb
The high *Olympus* with his own
Tam'd *Tigers* which *Ambroſia* feed,
And *Romulus* on *Mars* his ſteed:
Pleas'd *Juno* ſpeaking a good word
On his behalf, at Council-board.
Troy, Troy, (*through mine, and* Pallas *grudge*)
A fatal and adult'rous Judge,
And forrein woman overthrew,
With its falſe King and damned Crew,
Becauſe Laomedon *forſook*
The Gods, and brake the Oath he took.
The Spartan *Strumpets famous gueſt*
Is now no more jewell'd and dreſt:
No more doth Priams *perjur'd houſe*
Reſiſt bold Greeks *by* Hectors *prowes:*
And wars which I inflam'd are done;
My wrath then, and the Trojan *Nun*
's Abhorr'd Off-ſpring, here I give
To's father Mars *that he ſhould live*
In bowers of light, ſuck Nectar-bowls,
And be tranſcrib'd into the rolls
Of quiet Gods, I will abide.
So long as ſpacious ſeas divide
Ilium *and* Rome; *ſo long as beaſts*
On Priamus *and* Paris *breaſts*

Inſult,

Inſult, and (undiſturb'd) the wild
Whelp in their tombs; let the exil'd
Reign great in any other land:
The Capitol refulgent ſtand;
And awful Rome *with ſeven proud heads*
Give Laws to the triumphed Medes:
Rouzing her ſelf, let her extend
Her dreadful name to the worlds end;
Where mid-land ſeas part Africks *ſoil*
From Europe, *to the flouds of* Nile;
More valiant to deſpiſe hid gold,
(Which wiſely Nature did with-hold)
Then force it to mans uſe, by ſack
Of temples, or by Natures wrack.
Whatever corner would impeach
Her progreſs, that let her Sword reach:
Viſit the ſtores of ſnow and hail,
And where exceſſive heats prevail.
Yet warlike Romans *deſtiny,*
On this condition I decree,
That they (too pious, and grown high)
Shall not re-build their Mother Troy.
With Troy! Troy's *fate ſhall be reviv'd,*
And all her ominous birds retriv'd,
When ſecond wars our ſelf will move,
The Siſter and the Wife of Jove.
If Phœbus *harp a Brazen wall*
Should thrice erect, thrice it ſhould fall
(Raz'd by my Greeks) *the wife, in chain*
Thrice mourn her ſons and husband ſlain.
But whither ſaucy Muſe? Theſe things
Agree not with the Lutes ſoft ſtrings,
The words of *gods* ceaſe to repeat,
And with ſmall voice matters ſo great.

ODE IV.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

The Poet ſaith, *That he hath been delivered from many dangers by the help of the* Muſes; *And that it hath gone ill with all who have attempted any thing againſt the Gods.*

DEſcend *Thalia* with a ſong
From heaven; my Queen, I'd have it 'long
To the ſhrill pipe or to the flute,
The viol or *Apollo*'s lute.
Do'ſt hear? or do I ſweetly rave?
I hear in yonder trees, which wave,
Thy ruſtling robe, and in that ſpring
The tuning of thy ſilver ſtring.
Me, am'rous turtles (Poets theme)
As by my native *Aufids* ſtream,
A child oppreſſed with ſleep and play,
Under a Mountain ſide I lay,
Fearleſs (for what hath he to fear,
Who from his birth was Heavens care?)
With ſacred Bays and Mirtle boughs,
On which no Beaſt did ever browſe,
Covered, left Snake or ugly Bear,
Should do me hurt as I ſlept there;
Which ſet the neighb'ring Fields at gaze,
As wondring what ſhould be the cauſe.
Whether I mount the *Sabine* hill,
Or with cold ſprings *Preneſte* chill,
Or me the healing Bath allures;
Where ere I am: *Muſes* I'm yours.
Friend to your ſprings, with your Songs rapt,
At loſt *Philippi* Field I ſcap't;

The

The fall of my own curſed Tree,
And ſhipwrack in *Sicilian* Sea.
Go you with me, I'le (dreadleſs) try
The *Boſphorus* that threats the skie,
And (travelling) defie the thir-
Sty *Syrian* ſand to do their worſt.
Viſit the *Britains* fierce to ſtrangers,
The horſe-fed *Thracians* bloody mangers,
The *Scythians*, whom no Sun doth warm,
And none of them ſhall do me harm.
Great *Caſar*, you with martial toil
Tir'd out, and glad to breathe a while
In Winter quarters with his men,
Refreſh in the *Pierian* Den.
You give him mild advice; and well
From you he takes it. We can tell,
The Giants ſelves for all their troop
Of monſtrous Bulks, were Thunder-ſtrook
By him that Towns, and dreary Ghoſts,
Immortal Gods, and mortal hoſts,
The ſtupid Earth, and reſtleſs Main,
Doth govern with one equal rein.
The horrid band and brotherhood,
Who (whilſt upon their terms they ſtood)
Pelion to heap on *Oſſa* ſtrove,
Gave not a little care to *Jove*.
But what could *Mimas*, and the ſtrong
Typhæus, what *Porphyrion* long,
What *Rhœcus*, and with hurled trunk,
(Torn up by th' roots) the fury drunk
Enceladus, ruſhing againſt
Minerva's ringing ſhield advanc't?
Here the devouring *Vulcan* ſtood,
There Matron *Juno*, and the *god*

That

That never lays his Quiver by,
Bathes in pure dews of *Caſtaly*
His dangling locks, haunts *Delian* woods,
Patros, and *Rhodes*, and *Xanthus* floods.
Uncounſel'd force with his own weight
Is cruſht; a force that's temperate
Heaven itſelf helps: and hates no leſs
Strength that provokes to wickedneſs.
This truth *Orion* underſtands,
And *Gyges* with the hundred hands:
He purpoſing chaſt *Dianas* Rape,
Could not her Virgin-arrows ſcape.
The earth on her own Monſters thrown,
(Thundred to endleſs night) doth grone
Over her ſons: *Ætna* doth rore,
Burning, and not conſum'd. No more
Can *Tytus*'s heart in vultrus claw,
Or waſt it ſelf, or fill her Maw.
Offended *Proſerpine* reſtrains
Perithous in three hundred chains.

Ode V. By Sir *R. F.*

The praiſes of Auguſtus, *the diſhonour of* Craſſus, *the conſtancy of* Regulus, *and his return to the* Carthaginians.

JOve governs heaven with his nod:
Auguſtus is the earthly God;
Bold *Britains* to the Empire bow'd,
And *Perſians*, with late trophies proud.
Could *Craſſus* ſouldier lead his life
Yok'd baſely with a barbarous wife?

And

And with Foe Father-in-law grow gray
In Arms, under a *Medians* pay!
(O fathers! and degenerate ſhame!)
His blood forgotten and his name,
Eternal *Veſta*, and the *Gown*,
Whilſt there was yet a *Jove*, and *Rome*!
This fear'd wiſe *Regulus* his mind,
And ſo the baſe Accord declin'd,
Weighing the conſequence, unleſs
The Captive Youth dy'd pitileſs.
I ſaw (*quoth he*) our enſigns ſtuck
In *Punick* fanes, without a ſtroke.
Souldiers diſarm'd, Citizens
Their free hands bound behind with chains.
And the Ports open, and that field
Which *Romans* had incampt on, till'd.
All this I ſaw. Redeem'd with gold
They'l grow, belike, in fight more bold.
Buy not iniquity. As ſtain
White wooll 'twill never white again:
So, if true Vertue fall, deſpair
To ſtop her till the loweſt ſtair.
A Hind out of the Trammels free,
And make her fight, then ſo will he
That rendred to a faithleſs foe,
And *Carthaginians* overthrow
In ſecond War; That tamely took
The laſh, and (Death but named) ſhook.
Why theſe (forgetting whence they came)
Confounded war with peace. O ſhame!
Great *Carthage*! thou haſt overcome
The vertue (more then troops) of *Rome*.
His chaſt wife's kiſs, and his ſmall fry
Of Babes, he's ſaid to have put by,

(As being a ſlave) and not t' have took
From Earth his ſtern and manly look:
Till he th' unwilling Senate brought
To vote the thing that he had ſought:
Then through his weeping friends he went
Into a glorious baniſhment.
Though well he knew what torments were
Ready prepared for him there
By Barb'rous men. Yet brake through all
His Kindred, and the crouded Hall.
To beg of him he would not go,
No otherwiſe then he would do
From Clyents ſwarms, after the end
Of a long Term, going to ſpend
In ſweet *Campania* the Vacation,
And give his mind ſome Relaxation.

Ode VI. by Sir *T. H.*

To the Romans.

Of the corrupt manners of that Age.

Roman, reſolve, thou ſhalt deſertleſs taſte
Sins ſcourge, for Vice of predeceſſor paſt,
Until thou do'ſt again repair
Decaied Temples, and make fair
The falling houſes of the Gods diſgrac'd,
And cleanſe their images, with ſmoak defac'd.
To think thee leſs than Gods, thy power commends;
Hence take beginnings, hither aim thy ends.
The Gods neglected, many woes
On *Italy* diſtreſſed, throws.

Twice

Twice *Pacorus*, and twice *Moneſes* hand,
Our inauſpicious armed troops disband:
Who with a plenteous prey made glad,
To little chains more links do add.
The *Dacian* and the *Æthiop* fierce in wars,
Hath almoſt raz'd the City, rent with jars!
One with his Navy formidable,
With darts the other better able.
This age in vice abounding, firſt begins
Chaſt ſtocks, and Nuptials to pollute with ſins:
The woes which from this fountain flow,
People, and Countrey over-throw.
The Maid for marriage ripe, much joys to learn
Ionick dances, and can well diſcern
With art to fain, and quickly prove
The pleaſures of unlawful love.
Straight made a wife, in midd'ſt of husbands cups,
She with young Gallants and Adult'rers ſups;
Nor cares to whom ſhe yields by ſtealth,
(When lights are out) loves lawleſs wealth.
But ask'd doth riſe, her knowing husband by,
To proſtitute her marriage modeſty;
At Factors call, or Pilots hire,
Of luſtful ſhame, a coſtly buyer.
That youth came not from ſuch Fore-fathers ſtrain,
Who did the Sea with *Punick* blood diſtain:
Not by ſuch hands did *Pyrrhus* fall,
Antiochus, nor *Hannibal*.
But in thoſe days a brave and manly race
Of ruſtick ſouldiers lived in this place,
Well skill'd in Plough, and *Sabine* Spade,
And ſo to ſtrict obedience made,
That if ſharp Mothers bade, at their return
They on their ſhoulders brought logs hew'd to burn,

When *Phœbus* changed had the mountains ſhade,
And weary unyok'd Oxen homeward made,
And that night gave their toil diſpence,
Chaſing the Suns bright chariot hence.
" What waſteth not with *Times* devouring rage?
" Our Fathers life, much worſe than Grandfires age,
" Sees us more wicked, to produce
" An Off-ſpring fuller of abuſe.

Ode VII. By Sir *R. F.*

To ASTERIE.

He comforts her, being ſad and ſolicitous for the abſence of her husband.

ASterie, Why doſt thou mourn
For *Gyges*, ſhortly to return
On wings of Vernal air,
Rich in *Sicilian* War?
More rich in faith. He by a blaſt
After long ſtorms, on *Epire* caſt,
His Widow'd nights ſteeps there
In many a watchful tear.
Yet *Chloe*'s ſubtil meſſenger,
Shewing what ſighs it pulls from her,
Whilſt in thy Flame ſhe fries,
A thouſand ways him tries.
She tells how the falſe Woman wrought
On credulous *Pretus*, till ſhe brought
A cruel death upon
Too chaſte *Bellerophon*.

Of

Of *Peleus* near his fatal hour,
Whilſt he ſhuns love, that's arm'd with power:
And (cunning) rakes from duſt
All precedents for luſt.
In vain: For deaf as Rocks to Prayer,
He's yet unmov'd. But take thou care,
Enipeus at next door
Do not thy love procure.
Though none with better skill be ſeen
To weild a Horſe in *Mars* his green;
Nor with more active limbs
In *Tyburs* Channel ſwims.
Shut to thy gate before it darken,
Nor to his whining Muſick hearken:
And though he ſtill complain
Thou'rt hard, ſtill hard remain.

Ode VIII. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To MÆCENAS.

LEarned *Mæcenas*, wonder not that I,
(A Batchelour) invoke that Deity,
Which at this feaſt the married rout adore,
And yearly do implore.
They pray the Gods to make their burthen light,
And that their yoke-fellows may never fight:
I praiſe them, not for giving me a wife,
But ſaving of my life.
By heav'n redeem'd, I ſcap't a falling tree,
And yearly own that ſtrange deliverie,
Yearly rejoyce, and drink the briskeſt wine,
Not ſpill it at their ſhrine.

Come (my *Mæcenas*) let us drink, and thus
Cheriſh that life, thoſe Pow'rs have given us:
A thouſand cups to midwife this new birth,
With inoffenſive mirth.
No State-affairs near my *Mæcenas* come,
Since all are faln that fought victorious *Rome*.
By Civil broils the *Medes*, our foes, will fall.
The weakeſt to the wall.
Our fierce, and antient Enemy of *Spain*
Is now ſubdu'd, and tamely bears our chain.
The Savage *Scythian* too begins to yield,
About to quit the field.
Bear they the load of Government that can;
Thou, ſince a private, and good natur'd man,
Enjoy th' advantage of the preſent Hour,
For why ſhould'ſt thou look ſowr?

Ode IX. By Sir *R. F.*

A Dialogue of Love *and* Jealouſie, *betwixt* Horace *and* Lydia.

Hor. WHilſt I poſſeſt thy love, free from alarms,
Nor any Youth more acceptable arms
About thy Alabaſter neck did fling,
I liv'd more happy than the *Perſian* King.
Lyd. Whilſt thou ador'ſt not more another face,
Nor unto *Chloe Lydia* gave place;
I *Lydia*, ſoaring on the wings of Fame,
Eclipſt the *Roman Ilia* with my name.
Hor. Me, *Thracian Chloe* now, rules abſolute,
Skill'd in ſweet Lays, and peerleſs at her Lute:

For

For whom to die I would not be afraid,
If Fates would ſpare me the ſurviving Maid.
Lyd. Me, *Calys*, rich *Ornitho*'s heir, doth ſcorch
With a reciprocal and equal torch:
For whom I would endure to die twice over,
If Fates would ſpare me my ſurviving Lover.
Hor. What if old *Venus* ſhould her Doves revoke,
And curb us (ſtubborn) to her Brazen yoke:
If bright-treſt *Chloe* I would henceforth hate,
And to excluded *Lydia* ope the Gate?
Lyd. Though he be fairer than the Morning-ſtar;
Thou, lighter than a Cork, and madder far
Than the vext Ocean, when it threats the Skie,
With thee I'de gladly live, I'de willing die.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by J. W. *Eſq.*

Hor. WHilſt I alone was dear to thee,
And only chief in thy embrace,
No *Perſian King* liv'd life to me,
Or half ſo bleſt or happy was.
Lyd. Till thy love roul'd, and did prefer
Chloe's new face, 'fore *Lydia*,
In fame, I (far ſurpaſſing her)
Was greater than *Romes Ilia*.
Hor. *Chloes* the Saint I pray to now,
Sweetly ſhe ſings, and plays o'th' Lute,
For whom, would Deſtiny allow,
My life ſhould be a ſubſtitute.
Lyd. The ſame 's young *Calais* (*Ornithus*'s heir)
To me, for whom I ſhould be glad
If I might die, though twice it were,
Would the ſame Fates but ſpare the Lad.

Hor. But ſay! if as before I burn?
Say I once more put on my chain?
Chloe ſhak'd off, and I return
To my firſt *Lydia* again?
Lyd. Though he's more glorious than a Star,
Thou than a Cork more fickle be,
Or pettiſh than the Sea, I ſwear
Once more to live and die with thee.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by T. F.

Hor. WHile I was lovely in thine eye,
And while no ſoft embrace but mine
Encircled thy fair Ivory neck,
I did the *Perſian* King out-ſhine.
Lyd. While *Horace* was an honeſt Lad,
And *Chloe* leſs than *Lydia* lov'd,
Lydia was then a matchleſs Laſs,
And in a ſphere 'bove *Ilia* mov'd.
Hor. But *Chloe* now has vanquiſht me,
That Lute and Voice who could deny?
Methinks might I but ſave her life,
I could my ſelf even dare to dy.
Lyd. Young *Calais* is my Gallant,
He burns me with his flaming Ey,
To ſave the pretty villains life,
'Twice over I could dare to dy.
Hor. But ſay I *Lydia* lov'd agen,
And would new-braze Loves broken chain?
Say I ſhould turn my *Chloe* off,
And take poor *Lydia* home again?

Lyd.

Lyd. Why then though He a fixed Star,
Thou lighter than a Cork ſhouldſt be,
Mad, and unquiet as the Sea,
Yet would I live, and dy with thee.

ODE X. By *R. N. Paraphraſed.*

1.

SEE, Madam, ſee, how your poor Lover lies
Before your doors neglected and forlorn,
Expos'd to the rage of weather and your ſcorn,
Both unrelenting Enemies.
And can you ſtill ſo cruel be
As to behold all this, and yet not pity me?

2.

Hark how the North-wind bluſters 'gainſt your doors,
Hark how amongſt the neighbouring Trees it rores:
See how the Earth's all covered o're with Snow,
And like your Heart is frozen too.
Away with this diſdain, away,
For what is my caſe now, may b' yours another day.

3.

Sure you were ne're ſo cruel bred or born,
What though with gifts I ne're did bribe your love?
Nor could for it look wan and pale,
I know you did ſuch fool'ries ſcorn:
Yet let my conſtancy prevail.
Will nothing your compaſſion move?
Fye, Fye, you 're more unflexible I ſwear,
Then the tough Oak, cruel as Serpents are.
What ſhall I do? I cannot ſure
Theſe Heats and Colds of Love for ever thus endure.

Ode XI. By Sir *R. F.*

To MERCURY.

That he would dictate to him a Song, wherewith to bend Lyde. *The Fable of* Danaus *Daughters.*

O *Mercury* (for taught by you
Deaf ſtones by th' ears *Amphion* drew)
And *Shell*, whoſe hollow Belly rings
With ſeven ſtrings.

Once mute and graceleſs, now the tongue
Of Feaſts and Temples: lend me a ſong
To thread the maze of *Lyde*'s Prayer-
Reſiſting ear.

Who like a three years Colt doth fetch
A hundred Rings, and's hard to catch;
Free from a husband, and not fit
For backing yet.

Thou mak'ſt ſtiff Foreſts march, retreat
Prone Rivers: *Cerberus* the great
Porter of Hell to thee gave way,
Stroak'd with a Lay.

Though with a hundred Snakes he curl
His head, and from his Noſtrils hurl
A filthy ſtream, which all bedrops
His triple chops:

Ixion

Ixion too with a forc't ſmile
Did grin. The tubs ſtood dry a while,
Whilſt with thy Muſick thou did pleaſe
The *Belides*.

Tell *Lyde* that; that Virgin-ſlaughter,
And famous torment, the vain water
Couzning their Urns through thouſand drains,
And Poſthume pains

For cruel Maids laid up in ſtore.
Cruel. For what could they do more,
That could with unrelenting ſteel
Their Lovers kill?

One only worth *Hymens* flame,
And worthy of immortal Fame,
Her perjur'd father (pious child)
Bravely beguil'd:

Who ſaid to her young Husband; Wake,
Leſt an Eternal ſleep thou take,
Whence leaſt thou *lock'ſt*: deceive my Sire,
And Siſters dire.

Who like ſo many Tygers tear
(Alas!) the prey: I (tenderer)
Will neither ſlay, nor keep thee thus
I'th Slaughter-houſe.

Me let my *Savage* father chain,
Becauſe my Husband is unſlain,
Or into fartheſt *Africa*
Ship me away.

By

By Land or Sea *take thou thy flight*,
Cover'd with wings of Love and Night:
Go, go, and write when thou art ſafe
My Epitaph.

Ode XII. *By* T. F. *Paraphraſed.*

To NEOBULE.

NO more Love's ſubjects, but his ſlaves they be,
That dare not o're a Glaſs of Wine be free,
But quit, for fear of friends, their libertie.

Fond *Neobule!* thou art lazy grown,
Away thy Needle, Web, and Diſtaff thrown,
Thou hop'ſt thy work by; *Hebrus* will be done.

A ſturdy Youth, and a rank Rider he,
Can run a race, and box moſt manfullie,
Swim like a Duck, and caper like a Flea.

He hunts the Stag, and all the Foreſt o're
With ſtrength and craft purſues the ſavage Boar:
He minds the ſport, and thou deſir'ſt no more.

Ode XIII. By *R. N. Paraphraſed.*

To the Fountain of Blanduſia.

I.

A Pleaſant Spring doth riſe within my Grove,
(The Scene of my retired Contents and Love)

To

To which my Muſe ſhall bring
For a grateful Offering,
No laſcivious wanton Kid,
With pamper'd luſts, and armed head,
To ſtain the Cryſtal flood
With unclean and luſtful blood;
But her ſacrifice ſhall be,
Love, divine Love dreſt up in Poetry.

2.

Lo how the officious Trees their branches ſpread,
Thickned with leaves over thy Head,
As if afraid each ſcorching Ray
On thy cold ſtreams with too much Heat ſhould play.
Hither the panting Flocks for ſhelter run,
When beaten from the Plains by the hot Sun,
Whilſt from the bubbling ſtreams below,
Such murmuring Languages do flow,
That none but Lovers and the Muſes know.

Ode XIV. By Sir *T. H.*

To the Roman people.

This Ode containeth the praiſes of Auguſtus *returning out of* Spain, *after his Conqueſt over the* Cantabrians.

GReat *Cæſar* who is ſaid to go,
Like *Hercules* againſt his foe,
To purchaſe Bays by death, again
Victorious is return'd from *Spain*.

The

The Wife that's with one husband pleas'd,
Let her come forth, the Gods appeas'd.
Octavia, *Cæsars* Sister, haste,
And mothers with your daughters chaste.

Attir'd in modest veil appear,
And sons returned safe draw neer:
You Boys, and you new-married train
Of wives from evil words abstain.

From me this new-made Holy-day
Black sullen cares shall take away:
Nor fear I in great *Cæsar*'s reign
By force or tumult to be slain.

(Boy) crowns, and unguents now prepare,
And Vessel kept, since *Marsian* war,
If any such conceal'd hath been
By wandring *Spartacus* not seen.

Let hither shrill *Neæra* hie,
And hair perfum'd in tresses tie:
But if the Porter make delay
With churlish answer, haste away.

White hoary hairs temper the mind,
To brawls and quarrels earst inclin'd:
This in youths heat I could not brook,
When *Plancus* charge of Consul took.

ODE XV. *By* T. F. *Paraphraſed.*

Againſt CHLORIS.

FOr ſhame, for ſhame give o're
Thou over-ridden Whore!
Thou play the wanton? fie!
Thou that e're long muſt die!
Thou merry with the Maids? for ſhame!
Thy ice will freeze their flame.
Think'ſt thou to pleaſe a Man,
Becauſe thy daughter can?
Few Youngſters will knock at
An old, a rotten Gate.
Wiſh thy young Daughter luck;
Thou'dſt better ſpin, then ——.
Drink Brandy thou, and hope
No Garland, but a Rope.

ODE XVI. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

That all things fly open to Gold: Yet HORACE *is contented with his own condition, in which he lives happy.*

DAnae in a Brazen Tower immur'd,
From night-adulterers, doors barr'd,
And of fierce Dogs a conſtant ward
Would have ſufficiently ſecur'd,

If *Jove* and *Venus* had not fool'd,
The Gaoler of the cloyſter'd Maid,
(Though of his own ſhadow afraid)
Turning his Godſhip into Gold.
Gold loves to break through armed Guards,
And Caſtles that are Thunder-proof,
The *Grecian Augur*'s ſacred roof
Was undermined by rewards.
Gifts were the *Macedons* Petar,
With which he blew up City-gates,
Subverted Rival Kings and States,
And laid aboard their Men of War.
With growing riches cares augment,
And thirſt of greater. I did well
To ſhrink my head into my ſhell,
Mæcenas Knighthoods ornament.
The more a man t' himſelf denies,
The more indulgent Heaven beſtows.
Let them that will ſide with the I's:
I'me with the Party of the No's.
A greater Lord of a ſmall ſtore,
Then if the fruitful Crops of all
Apulia I mine own did call:
In midſt of ſo much plenty poor.
My little wood, and my pure ſtream,
And corn that never fails; makes me
A man more truly bleſt, then he
That wears rich *Africks* Diadem.
Though neither *Croſſick* Bees produce
Honey to me, nor clothing fine
Segovian flocks: nor *Maſſick* Wine
Mellow in barrels for my uſe:

Yet

Yet pinching *Poverty*'s away.
Nor, wiſht I more, wouldſt thou deny't.
Who, with contracted appetite
May eaſier my tribute pay,
Then if deputed *Egypts* King.
Large iſſues follow large ſupplies.
He, to whom Heaven nothing denies,
Ows an account of every thing.

ODE XVII. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

BRave *Ælius*, ſprung from an Heroick line,
Whoſe Pedigree in long deſcents do ſhine,
That add'ſt new glories to the *Lamian* Name,
And rear'ſt freſh Trophies to their fame!
Deſcended from Prince *Lamus*, whoſe command
Reach from the *Formian* walls, o're Sea and Land;
Well was he known our Anceſtors among,
Where gentle *Lyris* ſlides along.
Great as thou art, time will not thee obey:
To-morrow's like to be a bluſtring day,
Some tempeſt too is threatned from the Eaſt,
As by th' unlucky Crow I gueſs't:
'Tis dry to day! Now lay thy fuel in,
'Ere the unwelcome Seaſon do begin,
Good victuals get, and frolick friends together,
Armour of proof againſt ill weather.

Ode XVIII. By Sir *T. H.*

To FAUNUS.

Who being an infernal peſtilent Wood-god, he prayeth that paſſing thorow his Fields, he would be favourable to him and his.

Faunus, who after Nymphs doſt range,
Through my precincts and fruitful Graunge
Paſs gently, and propitious be
To flocks, and me.

A tender Kid the year ſhall end,
Full Cups of Liquor (*Venus* friends)
We'l pay; Fumes ſhall on Altars flie
In odours high.

Beaſts, when *Decembers* Nones appear
In grazy grounds make ſportive chear:
The jocund Clown in Meads doth feaſt;
The Oxe doth reſt.

The Wolf 'mongſt fearleſs Lambs doth ſtray,
Woods ſtrew thee leafs upon this day;
The Ditcher joys with meaſur'd mirth
To tread the Earth.

Ode

Ode XIX. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To TELEPHUS.

1.

THou por'ſt on *Helvicus*, and ſtudieſt in vain
How many years paſt betwixt King, & Kings reign,
To make on old woman even twitter for joy
At an Eighty eight ſtory, or the ſcuffle at *Troy*:
But where the good Wine, and beſt fire is
When the cruel North-wind does blow,
And the Trees do pënance in Snow;
Where the Poets delight and deſire is,
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne're troubleſt thy brain.

2.

Come Drawer ſome Claret, wee'l drown this new Moon,
More Candles t' improve this dull night into noon:
Let the Healths, let the Houſe, & the Glaſſes turn round,
But no tears, except thoſe of the Tankard, abound.
Come! here's a good health to the Muſes,
Three brimmers to the three times three,
And one to each Grace let there be;
The tripple skull'd Dog bite him that refuſes.

3.

Let's be mad as *March*-hares, call the minſtrels, & ſingers
Strike up there!--kick that rogue--he ha's chilblains on's (fingers,
Let that whorſon our neighbour, on his bags that lies (thinking,
Bear a part in the ſtorm, but not the calm of our drink- (ing.

Come! bring us a Wench, or two, prithee,
Thou *Telephus* look'ſt pretty fair,
And haſt a good thick head of hair, (thee;
Fetch him *Chloe*, ſhe's buxom, and loves to trade with
Call *Glycera* to me, for I am one of her Swindgers.

ODE XX. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To PYRRHUS.

DRy *Pyrrhus*, little doſt thou know,
What 'tis to make a Whelp forgo
His Lioneſs,——faith 'twill not do!
It will be ſo.
Nearchus underſtands his game,
If he reſolves to quit his fame,
What's that to you? To ſave his name
You'l purchaſe ſhame.
If before Peace, you War prefer,
Shoot at his Butt——you'l find from her
A *Rowland* for your *Oliver*,
That I dare ſwear.
He is a gay, and ſanguine Man,
His Periwig the wind do's fan,
And ſhe will hug him, now and than,
Do what you can.

ODE

Ode XXI. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To his Wine-Veſſels.

KInd Brother *Butt*! as old, and brisk, as I,
(For we had both the ſame Nativity,)
Whether to mirth, to brawls, or deſperate Love,
Or ſleep, thy gentle power do's move:
By what, or name, or title dignifi'd;
Thou need'ſt not fear the niceſt teſt to 'bide:
Corvinus health ſince we may not refuſe,
Give down amain thy generous juice.
Corvinus, tho' a Stoick, will not balk
Thy charms, for he can drink, as well as talk.
Old *Cato*, tho' he often were moroſe,
Yet he would ſometimes take a Doſe.
O Wine! thou mak'ſt the thick skull'd-fellow ſoft;
Eaſeſt the Stateſman, vext with cares full oft;
Unriddleſt all intrigues with a free Bowl,
Thou arrant pick-lock of the Soul!
Thou doſt our gaſping, dying hopes revive,
To Peſants, ſouls as big as Princes, give;
Inſpired by thee they ſcorn their ſlaviſh fears,
And bid their Rulers ſhake their ears.
All this, and more (great *Bacchus*) thou canſt do,
But if kind *Venus* be aſſiſtant too,
Then bring more Candles to expel the night;
Till *Phœbus* puts the Stars to flight.

Ode XXII. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

Upon *DIANA.*

GEntle *Diana*, Goddeſs bright,
Who midwiv'ſt Infants into light,
The Mountains Deity tripartite,
And Queen of Night.
To thee I conſecrate my Pine,
Henceforth it ſhall be ever thine,
Yearly I'le offer at this ſhrine
The bloud of Swine.

Ode XXIII. By Sir *T. H.*

To PHIDILE.

The Gods are to be honoured with pure hands, and the teſtimony of a well-ſpent age.

IF Rural *Phidile*, at the Moons ariſe,
To Heaven thou lift thy hands in humble wiſe:
If thou with Sacrifice thy Lars wilt pleaſe,
Or with new fruit and greedy Swine appeaſe,
Thy fertile Vineyard ſhall not ſuffer blaſt
From peſt'lent South, nor parching dew be caſt
Upon thy Corn, nor ſhall thy children dear,
Feel ſickly Fits in Autumn of the year.
It is the long vow'd victime, which is fed
'Mongſt Holms and Okes on ſnowie *Algids* head,
Or which in fat *Albanian* paſtures grew,
That ſhall the Prieſts ſharp Axe with blood imbrew.

To

To thee, who petty Gods doſt magnifie,
With Mirtle branch, and ſprig of Roſemary,
It nothing appertains their Feaſts to keep
With frequent ſlaughters of the fatteſt Sheep.
If thy hand, free from ill, the Altar touch,
Thou ſhalt th' offended Gods appeaſe as much
With gift of ſparkling Salt, and pious meal,
As if thou vows with coſtly victimes ſeal.

Ode XXIV. By Sir *R. F.*

He inveighs againſt covetous men, who continually joyn houſes to houſes, building in the very Sea it ſelf: when in the mean time no buildings can free them from the neceſſity of dying. He ſaith the Scythians *are happy, who draw their Houſes in Waggons, and till the fields in common. Moreover, denies that corruption of manners, and licenſe of ſinning to be amongſt theſe, which is amongſt the* Romans. *But for the rooting out of theſe evils, together with the depraved deſire of increaſing riches, affirms, there is need of a more rigid Diſcipline.*

THough richer than unpoll'd
Arabian wealth, and *Indian* Gold,
Thou with thy works ſhould'ſt drain
The *Tyrrhene* and whole *Pontick* Main;
Thou could'ſt not, when Death lays
On thee his Adamantine mace,
Thy mind from terror free,
Nor body from mortality.
Wiſer the *Scythians*,
Whoſe houſes run on wheels like Wains;

And frozen *Getes*, whoſe Field
Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yield:
Nor is't the cuſtom there,
To ſow a land above a year;
And when that Crop is born,
The reſt relieve it each by turn.
There women mingle not
For Son-in-Law's a poyſon'd pot;
Nor *govern*: On their Dow'r
Preſuming, or adult'rers pow'r.
Their Dow'r 's *to be well bred*:
And *Chaſtity*, flying the Bed
Of others, their own truſt
Perſwading, and the price of Luſt.
Oh! he that would aſſwage
Our blood-ſhed and inteſtine rage,
If he would written have
His Countreys Father on his grave;
Let him not fear t' oppoſe
Unbridled licence to the noſe:
So ſhall he gain great praiſe
In after times; ſince (wo the days!)
We envy living worth,
But miſs it when 'tis laid in earth.
For what do our Laws ſtand,
If puniſhment weed not the Land?
What ſerves vain Preaching for,
Which cannot cure our lives? if nor
Thoſe Lands which flames imbrace;
Nor where the neighb'ring *Boreas*,
Shuts up the Ports with cold,
And Snows faſt nail'd to the free hold,
The Mariner repel?
If crafty Merchants learn to quell

The

The horridſt Seas? the fears
Of that crime Want making them bear,
And do all things, and balk
Severer vertues narrow walk.
Would Heaven we'd carry all
Our wealth into the Capitol!
Or in the next Sea duck
Our jewels and pernicious muck,
Fewel of all that's nought!
If we repent as we ought,
Strike at the root of ills;
And mould we our too pliant wills
To rougher arts: the child
Of noble linage cannot wield
A bounding Horſe of War,
Nay fears to hunt, more skill'd by far
To ſtride off the *Greek* bowl,
Or the forbidden Dice to trowl,
The whilſt his perjur'd Father
Deceives his partners truſt, to gather
For one that hath no wit.
So ill got wealth grows faſt, and yet
Something ſtill ſhort doth come,
To make it up an even ſum.

ODE XXV. By *A. B. Paraphraſed.*

To BACCHUS.

BACCHUS! Whither hurrieſt thou me,
Now I am fully fraught with thee,
And thus inſpired with thy moiſt Deity?

Since I thy liquor drank, I find
A newer and a nobler mind,
A quick and lofty fanſie that's inclin'd
To things above the power of Mankind.

She viſits all the Caves and Groves,
And through the World ſhe boldly roves,
Be the place ne're ſo far
Shee'l thither fly,
Nothing's too low for her,
Nothing too high.

Into all Dens, though ne're ſo dark and deep,
She dares to peep.
Swifter and ſtronger than the wind,
Unbounded as the air,
Kicks the dull earth and all things there;
And only is by Heaven it ſelf confin'd.

In this Rapture I will ſing
Th' immortal praiſe of our victorious King,
And plant him 'mong the Stars above;
For he, and only he,
Is qualified to be
Both General, and Chancellor to *Jove*.

Some incomparable thing,
Which no other Poet knew,
Thus rais'd, I have a mind to bring
To my *Cæſar* as his due.
Who e're preſumes of him to ſing,
Muſt have notions high and new;
Though ne're ſo great, they will be true.

Some-

Something above the common rode,
Since he that's the ſubject of this Ode,
Is my Sovereign, and ſo far
Beyond what other Princes are,
That in a vulgar ſtyle to name him,
Inſtead of praiſing, would defame him.

In ſuch extaſie and trance,
As I am now the Sacred Prieſts of yore,
Up to thy Temples did advance,
And there did ſing, and there did dance,
Before the barbarous and rude
Thracian gazing multitude;
Whom thus they taught,
Both why, and how, they ought
Thy Deity to adore.

Oh! how delightſom 'tis to tread,
Where never any Author did,
To find out matter, great, and new,
Unknown to th' imitating Crew,
Who keeps a Round, like married men,
Repeating ſtill the ſame agen.

Thy water Nymphs I now defie,
And Prieſts with their Artillery,
Come thou and help me, that I may
Nothing that's mean, nothing that's mortal, ſay;
For thoſe that are by thee inſpired,
Will nothing ſay, or do, but what muſt be admir'd.

All hazards pleaſant are to me,
Whilſt I do follow thee.

Who

Who could not ſuch a God adore?
Who when men do thy aid implore,
As I do now,
Firſt thou inſpir'ſt our brains with wit,
And then for it,
Thou with a Garland crown'ſt thy Poets brow.

Ode III. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

XXVI

To VENUS.

'Tis true, I was a ſturdy Souldier once,
And bravely under *Cupid*'s banners fought:
Disbanded now, his ſervice I renounce,
My warlike weapons ſerve for nought.

Here! take my Helmet, Sword, and Shield,
My Bow, my Quiver, my Artillery;
Chloe has beaten me quite out of th' field,
And leads me in captivity.

Great *Venus*! thou that know'ſt what I have been,
How able, and how true a friend to Smocks!
Revenge my quarrel on th' imperious Queen,
And pay her with a Pox!

Ode XXVII. By Sir *R. F.*

To Galatea *going to Sea.*

He deters her principally by the example of Europa.

Let ill preſages guide the Ill,
A ſcreeching Owl, or from a hill
A She-wolf mad upon the Flocks,
Or pregnant Fox.

And a Snake ſhaft-like ſhot athwart
Their Horſes way to make them ſtart,
Their journey ſtop. What place is here
For provident fear?

Before the tempeſt bodeing foul,
Deſcend into the ſtanding Pool,
My Prayer ſhall from the *Orient* ſteer
The King-Fiſher.

Be bleſt, wherever thou wouldſt be,
And *Galatea* think of me;
No ominous Pye thy ſteps revoaks,
No Raven croaks.

Yet pale *Orion* ſad deſcends;
I know too well what it portends,
When black I ſee the *Adriatick*,
Or white the *Japick*.

Let

Let our foes wives, and all they love,
The riſing Kids blind anger prove,
And the vext Ocean when it roars,
Laſhing the ſhores.

Europa ſo, truſting her ſoft
Side to the ticing Bull, ſhriekt oft,
The Rocks and Monſters to behold,
Though ſhe was bold.

She that late pickt ſweet flowers in Meads,
And wove meet Garlands for Nymphs heads,
In a clear night could nothing ſpy
But Sea and Sky.

In populous *Crete* arriv'd ſoon after,
O Sire (quoth ſhe) left by thy Daughter,
And duty in my feeble breſt
By love oppreſt.

Whence, whither rapt? One death's too ſmall
To expiate a Virgins fall.
Do I (awake) true crimes lament,
Or (innocent)

Doth ſome falſe Dream put me in pain?
Was't better through the horrid Main
To rove far off: or with my Father
Freſh Flowers to gather?

Had I that naughty Bull now here,
How with my nails I could him tear,
And break the horns about that pate
So lov'd of late!

Shameleſs

Shameleſs I left my Sires abodes:
Shameleſs I pauſe on death; ye Gods,
(If any hear) ſhow me the way
Where Lions ſtray.

Ere my fair skin grow tann'd and looſe,
And of the tender prey the juice
Run out; whilſt I am plump I wou'd
Be Tigers food.

Die baſe *Europa* (whiſpers me
My Sire) behold yon beckning tree!
The Zone from thy chaſte waſte unknit,
To thy neck fit.

Or if ſharp Rocks delight for ſpeed,
This hanging cliff will do the deed!
Unleſs (being come of Royal kin)
Th'adſt rather ſpin,

And be a barb'rous Miſtreſs thrall,
Her husbands trull. *Venus* heard all,
And *Cupid* falſly laughing now
With unbent bow;

At length ſhe ſaid, This rage forbear;
That naughty Bull thou ſhalt have here:
Prepare thy ſelf 'gainſt he returns
To break his horns.

Jove is thy Bull. Theſe Fountains dry;
Learn to uſe greatneſs moderately:
Thy Thirds oth' World ſhall called be
Europe from thee.

Ode XXVIII. By Sir *T. H*,

To LYDE.

He perſwadeth Lyde *to ſpend the Day dedicated to* Neptune, *pleaſantly.*

ON *Neptunes* feaſts what elſe do we?
Straight (*Lyde*) broach, and bring to me
Cæcubian Wines laid up in ſtore,
And let ſtrong wiſdom ſway no more.
Thou ſeeſt 'tis Mid-time of the day,
And yet, as if ſwift hours did ſtay,
A Butt thou ſpar'ſt, was Cellar-ſtall'd,
When *Bibulus* was Conſul call'd.
With mutual ſongs wee'l *Neptune* pleaſe,
And the green-hair'd *Nereides*.
On crooked Lyre ſing thou with art,
Latona, and ſwift *Cynthia*'s dart:
Whilſt our laſt ſtrain her praiſe unfolds,
Who *Cnidos*, and bright *Cyclads* holds:
And *Paphos* with pair'd Swans doth view;
The night ſhall likewiſe have his due.

Ode

Ode XXIX. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He invites him to a merry Supper, laying aside publick cares.

OFF-spring of *Tyrrhene* Kings; I have,
Waiting thy leisure in my Cave,
Of mellow Wine an unbroacht But,
With Spikenard and Rose-buds, to put
Upon thy hair. Break off delay:
Do not moist *Tybur* still survay,
And *Æsulaes* declining hill,
And his that did his Father kill.
Leave fulsome plenty, and thy proud
Palace whose head is in a cloud:
Respite the love of smoak, and noise,
And all that wealthy *Rome* enjoys.
Rich men are mostly pleas'd with change,
And cleanly meals in a poor grange,
Without their Tapestries, unplough
The furrows of a careful Brow.
Andromed now peeps with his star,
Now *Procyon* shews the *Dog* not far,
He barks, and *Phœbus* kindling Rays
Haste to bring back the sultry days.
The Shepherd now with his faint Flock
Looks, panting, for a gushing Rock,
The horrors of a gloomy wood;
And no air stirs to crisp the flood.
Thou mind'st affairs of State, and (fraught
With fears for *Rome*) busiest thy thought

What

What *Scythians*, what the *Bactrians* think,
And thoſe that diſtant *Tanais* drink.
Wiſe God hath wrapt in a thick cloud
What is to come: and laughs aloud
When Mortals fear more than their ſhare.
Things preſent manage with due care:
The reſt are carried like a ſtream,
Which now runs calm as any dream
Into the *Tyrrhene* Sea; anon
(Beyond all limits overflown)
Sweeps with it houſes, herds, and flocks,
And trees intire, and broken rocks,
Making the woods and mountains roar.
That man has happineſs in ſtore
For a hard Winter, that can ſay
Unto his Soul, *I liv'd to day.*
To morrow let it ſhine, or rain,
Yet cannot this the paſt make vain,
Nor uncreate and render void
That which was yeſterday enjoy'd.
Fortune that knows the Miſtreſs part,
To uſe her Servants with proud art,
Her fickle favours now beſtows
On me, now on another throws.
If ſhe ſtay, beſt: if ſhe will pack,
I give her all her preſents back,
(Like Wooers when a match is broke)
And wrapping me in my old cloak,
My vertue, marry the next hour
Chaſte *Poverty* without a Dower.
When North-winds bellow, 'tis not I
Run ſcar'd to wretched Prayers, and cry
Let not my Spice, my Silks increaſe
The riches of the greedy Seas.

When

When men may be in Oars convaid
Through *Pontick* ſtorms, then I will trade.

Ode XXX. By Sir *R. F.*

By writing Lyricks, he ſaith, *He hath provided better for the Immortality of his Name, than if he had procured Brazen Statues, and* Pyramids *to be erected to him. And intimates that his chief praiſe would be, That he was the firſt of the* Latins, *who in this kind of Verſe imitated the* Greeks.

A Work out-laſting Braſs, and higher
Than Regal Pyramids proud Spire,
I have abſolv'd. Which ſtorming winds,
The Sea that Turrets undermines,
Tract of innumerable days,
Nor the rout of times can raze.
Totally I ſhall not die,
And much of me the Grave ſhall flie.
Poſterity my name ſhall boaſt,
When *Rome* her ſelf in *Rome* is loſt.
Where like a King loud *Aufid* reigns,
Where *Daunus* (poor in ſtream:) complains
To neighb'ring Clowns: I ſhall be ſed
The man, that from an humble head
T' a Torrent ſwoln did firſt inſpire
A *Roman* Soul in *Grecian* Lyre.
I labour with deſerved praiſe;
Crown, crown me (willing Muſe) with Bays.

The End of the Third Book.

ODES.

BOOK IV.

Ode I. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To VENUS.

NO more of war: ——Dread *Cytherea*, ceaſe;
Thy feeble Souldier ſues for Peace.
Alas I am not now that man of might,
As when fair *Cinara* bad me fight.
Leave *Venus*, leave! conſider my gray hairs
Snow'd on by fifty tedious years.
My Forts are ſlighted, and my Bulwarks down:
Go, and beleaguer ſome ſtrong Town.
Make thy attempts on *Maximus*; there's game
To entertain thy Sword, and flame.
There Peace and Plenty dwell: He's of the Court,
Ign'rant what 'tis to ſtorm a Fort:
There ſound a charge; He's generous and young,
He's unconcern'd, luſty and ſtrong:

He

He of thy ſilken Banners will be proud,
And of thy Conqueſts talk aloud.
His bags are full: the Lad thou mayſt prefer
To be thy Treaſurer in War.
He may erect Gold-ſtatues to thy name,
And be the Trumpet of thy fame:
Thy Deity the zealous youth will then invoke,
And make thy beauteous Altars ſmoke.
With voice, and Inſtruments thy praiſe ſhall ſound;
Diviſion he, and Love the Ground.
There, twice a day the gameſom companie
Of Lads and Laſſes in debuoir to thee,
Like *Mars*'s Prieſts their numbers ſhall advance,
And ſweetly ſing, and nimbly dance.
But as for me! —— I'm quite deſpirited,
I court nor Maid, nor Boy to bed!
I cannot drink, nor bind a Garland on,
Alas! my dancing days are done!
But hold — Why do theſe tears ſteal from my Eye?
My lovely *Ligurinus*, why?
Why does my fault'ring tongue diſguiſe my voice,
With rude, and inarticulate noiſe?
O *Ligurin!* 'tis thou that break'ſt my reſt,
Methinks I graſp thee in my breſt:
Then, I purſue thee in my paſſionate dreams
O're pleaſant fields, and purling ſtreams.

Ode II. By Sir *R. F.*

To Antonius Julus, *the ſon of* Mark Anthony, *the Triumvir.*

That it is dangerous to imitate the ancient Poets:

WHo thinks to equal *Pindar*, tries
With waxen wings to reach the Skies,
Like him that (falling) a name gave
T' his watry grave.
As a proud ſtream that ſwoln with rain,
Comes pouring down the hills amain,
So *Pindar* flows, and fears no drouth,
Such his deep mouth:
Worthy the Bays, whether he pour
From unexhauſted Springs a ſhowr
Of lawleſs *Dytherambs*, and thunders
In bolder numbers:
Or ſings of Gods, and Heroes (ſeed
Of Gods) whoſe juſt Swords did outweed
The *Centaures*, and *Chimæra* ſtout
Her flames put out:
Or mourns ſome youth, from his ſad Spouſe
Unkindly torn, whoſe ſtrength and prowes
And golden mind he lifts to th' *skie*,
And lets not die.
This *Theban* Swan, when he will ſing
Among the clouds, raiſes his wing
On a ſtiff gale. I *like* the Bee
Of *Calabrie*,
Which (toiling) *ſucks* beloved Flowers
About the *Thymie* Groves, and Skowrs

Of

Of Fount-well *Tyber*, frame a terſe
But humble verſe.
Thou *Anthony* in higher ſtrains
Chaunt *Cæſar*, when he leads in chains
Fierce *Germans*, his victorious brows
Crown'd with Bay-boughs.
Then whom a greater thing, or good,
Heaven hath not lent the earth, nor ſhou'd
Though it refin'd the age to th' old
Saturnian gold.
Thou ſhalt ſing to the *publick* plays
For his return, and Holy-days
For our Prayers heard, and wrangling pleas
Bound to the peace.
Then I (if I may then be heard)
Happy in my reſtored *Lord*,
Will joyn i'th' cloſe, and ô (I'le ſay)
O Sun-ſhine day!
And (thou proceeding) we'll all ſing,
Jo Triumph! And again
Jo Triumph! At each turning
Incenſe burning.
A Hecatomb's requir'd of thee,
And weaned Calf excuſes me,
In high graſs fat and *friſking* now,
To pay my vow.
Reſembled in whoſe ſhining horns,
The increaſing Moon his brow adorns;
Save a white feather in his head
All ſorrel red.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, by A. C.

1.

Pindar is imitable by none;
The Phœnix, *Pindar*, is a vaſt ſpecies alone:
Who e're but *Dedalus* with Waxen wings could flie,
And neither *ſink*, too low, nor *ſoar* too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldneſs the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a Sea to name?
Pindars unnavigable ſong, (long.
Like a ſwoln Flood from ſome ſteep mountains pours a-
The Ocean meets with ſuch a voice
From his enlarg'd mouth, as drowns the Ocean noiſe.

2.

So *Pindar* does new words and figures roul
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique* tide,
Which in no Channel daigns t' abide,
Which neither *banks* nor *dikes* controul,
Whether th' immortal Gods he ſings
In a no leſs immortal ſtrain,
Or the great acts of God-deſcended Kings,
Who in his numbers ſtill ſurvive and raign.
Each rich Embroidred *line*,
By his ſacred hand is bound;
Which their triumphant brows around,
Does all their Starry Diadems out-ſhine.

3.

Whether at *Piſa*'s race he pleaſe
To carve in *Peliſht verſe*, the Conquerours Images,

Whether

Whether the ſwift, the skilful, or the ſtrong,
Be crown'd in his nimble artful vig'rous ſong,
Whether ſome brave young mans untimely Fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate;
Such mournful, and ſuch pleaſing words,
As joy to his Mothers, and his Miſtreſs grief affords.
He bids him live, and grow in fame,
Among the Stars he ſticks his name;
The Grave can but the droſs of him devour,
So ſmall is Deaths, ſo great the Poets power.

4.

Lo, how the obſequious wind and ſwelling air,
The *Theban* Swan does upwards bear
Into the welks of Clouds; where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way:
Whilſt, alas, my timorous Muſe,
Unambitious tracts purſues,
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the maſſie brooks and ſprings,
About the trees new bloſſom'd heads,
About the Gardens painted beds,
About the Fields and flowry Meads,
And all inferiour beauteous things,
Like the laborious Bee,
For little drops of honey flee;
And there with humble ſweets, contents her induſtry.

Ode III. By Sir *R. F.*

To MELPOMENE.

That he is born to Poetry, and by the benefit thereof, hath obtained immortality and glory.

WHom thou *Melpomene*
Haſt ſmil'd on in his infancie,
Him neither *Iſthmian* game
Shall ever for a wreſtler fame;
Nor ſtout *Olympicks* ſteeds
Victorious draw; nor Martial deeds
Shew to the Capitol
A Laurel-crowned General
For taming Kings: but floods
Which waſh rich *Tybur*, and green woods
Their buſhy locks grown long,
Make big with an *Æolian* ſong.
Queen *Rome* hath noted me
Of her own ſacred Quire to be,
Where ſweet-tongu'd Poets ſing;
And now I fear not envies ſting.
O *Muſe*! whoſe ſugar'd words
Are married to the golden Chords:
Who, if thou touch their tongues,
Giv'ſt to mute Fiſhes Swan-like ſongs:
'Tis (all) thy Boon, that I
Am pointed at as I paſs by
Romes Lyric: thine it is,
I live, and pleaſe, if I do this.

Ode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

He celebrates the Victories of Druſus Nero (*who was Son-in-law to* Auguſtus Cæſar) *over the* Rhætians *and* Vindelicians. *Alſo commemorates certain valiant deeds of* Claudius Nero.

As th' *Armour-bearer* of great *Jove*
(Made King of all that ſoars above,
For ſtealing him from *Troy*
The * yellow treſſed Boy)
Youth whilom and his Native courage
Drew from his neſt ere he could forage:
And now ſoft Winds, being fair,
Teach him to form i'th' air
Unwonted ſteps: Anon more bold
With hoſtile force aſſaults a fold;
Reſiſting Snakes anon
For fight and prey ſets on:
Or ſuch as *Kids* a Lion view
From tawny mother weaned new,
Ready in paſtures ſweet
To hanſel his firſt teeth:
Such *Rhætians* did behold and flie
Druſus beneath the *Alps*, who why
They carry at their backs
An *Amazonian* Ax,
I liſt not to determine here:
Perhaps nor can. But this is clear,
Their long Victorious bands
Subdu'd by a Boy's hands,
Felt what a mind right got, and true-
Bred under lucky roofs could do,

* *Ganymed.*

What

What *Cæſar*'s fatherly
Care of the *Claudii*.
A valiant man gets men of ſpirit;
Ev'n beaſts their fathers minds inherit;
Nor doth the bird of *Jove*
Get a degenerous Dove.
But *learning* inward ſtrength thruſts forth,
And *Princely breeding* confirms worth:
Still where good Precepts want,
Good Plants turn recreant.
What unto *Nero's*, *Rome* thou ow'ſt,
Speak *Alps*, and *Aſdrubals* red Ghoſt,
And that bright day to thee
The black Clouds made to flee:
The firſt, ſince the dire *African*
Through the *Italian* Cities ran
Like fire through *Piny* woods,
Or ſtorms on *Tuſcan* Floods.
Thenceforth thy youth with proſperous pains
Still grew; and thy religious fanes,
Sackt by the *Punick* Sword,
Had their chas'd Gods reſtor'd;
And perjur'd *Hannibal* 'gan ſay
At length; Poor Sheep (of Wolves the prey)
We worry, whom to flie
Were a great Victory.
The Nation that through flames of *Troy*,
And *Tyrrhene* billows did convoy
Their Gods, and Babes, and hoar
Sires, to th' *Auſonian* ſhore,
Like a dark Oak on the rich top
Of *Algidum*, which Hatchets lop,
Grows by its loſs, and takes
Strength from the very axe.

Not

Not mangled *Hydra* more increaſt
Under *Alcides*, nor that beaſt
Jaſon, or he ſubdu'd
Of *Thebes*, more lives renew'd.
Plunge them i'th' Sea; they ſwim freſh out:
Foil them, with double force they'l rout
The Conquerour: and fight
As in a Miſtreſs ſight.
Now ſhall I ſend no more proud Poſts
To joyful *Carthage*. Loſt, O! loſt's,
Now *Aſdrubal* is ſlain,
The glory of our name.
What is't but *Nero's* can effect?
Whom Heavens with proſperous Stars protect,
And their own prudent care
Clews through the Maze of War.

ODE V. By Sir *R. F.*

To AUGUSTUS.

That he would at length return to the City. Deſcribes the peace and happineſs which Italy *enjoyed under his Government.*

HEavens choiceſt gift, *Rome*'s greateſt ſtay,
Now thou art too too long away:
The holy *Senate* urge thy word
For ſoon return, return. Afford,
Like day, thy preſence; like the Spring
Give a new life to every thing:

The

The firſt, good Prince, our night will chaſe,
The ſecond will prolong our days.
As a fond mother for her ſon,
Whom, having over Seas been gone
Above a year, the envious wind
Keeps back from her embraces kind;
And now ſhe eyes the Vane, and prays,
And from the crooked ſhore doth gaze:
So, with a loyal paſſion ſtrook,
The People for their *Cæſar* look.
For now the Oxen walk in peace:
Corn, and white innocence increaſe:
The cleared Main the Sea-men ſail:
Faith promiſes, and dares not fail.
The married Bed unſoil'd remains,
Cuſtom and Law preventing ſtains:
Babes, *like* the *father*, praiſe the Mother:
Puniſhment is *Sins* Twin-brother.
Who fears cold *Scythians*? who the *Medes*?
Fierce ſons of *Germany*, who dreads?
Whilſt *Cæſar* doth in ſafety raign,
Who is afraid of Wars with *Spain*?
Each man his proper Field doth till,
And hides the Sun behind his Hill:
Returning then to ſup with Glee,
His ſecond courſe is praiſing thee.
For thee he prays, to thee propines,
Thee with his houſhold gods he joyns,
As, for like reaſon, thankful *Greece*
Did *Caſtor* and great *Hercules*.
Long laſt theſe golden Holy-days!
Thus *Italy* for thy life prays:
Sprinkled at night, not chang'd at morn,
When to dry labour they return.

ODE

Ode VI.

To Apollo *and* Diana.

Argument.
He doth in Secularian *verſe*
Phœbus, *and* Diana's *praiſe rehearſe.*

Dive quem.

GOd, whoſe revenge for boaſts, the crew
From *Niobe* ſprung, and *Tityus* knew,
And great *Achilles*, who did *Troy*
Almoſt deſtroy.
The greateſt Souldier's not *like thee*,
Though Sea-bred *Thetis* ſon he be,
Who did with dreadful Javelin make
Troy's Turrets ſhake.
No Pine with *keen*-edg'd axe hewn down,
Nor Cypreſs with Eaſt-blaſts o're-thrown,
So amply fell, his Carcaſs found
On *Trojan* ground.
He ne'r (as *ſculke* in Horſe compil'd
For *Pallas* ſacrifice) beguil'd
Ill-idling *Troy*, and *Priams* Court,
With dancing ſport.
But *publickly* in flames had flung
(O dire!) each *Grecian* infant young,
Yea formleſs Embryos not yet come
From Mothers womb;
Had not thy own, and *Venus* Prayer
Prevail'd with father *Jove*, to rear
Walls for *Æneas* toyls, of ſtate,
And better fate.

O *Phœbus* ſhrill *Thalias* theam,
Who lav'dſt thy *locks* in *Xanthus* ſtream,
Protect the honour'd *Daunian* Muſe,
Smooth *Agyeus*.
'Twas *Phœbus* gave thee wit, and art,
And name of Poet did impart,
Ye nobleſt Maids, and Youths of high-
Born anceſtry;
Ye guarded in *Diana*'s bounds,
Whoſe Bow ſwift Stags, and *Lynces* wounds,
My *Lesbian* meaſures Patron ſtand,
And guide my hand:
Chaunting (as of old) *Diana*'s Sun,
And the ſtill light-augmenting Moon,
Fructiferous, *making* Months to hie
On ſpeedily.
Now wed, thou'ſt ſay: I, who each Verſe
Of Horace knew, did Lays reherſe
To th' Gods, when ev'ry age in uſe
Did feaſts reduce.

Ode VII. By Sir *R. F.*

To L. Manlius Torquatus.

Propoſing the arrival of the Spring, and the equal neceſſity to all men of dying, without hopes of living again, and propoſing likewiſe the change and viciſſitude of all things, he invites to lead a merry and pleaſant life.

THe *ſnows* are thaw'd, now graſs new cloaths the earth,
And trees new hair thruſt forth.
The

The ſeaſon's chang'd, and *brooks* late ſwoln with rain,
Their proper *banks* contain.
Nymphs with the Graces *links* dare dance around
Naked upon the ground.
That thou muſt die, the *year* and *hours* ſay
Which draw the winged day.
Firſt Spring, then Summer, that away doth chaſe,
And muſt it ſelf give place
To *Apple-bearing Autumn*, and that paſt,
Dull *Winter* comes at laſt.
But the decays of time, *Time* doth repair:
When we once plunged are
Where good *Æneas*, with rich *Ancus* wades,
Aſhes we are, and ſhades.
Who *knows* if *Jove* unto thy life's paſt ſcore
Will add one morning more?
When thou art dead, and *Rhadamanthus* juſt
Sentence hath ſpoke thee duſt,
Thy blood, nor eloquence can ranſom thee,
No nor thy piety.
For chaſt *Hippolitus* in *Stygian* night
Diana cannot light:
Nor *Theſeus* break with all his vertuous pains,
His dear *Perithous* chains.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode.

THe ſnow is gone, the graſs returns
To Fields, the Peruques to the trees,
Earth plays with her varieties.
Each River in Conſumption mourns,
And humbly glides beneath her bourns,
Contain'd within her banks degrees.

The

The naked Graces lead the dance,
With whom the Nymphs in meaſures move,
The ſliding years our hopes reprove;
Which to Eternity advance,
And the ſwift hours their ſpeed inhance,
The day by ſnatches to remove.
Soft Weſtern gales allay the cold,
On the *Springs* heels the *Summer* treads,
It ſelf then to deſtruction leads.
Where *Autumn* does her fruits unfold,
Straight comes the *Winter* ſtiff and cold,
And life with lazie humour deads.
Yet Moons may wane, and ſoon increaſe,
But when once we thither go,
Where wealthy men and worthy too,
Muſt all lay down their heads at laſt,
When their needleſs toils are paſt,
To duſt and ghoſt we vaniſh all;
Who knows that thoſe great powers on high,
The preſent ſum of theſe our days,
Will by to morrows reckoning raiſe?
Our heirs as well as we muſt die,
And from our clutcht hands all will flie,
Which our kind will to them conveys.
That once among the dead thou be,
And the juſt Judge do ſentence give,
In glorious ſtate on all that live:
Thee no extraction thence ſhall free,
No Eloquence, no Piety,
Thy life recover, or reprieve.
No Father can, though much he mourn,
From the dark vale of ſhade beneath;
Reſtore his guiltleſs Babe to breath;

Not

Nor friend can make his friend return,
When once impriſon'd in his Urn,
From cold forgetfulneſs and death.

Ode VIII. By Sir *R. F.*

To Martius Cenſorinus.

That there is nothing which can make men more immortal, than the verſes of Poets.

MY friends, I would accommodate
With goblets, *Grecian* tripods, Plate
Of *Corinth*-Braſs: and, *Cenſorine*,
The worſt of theſe ſhould not be thine:
That is to ſay, if I were rich
In thoſe ſame antick pieces, which
Parrhaſius and *Scopas* fame;
He skill'd to paint, in ſtone to frame
This, now a God, a Mortal now.
But I have not the means; nor thou
A mind, or purſe, that wants ſuch knacks.
Verſe thou doſt love. Thou ſhalt not lack
For Verſe. And hear me what 'tis worth.
Not inſcrib'd Marbles planted forth
To publick view, which give new breath
To great and good men after death:
Not the ſwift flight of *Hannibal*,
And his threats turn'd to his own wall:
Not perjur'd *Carthage* wrapt in flame,
By which young *Scipio* brought a name
From conquer'd *Africk*: ſpeaks his praiſe
So loud as the *Pierian* Lays.

Nor, were Books ſilenc'd, could'ſt thou gain
The Guerdon of thy vertuous pain.
What had become of *Ilia*'s child
She bare to *Mars*, had darkneſs veil'd
The merits of our *Romulus*?
From *Stygian* waters *Æacus*,
Vertue and fav'ring verſe aſſoils,
And conſecrates to the bleſt Iſles:
A man that hath deſerv'd t' have praiſe,
The *Muſe* embalms; She keeps Heavens Keys.
Thus *Hercules* (his labours paſt)
With *Jupiter* takes wiſht repaſt:
The ſons of *Leda* Stars are made,
And give the ſinking Sea-man aid;
God *Bacchus*, crowned with Vine-leaves,
His drooping Votaries relieves.

ODE IX. By Sir *R. F.*

To LOLLIO.

That his writings ſhall never periſh: Vertue without the help of Verſes is buried in oblivion. That he will ſing Lollio's *praiſes, whoſe vertue he now alſo celebrates.*

LEſt thou ſhould'ſt think the words which I
(By ſounding *Aufid* born) compile
To marry with the Lute b' a skill
Never before reveal'd, ſhall die:
Though *Homer* lead the Van, the Muſe
Of *Pindar*, nor *Alcæus* heights,
Grave *Steſichore*, nor *Cæan* ſighs,
Are ſilence't, or worn out of uſe.

Nor

Nor what of old *Anacreon* plaid,
Hath time defac't: *Love* lights his fire,
And with his Quiver wears the Lyre
Of the yet freſh *Æolian* Maid.
Helen was not the only ſhe
A curled gallant did inflame,
The ſplendour of his Royal train,
And Gold and Pearls embroyderie.
Nor *Teucer* firſt that drew a ſtrong
Cydonian bow. *Trojans* had fought
Before: nor that age only wrought
Deeds worthy of the Muſes ſong.
Nor valiant *Hector*, and the brave
Deiphob, were the only men
Receiv'd deep wounds upon them then,
Their children and chaſte wives to ſave:
Men ſlaſht e're *Diomed* was made:
But all are in oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the ground,
For lack of Sacred Poets aid.
Vertue that's buried, and dead Sloth,
Differ not much. Un-underſtood
Thou ſhalt not die; nor ſo much good
As thou haſt acted feed the Moth.
Lollio thou art a man haſt skill
To fathom things: that being tride
In either Fortune, could'ſt abide
In both upright, and *Lollio* ſtill.
Of covetous fraud a ſcourge ſevere:
On whom the all-attracting Gold
Could with its Tenters ne'r take hold:
Nor Conſul of one year. When ere
Avertuous Magiſtrate, and true,

Shall call good, gain, bid Bribes avaunt;
Upon Oppoſers bellies plant
His conqu'ring Flags; *Lollio*, that's you.
He is not happy that hath much:
But whoſo can his mind diſpoſe
To uſe aright what Heaven beſtows,
He juſtly is acounted ſuch:
If he know how hard want to bear:
And fear a crime, more than his end;
If for his Countrey, or his Friend
To ſtake his life he doth not fear.

ODE X. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To Ligurinus, *a beauteous Youth.*

'TIs true, thou yet art fair (my *Ligurine*)
No down as yet environs cheek, or chin:
But when thoſe hairs which now do flow, ſhall fall,
And when thy Roſie cheeks turn wan and pale:
When in thy Glaſs another *Ligurine* thou
Shalt ſpy, and ſcarce thy bearded ſelf ſhalt know;
Then thou (deſpis'd) ſhall ſing this piteous Song;
Why am I old? or why was ever young?

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *by* R. N.

FOnd Lad, who in thy youthful Bloom
Ne're think'ſt upon old Age to come,
When thy fair Locks ſhall be all gray,
Or (what is worſe) quite faln away.

Thy

Thy Face, now dyed with white and red,
Be with a griſly Beard o're-ſpread.
When this thou ſeeſt, thou'lt cry, alas,
How much I'm chang'd from what I was?
And wiſh thou had'ſt been old, when young, in vain;
Or being now old, could'ſt but be young again.

ODE XI. *By* T.F. *Paraphraſed.*

To PHILLIS.

COme *Phillis*, gentle *Phillis!* prithee come,
I have a Glaſs of rich old Wine at home,
And in my Garden curious Flowers do grow,
That languiſh to adorn thy brow.
The Ivy, and the yellow Crowfoot there
With verdant Chaplets wait to braid thy hair;
With ſilver Goblets all my houſe do's ſhine,
And Vervain round my Altar twine,
On which the beſt of all my flock ſhall bleed;
Come, and obſerve with what officious ſpeed
Each Lad, and Laſs of all my houſe attends
Till to my roof the ſmoke aſcends.
If thou would'ſt know why thou muſt be my gueſt,
I tell thee 'tis to celebrate a Feaſt,
The Ides of *April*, which have ever been
Devoted to the *Cyprian* Queen:
A day more ſacred, and more fit for mirth
Than that which gave me (worthleſs mortal) birth:
For on that day *Mecænas* firſt ſaw light,
Born for our wonder, and delight.

My *Phillis*, ſince thy years come on apace,
Subſtitute me in *Telephus* his place,
He's now imploy'd by one more rich, more fair,
And proudly does her ſhackles wear.
Remember what became of *Phaeton*;
Remember what befel *Bellerophon*;
That by Ambition from his Fathers Throne,
And this, by *Pegaſus* thrown down.
Content thy ſelf with what is fit for thee.
Happy that couple that in years agree!
Shun others, and accept my paritie,
And I will end my Loves with thee.
Thou art the laſt whom I intend to court,
Come then; and (to prepare thee for the ſport)
Learn prick-ſong, and my merry Odes reherſe,
Many a Care is charm'd by Verſe.

ODE XII. By Sir *T. H.*

To VIRGIL.

He deſcribeth the approach of the Spring, *and inviteth* Virgil *to a Banquet under condition.*

SOuth winds, the *Spring* attending ſtill,
Now Seas becalm, and ſails do fill;
Now Froſts make not the Meadows hoar,
Nor Winter Snow, ſwoln Rivers roar.
The luckleſs Bird her neſt doth frame,
Bewailing *Itys*, and the ſhame
Of *Cecrops* houſe, and that ſo ill,
On Kings rude luſt, ſhe wrought her will.

The

The Shepherds of rich Flocks reherſe,
And to their Pipes chaunt rural Verſe:
Seeking his Godhead to appeaſe,
Whom Flocks and Hills *Arcadian* pleaſe.
Theſe times do thirſty ſeaſons ſend,
But if thou (*Virgil Cæſar*'s friend;)
Calenian Wines deſir'ſt to try,
To me with fragrant Unguents hie,
And purchaſe with a little Box,
Wine, which *Sulpitius* ſafely locks,
New hopes moſt pow'rful to create,
And bitter cares to diſſipate:
To which content if thou agree,
Stay not, but quickly come to me:
I'le not (free coſt) my cups carouſe,
As rich men in a plenteous houſe.
Then leave delays, and gain's deſire,
And mindful of black Funeral fire,
" Short folly mix with Counſels beſt,
" 'Tis ſweet, ſometime to be in jeſt.

Ode XIII. By Sir *T. H.*

Againſt LYCE.

Who being old, is become a ſcorn to young men.

THe Gods have (*Lyce*) heard my vow,
My vow is heard. Th'art old, yet thou
Fain wouldſt (forſooth) be counted fair,
And quaffe, and wanton with the air:
And (drunk) with trembling voice invite
Slow *Cupid*, who takes more delight,

On *Chia*'s roſie cheeks to ſtay,
Youthful, and skill'd in Muſicks lay.
He reſtleſs with ſwift motion flies
From wither'd *Okes*, and from thee hies,
Whom rotten teeth, and wrinkled face
And head of ſnowie hair diſgrace.
Nor can bright *Coan* Purples uſe,
Or brighteſt gems the time reduce,
Which once ſwift winged age hath clos'd
In publick Calenders diſpos'd.
Where is thy beauty fled? Ay me!
Thy colour freſh, and motion free?
What haſt thou left of that, entire,
Which earſt enkindled am'rous fire?
And me did from my ſelf divert;
Next *Cynaras*, thou happy wert,
For pleaſing beauty and ſweet grace,
Diſcover'd in a lovely face.
But Fates to *Cynaras* did ow
Short life, and *Lyce* like the Crow,
They here ſurviving longer hold,
That youth inflamed may behold,
Not without laughter, and much ſcorn,
A burning Torch to aſhes worn.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame Ode, *By* W. C.

MY Prayers are heard, O *Lyce*, now;
They 're heard: Years write thee ag'd, yet thou
Youthful, and green in will,
Putt'ſt in for handſom ſtill;
And ſhameleſs doſt intrude among
The feaſts and ſportings of the young.

There

There ſham'd with Wine thy ragged throat
To *Cupid* ſhakes ſome feeble note,
To move unwilling fires,
And croſs our long'd deſires,
When he ſtill awakes in *Chias* face,
Chia that's freſh and ſings with grace:
For he (choice God) doth in his flight
Skip ſapleſs *Okes*, and will not light
Upon thy cheeks or brow,
Becauſe deep wrinkles now,
Gray hairs, and teeth decay'd, and worn,
Preſent thee foul, and fit for ſcorn.
Whither is now that ſoftneſs flown?
Whither that bluſh, that motion gon?
Alas! what now in thee
Is left of all that ſhe?
That ſhe that loves did breath and deal,
That *Horace* from himſelf did ſteal.
Thou wert awhile the cried-up face
Of taking arts and catching grace,
My *Cynara* being dead;
But my fair *Cynara*'s thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw,
Till thou confeſs with th' aged Daw,
That thoſe young Lovers, once thy prey,
Thy zealous eager Servants may
Make thee their common ſport,
And to thy houſe reſort,
To ſee a Torch that proudly burn'd,
Now into colder aſhes turn'd.

Ode XIV. By Sir T. H.

To AUGUSTUS.

Honours cannot be given to Auguſtus *by the Senate and People of* Rome, *which may be equivalent to his vertues:*

WHat care of Senators, or *Roman* ſtate
May with full Honours meed perpetuate
Thee (*Ceſar*) grav'd on Statues, or comprize
Thy vertues in *Romes* annual memories?
(O thou of Princes mightieſt) where his rays,
The Sun o're habitable Climes diſplays;
Who *Vandals*, ignorant of *Latian* rites,
Haſt (lately) taught the worth in Martial fights:
For *Druſus* with thy ſouldiers hath ſubdu'd
Swift-footed *Brennians*, and *Genaunians* rude:
Yea Forts on *Alpine* Mountains dreadful grown,
Hath more than once (victorious) overthrown.
Then did the elder *Nero* battel wage,
And with ſucceſs repel the *Rhetians* rage.
Admir'd in fight by all, what ſlaughters he
Made, where they vow'd to die for libertie.
As when South-winds on ſurly billows ride,
Whilſt ſhowry *Pleiades* the clouds divide,
He *breaking* Hoſtile Squadrons, with full ſpeed
Ruſh'd through the *thickeſt Troops* with fiery ſteed:
Or as bi-forked *Auſidus*, amain
Runs bellowing forth along th' *Apulian* plain,
When he with rage, and ſwelling Floods abounds,
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled grounds;

On,

On, *Claudius*, with vaſt force impetuous goes,
Beating down armed *ranks* of barb'rous foes;
And with them all cut off, the Earth he ſtrews,
Yet (Victor) his whole Hoſt in ſafety views:
Thou force ſupplying, Counſels to direct,
And the Gods made propitious, to protect.
For on the day when *Alexandria*'s Port
To thee did ſuppliant yield, with th' empty Court,
Fortune, that day, three luſtres fully ſpent,
Gave to thy crowned battels good event,
Acquir'd thee praiſe, and wiſhed honour won,
Thoſe Martial feats of Warfare being done.
Cantabrians, which before *yoke never knew*,
The *Indian*, *Mede*, and wandring *Scythian* crew,
With admiration ſtruck do gaze on thee,
(The preſent weal of *Rome* and *Italy*:)
Ægyptian Nilus, taught his ſource to hide,
Iſter, and *Tygris* ſtreams that ſwiftly glide,
The Monſter-breeding Ocean, who doth rore,
To the far diſtant *banks* o'th' *Britiſh* ſhore,
The *Gauls*, who fear not death; yea barren land
Of ſtout *Iberian* clime, ſerve thy Command:
Sicambrians, vow'd in ſlaughter to delight,
Lay weapons down, adore, and will not fight.

Ode XV. By Sir *T. H.*

The praiſe of AUGUSTUS.

MY Muſe by *Phœbus* was rebuk'd of late
For ſinging Wars, and vanquiſh'd Cities fate:
Like thoſe who in the *Tyrrhene* Oceans rage,
Do little ſails advance. (*Cæſar*) thy age

Affordeth

Affordeth plenteous fruits unto the fields,
And to *Joves* Capitol our Enſigns yields
From *Parthian* Pillars ſnatch'd, and after jars
Hath cloſed *Janus* Temple, free from wars:
Confuſion hath with order rectifi'd,
And wandring liberty, with fetters ty'd:
Hath antient Arts recall'd; by which 'tis known
Heſperia's ſtrength, and *Latine* name hath grown:
Imperial pomp hath ſpread, and glory won,
Stretch'd from the riſing to the ſetting Sun.
While *Cæſar* is our Guardian, civil War,
Nor violence, our peaceful reſt ſhall marre;
Not anger, which Swords ſharp'neth, and confounds
Cities, unhappy made with mutual wounds;
Nor they, for thirſt, that drink in *Iſter* deep,
Shall once refuſe the *Julian* laws to keep:
Not *Seres*, faithleſs *Perſians*, nor the *Getes*,
Nor thoſe, who neer to *Tanais* have their ſeats.
And we on Holy eves, and Holy days,
Amongſt free Cups to merry *Bacchus* praiſe;
With wife and children ſtanding in our ſight,
(Firſt Gods invoking with religious rite)
Will gladly, as our Grandſires did, reherſe,
(And tuning *Lydian* Pipe to various verſe)
Heroick Captains, *Troy*, *Anchiſes* gone,
And brave *Æneas*, *Cytherea's* ſon.

The End of the Odes.

EPODES.

EPODE I. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He offers himself to accompany Mæcenas *going to the war of* Actium, *not for any help he can bring him by his presence, but because being present he shall have less apprehensions for him.*

THou go'ſt now our Fleets General,
Our Fleet, the Empires wall:
To take thy Sov'raigns danger, preſt
Upon thy willing breſt.
I, to whom life in thine is ſweet,
But bitter without it,
Shall I (though bid) mine eaſe purſue
(No eaſe if wanting you)
Or elſe with courage maſculine
Make one in the deſign?
I will: and thee o're *Alpes* I'le follow,
Through Lands unſeen b' *Apollo*;

And

And to the fartheſt Weſtern part,
With an undaunted heart.
Thou 't ask, what ſerves my going for,
Weak, and unapt for War?
I ſhall fear leſs, if I be there;
Abſence augmenteth fear.
So Birds, divorc'd from their raw young,
Fear more the Snakes forkt tongue:
Whereas (alas) if they had ſtaid,
They could have lent no aid.
This and all warfares I'de embrace,
Only to gain thy grace:
Not that my galling ploughs may vex
A hundred Oxens necks:
Nor that my flocks when the Dog raigns,
For Hills may change the Plains:
Nor that my In-land Seat may reach
To the far diſtant Beach.
Thy bounty hath ore-flow'd my meaſure;
I would not maſs up Treaſure
To bury with the Miſers care,
Or ſquander like his heir.

EPODE II. By Sir *R. F.*

He comprehends in this Ode divers praiſes of a Countrey life: Commending it chiefly from the tranquillity and frugality thereof.

HAppy is he, that free from mental toil,
Like the old Mortals, ploughs his Native ſoil
With his own Oxen; out of debt: Nor leads
A ſouldiers life, ſtill in alarms; nor dreads

Th'

Th' enraged Sea: and flies at any rate
From Law-ſuits, and the proud porch of the Great.
What does he then? He, lofty Poplars joyns
Unto adult and marriagable Vines;
And the wild branches with his Sickle lopt,
Doth better children in their rooms adopt;
Or in a hollow valley, from above,
Behold his lowing herds ſecurely rove;
Or, his beſt Honey, which he means to keep,
Puts in clean pots: or ſhears his tender ſheep.
Or when plump *Autumn* ſhews his bending head
With mellow Apples beautifully red,
With what a guſt his grafted Pears he pulls;
And Grapes, the poor mans Purple! whence he culls
The faireſt, for thee *Priap*; and for thee
Sylvanus, Guardian of his husbandry.
Under an aged Oak he loves to paſs
The heats; or lolling on the matted graſs.
Between deep banks a River rówls the while;
The Birds they prattle to the Trees that ſmile;
A purling Brook runs chiding all the way,
Which gentle ſlumbers to his eyes convey.
But when rough *Winter* thundring comes, to throw
The treaſures open of the Rain and Snow;
Either with Dogs, behind him and before
He drives into his toils the tusked Boar;
Or ſpreads his thinner Nets beſide ſome buſh,
An *ambuſcado* for the greedy Thruſh,
And (dear delights) inveigles in his ſnare
The Traveller-*Wood-cock*, and the Coward-*Hare*,
Who at theſe ſports, evades not all thoſe darts,
With which looſe love aſſaults our vacant hearts.
But if a vertuous Wife, that bears ſweet fruit
Yearly to one, and guides the houſe to boot:

(Such

(Such as the *Sabine*, or the Sun-burnt froe
Of him, that was choſe Conſul from the Plough)
Build of old logs, 'gainſt her good man comes home
Weary, a fire as high as half the room;
And ſhutting in knit hurdles the glad beaſts,
With her own hand unlade their ſwagging breaſts,
And drawing this years Wine from the ſweet Butt,
Dainties unbought upon the Table put;
Your *Lucrine* Oyſters cannot pleaſe me more,
Nor a freſh Sturgeon frighted to our ſhore,
Nor any rarer fiſh. No Pheaſant Hen,
Or Quail, go down my throat more ſavoury, then
An Olive, gather'd from the fatteſt bough;
Cool Endive, wholſom Mallows; or allow
A Lamb upon ſome mighty Feſtival;
Or Kid from the Wolfs jaws; *that's worth them all.*
Amidſt theſe feaſts, how ſweet 'tis to behold
The well-fed Sheep run wadling to their fold?
To ſee the wearied Oxe come trayling back
Th' inverted Plough upon his drooping neck;
And the Plough-boys (the ſwarm that makes us thrive)
Surround the ſhining Hearth, content and blith!
All this the Us'rer *Alphius* having ſed,
Reſolv'd (*what elſe?*) a Countrey life to lead;
At *Michaelmas* calls all his Moneys in,
But at *Our Lady* puts them out again.

A Paraphraſe on the ſame.

THat man is bleſt, who void of care,
(As once the Primitive Mortals were)
With's Oxen ploughs his Fathers land,
Freed from the Uſurers griping hand:

He's

He's neither mov'd at Trumpets call,
Nor dreads the threatning Waves at all;
He ſhuns the place where Lawyers prate,
And comes not at the Great mans gate.
Then either he together twines,
The lofty Poplars and the Vines,
And lopping off the uſeleſs wood,
Makes up the breach with branches good,
Or in ſome twiſting vale his eyen
Do view the wandring herds of Kine;
Or pots his Honey, ſtrain'd to keep,
Or ſhears the wool of's tender Sheep;
Or when *Autumnus* from the ground
Has heav'd his head with Apples crown'd:
How crops he pairs, and Grapes that vie
With Purple 't ſelf for noble Die:
Which ſhould be thine *Priapus*, and
Thine *Sylvan*, Guardian of his land.
The rooted graſs now bears each limb,
Then th' antient *Ilex* covers him,
Mean while the falling waters ring,
And Birds unto that Muſick ſing;
The Springs ſuch pleaſant murmurs keep,
As ſeem t' invite to gentle ſleep;
But when *Joves* Winter Quarter brings
Deep ſnows and ſhowers, theſe cruel things;
He either drives the ſwift-foot Bores
With Dogs to th' nets deceitful doors,
Or with his fork ſpreads a ſlight Gin
To trap the warbling Thruſhes in.
Or ſtrives for the delicious prey
Of Hares or Cranes, or ſuch as they:
None of theſe cares can here be found,
With which our City lives abound;

But if my chaſt Wife joyntly do
Her part for th' houſe, and children too,
Such as *Sabina*, or ſuch as
Apulius Sun-burnt Conſort was;
With old Logs if ſhe raiſe on high
A fire againſt her husband's nigh,
And hurdling up the Ews in Pen,
Empty their well-fill'd dugs again:
If ſhe provide with this years Wine,
And home-ſpun fare wherewith to dine.
For *Lucrine* ſhell-fiſh I don't care,
Nor prize the Rhombus or the Scare;
If any ſuch a ſtorm our friend,
Thundring upon the Seas, does ſend,
A Turky-cock won't down with me,
Nor can the *Jovian* Moor-hens be
More toothſom than the Olive-tree;
Nor more does pleaſe my honeſt palat
Than Mallows, or green Sorrel-ſallat;
Or Lamb that's ſlain at *Termin*'s feaſt,
Or Kid ſnatcht from a rav'nous beaſt.
Amidſt this food, 'tis great delight
To ſee th' full Sheep pad home at night,
To ſee the bellowing Oxen bring,
The levell'd Plough e'ne languiſhing:
Laſtly, the men, that ſwarming quire,
Plac'd round about the ſhining fire.
When *Alpheus* thus his ſpeech had done,
Vowing to turn a Countrey-man,
That Quarter took his Money in,
Next (wiſely) put it out agen.

EPODE III. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To MÆCENAS.

IN time to come, if ſuch a crime ſhould be
As Parricide, (foul villanie!)
A Clove of Garlick would revenge that evil:
(Rare diſh for Ploughmen, or the Devil!)
Accurſed root! how doe's it jounce and claw!
It works like Rats-bane in my maw.
What Witch contriv'd this ſtrat'gem for my breath!
Poyſon'd at once, and ſtunk to death;
With this vile juyce *Medæa* (ſure) did noint
Jaſon (her Love) in every joint;
When untam'd Bulls in yokes he led along,
This made his manhood ſmell ſo ſtrong:
This gave her Dragon venom to his ſting,
And ſet the Hagg upon the wing.
I burn, I parch, as dry as duſt I am,
Such drought on *Puglia* never came.
Alcides could not bear ſo much as I,
He oft was wet, but never dry.
Mæcenas! do but taſt of your own Treat,
And what you gave your Poet, eat;
Then go to bed, and court your Miſtreſs there,
Shee'l never kiſs you I dare ſwear.

Epode IV. By Sir *R. F.*

To Volteius Mena, Pompey's *freed-man.*

THat diſaccord between us two I find,
Which Natures law hath *lambs* & *wolves* disjoin'd
(O thou, whoſe ſides with *Spaniſh* whips are torn,
And galled legs with ſtubborn fetters worn.)
Though, proud of *wealth*, thou walk with pompous pace,
" *Fortune* correcteth not ignoble race.
Seeſt not when to the Capitol through the Town,
Thou ſtalk'ſt along clad in thy Six-ell Gown,
How *Indignation* limitleſs, and free
Of paſſers to and fro reflects on thee?
He, who was earſt with *Triumvirs* ſmart blows,
Laſh'd till the loathing Beadle weary grows;
A thouſand plough'd *Falernian* Acres brags,
And treads the *Appian* way with well-pac'd nags,
And on chief Benches ſitteth (in deſpight
Of *Otho*'s law) a moſt accompliſh'd Knight!
What needs great *Cæſar*, then to go about
So many goodly ſhips to furniſh out
'Gainſt wretched Pirates, and the ſlaviſh band,
This, this man dignify'd with prime command!

EPODE V. By Sir *T. H.*

A noble youth, whom Canidia, *and other Witches had ſtoln, and ſet in the earth up to the chin, purpoſing to famiſh him, that they might by Art Magick make a Love-drink of his Liver and Marrow.*

O God, who e're in Heaven doſt guide
The earth, and men which here abide,
What means this noiſe, and why on me,
Do you all look ſo rufully?
Ah, for thy childrens ſake forbear,
If at ſuch Births *Lucina* were.
By this vain Purple robe, I pray,
By *Jove*, who will not like your way,
Why frown you on me, Step-dame like,
Or beaſt, whom eager Hunters ſtrike?
While here the trembling Lad doth ſtay,
Made to diſpoil from rich array
His tender body (which might force
The cruel *Thracian* to remorſe:)
Canidia, whoſe unkembed head
Was with ſhort Vipers filletted,
Commands from *Graves* wild *Fig-tree* torn
And *Cypreſs*, which doth *Biers* adorn:
Eggs ſteept in Blood of Toads, to bring,
With feathers from the Scritch-Owls wing;
Herbs of *Iolco*'s baneful field,
And poyſons, *Theſſaly* doth yield;
Bones ſnatch'd from jaws of hungry Bitch,
To burn with flames of *Colchique* witch.
Quick *Sagan*, who doth waters ſling,
Fetch'd from *Avernus* loathſom Spring,

Briſtles her hair, as moody Bore,
Or the *Sea-urchin* near the ſhore.
While *Veia* free from all remorſe
Of horrid deeds, the ground' gan force
With ſtubborn ſpade; and hard ſhe ſwet
That in it the whelm'd ſtripling ſet,
Might twice or thrice a day be ply'd
With view of viands, till he dy'd:
In which, up to the chin he ſtood,
As they who wade within the flood.
That his drain'd Marrow, Liver dry,
Her with a Love-drink might ſupply;
When once his fainting eyes were ſpy'd
To ſink at ſight of food deny'd.
Nay caſeful *Naples* did believe,
And the near Towns-folk receive
That *Folia* of *Ariminum*
Luſtful (*man-like*) did thither come:
Whoſe ſpells have power from Orbes of light,
The charmed Moon, and Stars to fright.
Canidia here for ſpleen prepar'd
With black teeth gnawing nails unpar'd,
What mutter'd ſhe? what not? O ye
You conſcious arbiters with me,
Night, and *Diana* Queen of Reſt,
Now we perform our dark beheſt
Be preſent here: your anger throw,
And powerful Godhead on my foe.
While a fearful beaſts cloſe covert keep,
Charm'd with the caſe of gentle ſleep.
Let the *Suburran* dogs report,
That all may jeer it, the reſort
Of the old wanton, ſleek with Nard;
Better my hands have n'ere prepar'd.

How

How, how! why do *Medæa's* charms
And deadly drugs cauſe greater harms,
Wherewith ſhe took revenge at full
On *Creons* daughter, that proud Trull,
When a Gown dipt in poyſ'nous Bane,
Turned the gift and Bride to flame?
But plant nor root in crags conceal'd
Reſts from my notice, unreveal'd:
Yet *Varus*, not with love in ure,
In beds perfumed, ſleeps ſecure:
But, ah, he walks, freed by the ſpells
Of ſome, whoſe knowledge more excels.
O *Varus*, by ſtrange drugs, to me
(Damn'd to endure much miſery)
Thou ſhalt return; nor thy ſick mind
From *Marſian* charms ſhall comfort find.
A ſtronger Cup I will deviſe
Fill'd for thee, who doſt me deſpiſe.
Heaven ſhall below the Sea deſcend,
And o're the Sea the Earth diſtend;
If thou like pitch in dusky fire
Conſumeſt not with my deſire.
The Boy ſought them to ſooth no more
With gentle words, as heretofore,
But doubtful what he firſt ſhould ſpeak,
Thus direfully doth ſilence break;
Let *charms* and *ſpells* do what they can,
They cannot change the Fate of man.
I'le haunt you ſtill: For ſetled hate
No ſacrifice doth expiate.
When forc'd by you my ſoul is fled,
I'le come a Fury to your bed,
And a ſad Ghoſt your faces tear
(Such power on earth have Spirits here:)

And as the Night-mare, on your cheſt,
I'le vex, and ſcare you from your reſt.
The thronging people in the ſtreet,
Baſe Hags, ſhall ſtone you, when ye meet:
Your limbs untomb'd the Wolves ſhall tear,
And Vulturs to *Eſquilie* bear:
Nor (ah) my Parents after me
Shall fail this ſpectacle to ſee.

EPODE VI. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

Againſt Caſſius Severus, *a revileful and wanton Poet.*

THou Village-Curr! Why do'ſt thou bark at me?
A Wolf might come, and go, for thee.
At me thou openeſt wide, and think'ſt that I
Will bark with thee for company.
I'm of another kind, and bravely dare,
(Like th' Maſtiff) watch my flock with care:
Dare hunt through ſnow, and ſeize that ſavage beaſt
That might my darling folds moleſt:
Thou (only in the noiſe thou mak'ſt) robuſt
Leav'ſt off the chaſe; leap'ſt at a cruſt.
But have a care! for if I vent my ſpleen,
I (for a ſhift) can make thee grin:
I'le make thee (if *Iambicks* once I ſing)
To dy, like *Bupalus*, in a ſtring.
When any man inſults o're me, ſhall I
Put finger in mine eye, and cry?

EPODE

EPODE VII. By Sir *R. F.*

To the People of *Rome.*

An Execration of the ſecond Civil War waged after the death of Julius, *by* Brutus *and* Caſſius *on the one ſide; on the other by* Octavius, M. Anthony, *and* Lepidus.

WHy, why your ſheath'd Swords drawn again?
Whither ruſh ye, impious brood?
Have not the *earth* yet and the *main*,
Drunk enough of *Latin* blood?
Not that proud *Carthage* burnt might be,
Rival of the *Roman* State:
Nor the chaſt Miſtreſs of the Sea
Britain, on our Triumphs wait;
But that the thing the *Parthians* crave,
Rome, may make her ſelf away.
Lions and Wolves this temp'rance have,
On their Kind they will not prey.
Is't a blind rage, or force more ſtrong,
Or *Crime* drives you? *Speak*. They look
As pale as Death, and hold their tongue,
As their Souls were Planet-ſtrook.
'Tis ſo: dire Fates the *Romans* haunt,
And a *Fratricidal* guilt:
Since blood of *Remus* innocent,
On the curſed ground was ſpilt.

EPODE

EPODE VIII. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To an old Woman courting him.

TO me thou ſuperannuated Bitch?
What? Muſt I ſcratch where thou doſt itch?
O cole-hole-mouth! with what a comely grace
Thoſe reverend Gutters drain that face!
Around her rump, how her lean haunch-bones ſhow!
Like Ghoſts about the Pit below!
Thoſe freckled breaſts like two Gooſe-Eggs appear,
Plump as the Udders of a Mare.
Lank is her gut, which Bodkin-thighs ſupport,
Her Legs like Nine-pins, thick, and ſhort.
But thou art rich: well——be it ſo! and thou
In Coach, or in Sedan doſt go:
Loaded with Jewels as thou art with years,
Haſt Pearls like Pumpions in thine ears.
Becauſe thou art a Virtuoſa too,
Thou think'ſt by that, to make me do.
No, no, go hire ſome Threſher with his Flail
To ſwindge thy old, thy muſty tail:
The rankeſt Ploughman hardly will vouchſafe
Thy feeble Lechery to chafe.

EPODE

EPODE IX. By Sir *T. H.*

To MÆCENAS.

He before-hand feels the contentment he ſhall take from Auguſtus *his victory againſt* M. Anthony, *and* Cleopatra.

WHen ſhall I *Cæcube* Wines, that ſtored lie
For banquets, glad at *Cæſars* victory
(So *Jove* will have it) in thy ſtately houſe,
With thee, my dear *Mæcenas*, free carouſe?
Reſounding notes that mingle Flutes with Lyre;
This, Dorique, ſpeaking joy, that *Phrygian*, Ire:
As when *Neptunian Pompey* droven, fled
Through ſtraigthned Seas, with Navy ruined,
Who *Rome* had threatned with thoſe chains, which he
Had ta'ne from treacherous Servitors, made free.
The *Roman* Souldier by a woman ty'd
In ſlaviſh bands (ah this will be deny'd
By after times) lugs arms, earth, ſtakes, and tent,
Striving her with'red Eunuchs to content;
And *Phœbus* 'mongſt their *enſigns* doth eſpy,
Her net-like and laſcivious Canopy.
But the bold *French* proclaiming *Cæſars* name,
Thence with two thouſand Horſe ſtraight hither came;
And the ſwift proweſs of hoſtile veſſels lie
Turn'd to the left hand, ready ſet to flie.
O gladſom triumph! thou retard'ſt the drift
Of golden chariot, and young heifers gift:
O gladſom triumph! from *Jugurthian* war.
Thou brought'ſt no Captain might with this compare;

Nor

Nor *African*, whoſe noble valours praiſe,
Did laſting monuments o're *Carthage* raiſe.
The foe, by Sea, and Land, now vanquiſh'd fears,
And a black Caſſock for a Purple wears;
Not knowing whether adverſe winds will caſt
Him, on rich *Crete* with hundred Cities grac'd,
Or on the Quick-ſands with South-billows toſs'd,
Or the wide main in danger to be loſt.
Boy, cups bring hither for a larger draught;
Let *Chian* or the *Lesbian* Grape be ſought:
Or fill *Cæcubian* Wines without delay,
Which may a queezie loathing drive away:
The care, and fear of *Cæſars* happy ſtate,
Let us with merry *Bacchus* diſſipate.

EPODE X. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

Againſt Mætius *a Poet.*

AND art thou ſhip't friend *Dogrel!* —get thee gon
Thou peſt of *Helicon.*
Now for an Hurricane to bang thy ſides
(Curſt wood) in which he rides!
An Eaſt-wind tear thy Cables, crack thy Oars,
While every billow roars.
With ſuch a wind let all the Ocean ſwell
As wafted *Noll* to Hell:
No friendly Star o're all the Sea appear
While thou beeſt there;
Nor kinder deſtiny there maiſt thou meet,
Than the proud *Grecian* Fleet,
When *Pallas* did their Admiral deſtroy
Return'd from ruin'd *Troy.*

Methinks

Methinks I ſee thy Mariners faint, and thee
Look ſomewhat ſcurvilie:
Thou call'ſt on *Jove*, as if great *Jove* had time
To mind thy *Grub-ſtreet* rhyme,
When the proud waves their heads to heav'n do rear
Himſelf ſcarce free from fear:
Well! —If the Gods ſhould thy wreckt carcaſs ſhare
To Beaſts, or fouls of th' air,
I'le ſacrifice to them, that they may know
I can be civil too.

EPODE XI. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To Pettius *his Chamber-fellow:*

AH *Pettius!* I have done with Poetry,
I've parted with my liberty,
For *Cupid*'s ſlavery.
Cupid that peeviſh God has ſingled out
Me, from among the Rhiming rout,
For Boys, and Girls to flout:
December now has thrice ſtript every tree,
Since bright *Inachia*'s tyrannie
Has laid its chains on me.
Now fie upon me! all about the Town
My Miſs I treated up and down,
I for a Squire was known.
Lord what a whelp was I! to pule, and whine,
To ſigh, to ſob, and to repine!
For thy ſake (Miſtreſs mine!)
Thou did'ſt my Verſe, and thou my Muſe deſpiſe,
My want debas'd me in thine eyes,
Thou wealth, not wit, did'ſt prize.

Fuddled

Fuddled with Wine, and Love my ſecrets flew,
Stretcht on thoſe racks, I told thee true,
What did my ſelf undo.
Well!——plague me not too much imperious Dame!
Leſt I blaſpheme thy charming name,
And quench my former flame.
I can give others place, and ſee thee dy
Damn'd with their Prodigality,
If I ſet on't, ſo ſtout am I.
Thou know'ſt (my Friend) thus have I often ſed,
When, by her ſorceries miſled,
Thou bad'ſt me home to bed:
Ev'n then my practice gave my tongue the ly,
I could not her curſt houſe paſs by:
I fear'd, but could not fly.
Since that, for young *Lyciſcus* I'm grown mad;
Inachia ſuch a face ne're had,
It is a lovely Lad.
From his embraces I ſhall ne're get free,
Nor friends advice, nor infamie
Can diſintangle me:
Yet if ſome brighter Object I ſhould ſpy
That, might perhaps debauch my Ey,
And ſhake my conſtancy.

EPODE XII. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

Againſt a libidinous old Woman.

WHy do'ſt thou me with gifts, and Letters haunt,
Thou Spouſe for an He-Elephant?
I am too young, and can't oblige thee well;
Thanks to my Stars too, I can ſmell;

Can

Can wind thee like a Dog that ſcents a Sow,
When thy damn'd armpit-odours flow.
I know that an old woman ſtinks alive,
That gapes for more than man can give.
Now with a clammy ſweat ſtretcht out ſhe lies
Unpainted, to our frighted eyes:
Straight ſhe grows freakiſh, trying poſtures o're
Which *Aretine* ne're taught before.
" Pox take thee then for a young Rogue (ſays ſhe)
" Thou lov'ſt *Inachia*, more than me!
" *Inachia* thrice a night, as I am told,
" Once ſerves poor me! ——This 'tis to be old!
" Curſe on that pimping *Lesbia* (for me)
" I bad her bring a *Man*, not thee.
" When young *Amintæ* did ſupply thy room,
" And kindly to my fond embraces come;
" His ſtately Engine like a Cedar ſtood,
" Above the ſhrubs, and under-wood.
" I thought with this rich *Veſt* t' have ſent thee gon,
" But thou ſhalt have a t——aſſoon;
" My Purple ne're ſhall make a fumbler fine,
" Nor cover back ſo weak as thine.
" Unhappy me! grown now (by ſad miſhap)
" Uſeleſs, as if I had a Clap.

EPODE XIII. By Sir *T. H.*

To his merry Friends, that they ſhould paſs the Winter pleaſantly.

ROugh tempeſts have the brow of heaven bent,
And ſhowers, and ſnows cauſe thickned airs deſcent:

Now

Now *Thracian* North winds, Seas and Woods affray;
Friends, let us take occaſion from the day;
While ſtrength is freſh, and us it well becomes,
Let's old age baniſh, which the brow benums.
Boy, ſee you broach thoſe elder Wines were preſt,
When *Torquat* firſt the Conſulſhip poſſeſt:
Speak not of other things. God will, perchance,
Them to their Seat, with happy change advance.
Let us in *Perſian* Unguents now delight;
And with *Cyllenian* Harp put cares to flight:
As noble *Chiron* to *Achilles* ſang;
Unvanquiſh'd Mortal, that from Thetis *ſprang,*
Troy *thee expects; which* Simois *rouling Tide,*
And ſmall Scamanders *colder ſtreams divide,*
Whence thou no more (the Siſters ſo ordain)
With thy blew Mother ſhalt return again.
All ſorrow there, with Wine, and Song depreſs,
(Sweet comforts of deformed heavineſs.)

EPODE XIV. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

That his love to Phryne, *is the cauſe why he doth not finiſh his promiſed Iambicks.*

'TIs Death, my ſweet *Mæcenas*, when ſo oft
You ask me, why a ſoft
Sloth turns my ſenſe, as if with thirſty draught
I had together quaft
Lethe's oblivious lake into my blood.
It is a God, a God,

Forbids

Forbids me finiſh my Iambicks, though
Promis'd thee long ago.
Beſotted thus *Anacreon* was 'tis ſaid
Upon the *Samian* Maid;
Who ſobb'd his Love out to a hollow Lyre
With ſtumbling Feet. That fire
Conſumes thee too. If fairer burnt not *Troy*
Beſieg'd, in thy lot joy.
Me a Bond-woman, ſuch a one torments,
As no one man contents.

EPODE XV. By *T. F. Paraphraſed.*

To his Sweet-heart Neæra.

IT was a lovely melancholy night;
The Moon, and every Star ſhone bright;
When thou did'ſt ſwear thou would'ſt to me be true,
And do as I would have thee do:
Falſe woman! round my neck thy arms did twine,
Inſeparable as the Elm, and Vine:
Then didſt thou ſwear thy paſſion ſhould endure
To me alone ſincere and pure,
Till Sheep and Wolves ſhould quit their enmities,
And not a wave diſturb the Sea.
Treacherous *Neæra!* I have been too kind,
But *Flaccus* can draw off thou'lt find;
He can that face, (as thou doſt him) forſwear,
And find (it may be) one as fair:
And let me tell thee, when my fury's mov'd,
I hate devoutly, as I lov'd.
But thou (bleſt Gameſter) whoſoe're thou be
That proudly do'ſt my drudgerie,

Didſt thou abound in numerous Flocks, and Land,
Wer't heir to all *Pactolus* Sand;
Tho' in thy brain thou bor'ſt *Pythagoras*,
And carriedſt *Nereus* in thy face,
She'd pick another up, and ſhab thee off,
And then 'twill be my turn to laugh.

EPODE XVI. By Sir *R. F.*

To the People of *Rome*.

Commiſerating the Common wealth, in reſpect of the Civil Wars.

NOw Civil Wars a ſecond age conſume,
And *Romes* own Sword deſtroys poor *Rome*.
Whom neither neighbouring *Marſians* could devour,
Nor feared *Porſenas Tuſcan* power;
Nor *Capua*'s rival valour, mutinies
Of Bond-ſlaves, Treachery of Allies;
Nor *Germany* (blue-ey'd *Bellona*'s nurſe)
Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curſe)
We (a blood-thirſty age) our ſelves deface,
And Wolves ſhall repoſſeſs this place.
The barbarous foe will trample on our dead,
The ſteel-ſhod Horſe our Courts will tread;
And *Romulus* duſt (clos'd in religious Urn
From Sun and Tempeſt) proudly ſpurn.
All, or the founder part, perchance would know,
How to avoid this coming blow.
'Twere beſt I think, like to the *Phoceans*,
Who left their execrated Lands,

And

And Houſes, and the Houſes of their Gods,
To Wolves and Bears for their abodes;
T' abandon all, and go where ere our feet
Bear us by Land, by Sea our Fleet.
Can any man better advice afford?
If not, in name of Heaven aboard!
But you muſt ſwear firſt to return again,
When looſned Rocks float on the Main,
And be content to ſee your Mother-town,
When *Betis* waſhes the *Alps* crown;
Or *Appennine* into the Ocean flies,
Or new luſt weds Antipathies,
Making the Hind ſtoop to the Tigers love,
The ravenous Kite cuckold the Dove;
And credulous Herds, t' affect the Lions ſide,
And Goats the Salt-Sea to abide.
This, and what elſe may ſtop our wiſh'd return,
When all, or the good part have ſworn,
Fly hence! Let him whoſe ſmooth and unfledg'd breaſt
Miſgives him, keep the rifled neſt.
You that are men, unmanly grief give o're,
And ſail along the *Tuſcan* ſhore,
To the wide Ocean. Let us ſeek thoſe Iſles
Which ſwim in plenty, the bleſt ſoils:
Where the Earths *Virgin-womb* unplough'd is fruitful,
And the unproyned Vine ſtill youthful:
The *Olive-Tree* makes no abortion there,
And Figs hang dangling in the air;
Honey diſtils from Oaks, and water hops
With creeking feet from Mountain tops.
The *generous* Goats without the *Milk-maids* call,
Of their full bags are prodigal;
No evening Wolf with hoarſe alarums wakes
The *Flocks*, nor breeds the up land *Snakes*.

And farther to invite us, the plump Grain,
Is neither drunk with too much rain,
Nor yet for want of mod'rate watring drie;
Such the bleſt temper of the skie.
Never did *Jaſon* to thoſe Iſlands guide
His Pirat-ſhip, and whoriſh Bride.
Sydonian Cadmus never toucht theſe ſhores,
Nor falſe *Ulyſſes* weary Oars.
No murrain rots the Sheep, nor Star doth ſcorch
The Cattel with his burning Torch.
When *Jove* with Braſs the Golden age infected,
Theſe Iſles he for the pure extracted.
Now Iron reigns, I like a Statue ſtand,
To point good men to a good land.

EPODE XVII. *By* T. F. *Paraphraſed.*

To CANIDIA.

I Yield *Canidia* to thy Art,
Take pity on a penitent heart:
By *Proſerpine* Queen of the night,
And by *Diana*'s glimmering light,
By thy myſterious Volumes all,
That can the Stars from Heaven call;
By all that's ſacred I implore
Thou to my wits wouldſt me reſtore.
The brave *Achilles* did forgive
King *Telephus*, and let him live,
Tho' in the field the King appear'd,
And war, with *Myſian* bands prepar'd.
When on the ground dead *Hector* lay,
Expos'd, to Birds, and Beaſts a prey;

The

The *Trojan* Dames in pity gave
Hector an honourable grave.
Ulyſſes Mariners were turn'd to Swine,
Transform'd by *Circe*'s charms divine;
Yet *Circe* did their doom revoke,
And ſtraight the grunting mortals ſpoke:
Each in his priſtine ſhape appears,
Fearleſs of Dogs to lug their ears.
Oh! do not my afflictions ſcorn!
Enough in Conſcience I have born!
My youth, and freſh complexion's gone,
Dwindled away to skin and bone.
My hair is powdred by thy care,
And all my minutes buſie are.
Day Night, and Night the Day does chaſe,
Yet have not I a breathing ſpace!
Wretch that I am! I now believe,
No pow'r can from thy charms reprieve:
Now I confeſs thy Magick can
Reach head, and heart, and un-man Man.
What would'ſt thou have me ſay? what more?
O Seas! O Earth! I ſcorch all o're!
Hercules himſelf ne're burnt like me,
Nor th' flaming Mount in *Sicilie*:
O ceaſe thy ſpells, leſt I be ſoon
Calcin'd into a Pumice-ſtone!
When wilt th' ha' done? What muſt I pay?
But name the ſum, and I obey:
Say: Wilt thou for my ranſom take
An hecatomb? or ſhall I make
A baudy Song t' advance thy trade,
Or court thee with a Serenade?
Would'ſt thou to Heav'n, and be a Star?
I'le hire thee *Caſſiopeia*'s Chair.

Caſtor to *Hellen* a true friend
Struck her defaming Poet blind;
Yet he, good-natur'd Gentleman,
Gave the blind Bard his eyes again.
Since this, and much more thou can'ſt do,
O rid me of my madneſs too!
From noble Anceſtors thy race,
No vulgar bloud purples thy face:
Thou ſearcheſt not the Graves of th' poor,
But Necromancy doſt abhor:
Gen'rous thy breaſt, and pure thy hands,
Whoſe fruitful womb ſhall people lands,
And e're thy Childbed-linen's clean,
Thou ſhalt be up and to 't again.

CANIDIA'S Anſwer. By *T. F.*

GO——hang thy ſelf: ——I will not hear,
The Rocks aſſoon ſhall lend an ear
To naked Mariners that be
Left to the mercy of the Sea.
Marry come up! ——Shall thy bold pride
The myſteries of the Gods deride?
Preſumptuous fool! commit a rape
On my repute, and think to ſcape?
Make me Town-talk? —Well! e're thou dy
Cupid ſhall Vengeance take, or I.
Go, get ſome Rats-bane! — 'twill not do,
Nay, drink ſome *Aqua-fortis* too:
No witch ſhall take thy life away;
Who dares ſay, Go, when I bid ſtay?
No! —— I'le prolong thy loathed breath,
And make thee wiſh in vain for death.

In

In vain does *Tantalus* eſpy
Fruits, he may taſt but with his eye.
In vain does poor *Prometheus* grone,
And *Siſyphus* ſtop his rolling ſtone:
Long may they ſigh, long may they cry
But not comptroul their Deſtiny.
And thou in vain from ſome high wall,
Or on thy naked Sword may'ſt fall,
In vain, (to terminate thy woes)
Thy hands ſhall knit the fatal nooſe:
For on thy ſhoulders then I'le ride,
And make the Earth ſhake with my pride.
Think'ſt thou that I, who when I pleaſe
Can kill by waxen Images,
Can force the Moon down from her ſphere,
And make departed Ghoſts appear,
And mix Love-potions! —— thinks thy vanity,
I cannot deal with ſuch a worm as thee?

Verſes ſung in the Secular Games every Century of years, pronounced for the ſafety of the Roman *Empire.*

PHœbus and *Dian*, Grovie Queen,
Heaven ornaments; as you have been,
Still be you honour'd, ever bleſt:
Grant what we ask on holy Feaſt.

In which *Sibylla's* Verſes teach,
Chaſte Maids, and Youths not ſtain'd with breach,
Unto thoſe Gods Songs to recite,
Who on the ſeven-fold Hills delight.

(Fair *Sol*) who in thy Chariot bright,
Doſt call forth Day, and ſhutt'ſt up Night;
And other, and the ſame doſt come,
Nought greater maiſt thou ſee than *Rome*.

Ilythia, open wombs we crave
For ripened Births, and Mothers ſave;
Whether we thee *Lucina* call,
Or *Cynthia*, which produceth all.

Goddeſs, bring Children forth, and bleſs
Senates decrees, give good ſucceſs
To nuptial laws, that thoſe who wed,
May have a fruitful Marriage-bed.

The ten-times ten full Orbs mature,
May us to Songs and Sports enure:
Thrice in the ſplendour of day-light,
And thrice in ſhades of welcome night.

And you truth-telling Fates, to paſt
Join future fortune, that may laſt:
That ſtable limits may encloſe,
What once to Mortals you propoſe.

That Cattel may, and Corn abound,
Wherewith fair *Ceres* ſhall be crown'd:
And wholſom ſtreams, with air as pure
May nutriments to Plants aſſure.

Ah *Phœbus* mild, withdraw thy dart,
To ſuppliant Youths thy grace impart:
And Queen of Stars, who do'ſt appear
Bi-forked (*Luna*) Virgins hear.

If

If *Rome* a work be of your ſtore,
And *Trojan* troops held *Tylers* ſhore:
A part injoyn'd their ſeat to change,
And with ſucceſs from home to range:

For whom ſecure, th'row *Troy* on fire
Æneas chaſte in ſafe retire,
Free paſſage open'd, and gave more
To them, than they poſſeſt before.

O Gods to youth grant matter ſage,
Gods give repoſe to quiet *age*;
And unto *Romulus* his blood,
Wealth, iſſue, honour, all that's good.

Let *Venus* and *Anchiſes* ſtrain,
Who give ye Oxen free from ſtain,
In Wars atchievements bear the prize,
And courteous be to Enemies.

The *Median* now by Sea and Land,
Fears *Roman* power, and conquering hand:
The *Scythians* now our friendſhip crave,
And haughty *Indians* truce would have.

Now Faith, Peace, Honour, modeſt look
And Vertue ſcorned, which forſook
Our City, dares return again,
And bleſſed Plenty freely raign.

Phœbus, with radiant Bow, Divine,
Gracious among the *Muſes* nine;
Who doth with Heaven-inſpir'd art,
To crazie bodies health impart:

If he Mount *Palatine* do grace,
The weal of *Rome*, and *Latian* Race,
To farther times and better end,
May he theſe Centuries extend.

And *Dian* who holds *Aventine*,
And *Algidus*, may ſhe incline
To Prayers of fifteen men, and hear
Our childrens vows with friendly ear.

Then I, and all well skill'd in Lays,
Phœbus and *Dians* name to praiſe,
Go home, with certain hopes, that *Jove*,
And all the *Gods* theſe things approve.

The End of the Epodes.

SATYRES.

BOOK I.

SATYRE I. By *A. B.*

That Men are not contented with their Conditions.

HOw comes it (great *Mæcenas*) that there's not
A man, who lives contented with that lot
Which choice inclin'd, or chance expos'd him to,
But all applaud what others are and do?
Oh happy Merchant, then the Souldier ſays,
When by old age and toil his ſtrength decays;
The *Merchant* when th' inſulting *billows* riſe,
And toſs his tottering *Ship*, Give me (he cries)
The *Souldiers* life, for he meets in a breath
A joyful *victory* or certain *death*.
The *Lawyer* when he hears his *Clients* knock
At's gate before the crowing of the *Cock*,
Admires the Country life, while the poor Swain,
Being from his home up to the City drawn

To

To follow *Law-ſuits*, does conclude no mens
Conditions happier then the Citizens.
But the whole *rabble* of this ſort of men
Would be ſo numerous it would tire the Pen
Of ſcribling *Fabius*; ſo I'le paſs by thoſe,
And draw the matter to this point: Suppoſe
Jove ſaid, I'le make you what you would be; thou
Who wert a *Merchant*, be a *Souldier* now.
Thou that a *Lawyer* wert, ſhalt now commence
A *Husbandman*; change ſides, and ſo pack hence,
You t'your new Calling, you to yours; Nay nay,
Now your deſires are granted, why d'you ſtay?
Fond fools! you'l not be happy, though you may.
Is it not reaſon then great *Jove* ſhould be
Highly incenſed, and declare that he
Will be no more *propitious* unto them,
But all their *vain* and various *prayers* contemn?
This is no laughing matter, nor would I
Be thought to ſpeak all this in *Drollery*,
Though to *blurt* out a truth has never been
(In way of *merriment*) eſteem'd a ſin.
The flattering *Maſter* thus his Boys preſents
With *Cakes*, to make them learn their *Rudiments*.
But let's leave fooling, and be ſerious now; (*plough*,
The *Clown* that rends the pondrous Earth with's
The cheating *Tradſeman*, and the *Souldier* too,
The *Sea-man* bold, who ploughs the *Ocean* through;
All theſe their various toils endure (they ſay)
Meerly with this intention, that they may
When they grow *old*, with peace enjoy that ſtore
Which their induſtrious *youth* had gain'd before.
Juſt like the *Ant* (for that's their pattern) ſmall
In bulk, but great in thrift; who draws in all

That

That e're ſhe can, and adds it to her ſtore,
Which ſhe fore-ſeeing *want*, had heap'd before;
And in the rage of *Winter* keeps within,
To feed on what her *providence* laid in.
But neither ſword, fire, water, heat, nor cold,
Nor any thing keeps thee from getting Gold,
Only *ſpurr'd* on with that ambitious *itch*,
To have the world ſay, *Thou art Deviliſh rich*:
What good in thy vaſt heap of *Treaſure's* found,
Which thou by ſtealth doſt bury under ground?
But if it be diminiſht once, thou'lt ſay
Thy whole eſtate will *dwindle* ſoon away,
And if thou *ſpend'ſt* not out of it, what pleaſure
Can'ſt thou take in a heap of horded Treaſure?
If thy Barn held *ten thouſand* ſacks of Wheat,
Yet thou can'ſt eat no more then I can eat.
Among thy fellow *ſlaves* when thou'rt pickt out
To bear all their *proviſion* about,
With which thy Shoulders gall'd and weary grown,
Thou eat'ſt no more then one that carried none.
Or (tell me prithee) what the difference is
To him that makes the rules of *Nature* his,
Whether he does a thouſand Acres ſow,
Or on a hundred does his pains beſtow?
But oh (thou cri'ſt) men do great pleaſure reap
In taking *Gripes* out of a plentuous *heap*.
Yet ſince out of a *little* thou doſt leave
As much as we've occaſion to receive,
Why ſhould'ſt thou thy vaſt Granaries prefer
Before our Willies, which much leſſer are?
Or if thou haſt occaſion to take up
Water enough to fill a Butt or Cup,
Why ſhould'ſt thou ſay, thou haſt a greater will
Out of that *river*, then this *ſpring* to fill?

Hence

Hence it proceeds infallibly, that thoſe
Who to their wills are ſuperſtitious,
Uncurb'd *deſire* drives them to this and that,
Until at laſt they'd have *they know not what.*
Whilſt who confines his mind to Natures laws,
The troubled *muddy* water never draws,
Nor in the *river* does his life expire:
But moſt of men deceiv'd by falſe deſire,
"Say, *Nought's enough*; 'cauſe they *abſurdly* gueſs
"At what men are, by what they do poſſeſs.
To ſuch a *Miſer* what is't beſt to do?
Let him be *wretched*, ſince he will be ſo.
Thus that *Athenian* Monſter *Timon*, which
Hated Mankind, a ſordid Knave, but rich,
Was wont to ſay, *When ere I walk abroad*
The People hiſs me, but I do applaud
And hug my ſelf at home, when I behold
My cheſts brim-full with Silver and with Gold.
So *Tantalus*, being extreamly drie,
Courts the ſwift ſtream, which does as coyly flie.
Why laugh'ſt thou *Miſer*? if thy name ſhould be
A little chang'd, the Fable's told of thee,
Who on thy full-cramb'd Bags together laid,
Do'ſt lay thy ſleepleſs and affrighted head;
And do'ſt no more the moderate uſe on't dare
To make, then if it *conſecrated* were:
Thou mak'ſt no other uſe of all thy *gold*,
Then men do of their *pictures*, to behold.
Do'ſt thou not know the uſe and power of *coyn?*
It buys bread, meat, and cloaths, (and what's more)
With all thoſe neceſſary things beſide, (*wine*;
Without which *Nature* cannot be ſuppli'd.
To ſit up and to watch whole days and nights,
To be out of thy *wits* with conſtant frights,

To

To fear that *thieves* will ſteal, or *fire* deſtroy,
Or *ſervants* take thy wealth, and run away,
Is this delightful to thee? then I will
Deſire to live without thoſe Riches ſtill.
But if the pains of *ſtomach*, or the *head*,
Or other *ſickneſs* fix thee to thy *bed*,
Haſt thou a *viſitant* to ſit down by thee,
Who with due food and Phyſick will ſupply thee?
Or make the *Doctor* rid thee of thy pain,
And to thy friends reſtore thee ſound again?
Thy *wife* and *children* thy quick Death deſire,
So do thy friends and kindred: Ne're admire
That they don't ſhew thee *love*, thou merit'ſt none,
For before all, thou preferr'ſt *wealth* alone.
If thou thy friends or kindred would'ſt retain,
And not be liberal, thy task's as vain
As his, who in the Fields does teach an *Aſs*
T' obey the *bridle*, and to run a *race*.
Make once an end of gaining, that the more
Thou haſt, the leſs thou'lt tremble to be poor.
Begin to end thy labour, having got
That which thou did'ſt deſire, and follow not
That rich *Umidius*, whoſe *cheſts* did ſo ſwell,
He *meaſur'd*'s *money* which he could not tell,
So *ſordid*, that he never did go higher
Than his mean'ſt Servants did, in his attire:
And to his dying day in fear he ſtood,
Leſt he ſhould die meerly for want of food;
Till his bold *Concubine* did boldly do
A *Heroes* act, and cut the Slave in two.
But now thou'lt ask me, whether I'de have thee,
A *Miſer* or a *Prodigal* to be?
Thou ſtill art in *extreams*; I would not have
Thee *covetous*, nor a vain ſquandring *Knave*.

'Twixt

'Twixt rough *Viſellius* and ſmooth *Tanais*
The *Eunuch*, a vaſt difference there is.
" *There is a mean in things, and certain lines*
" *Within which virtue ſtill it ſelf confines.*
But I'le return from whence I came; are none
But *greedy* Slaves delighted with their own
Conditions? Do all praiſe each others lot,
And pine to ſee their Neighbours *Goat* has got
A Dug more full of Milk than theirs? and ne're
Themſelves with the poorer ſort of men compare:
(Though that's the greater number) but aſpire
Still to o're-top this man and that, who's higher!
" It curbs the Spirit of that perſon *which*
" Tugs to grow great, when he meets one more rich.
So when the *Chariots* from the Barriers are
Let looſe to run a Race, the *Charioter*
Minds ſtill thoſe Horſes which out-ſtrip his own,
Slighting thoſe which by t'other are out-gone.
And hence it comes, we ſeldom find a man
That ſays *He has liv'd happily*, and can
Like a *well-feaſted gueſt* depart at laſt
Contented with that part of 's life that paſt.
Now 'tis enough; leſt you ſhould think that mine
'S like *Criſpins* Volumes, I will not add a line.

SATYRE II. By *A. B.*

That while fooliſh men ſhun one Vice, they run into another.

THe *Players*, *Empricks*, *Beggars*, and the noiſe
Of *Fidlers*, all the *roaring Damn-me* boys,

And

And all that ſort of *cattel* do appear
Extreamly *ſad*, and much concern'd to hear
Their friend *Tigellius* is deceas'd; For he
Did *treat* them with great *liberality*.
While the cloſe *miſer*, leſt he ſhould be thought
A *prodigal*; o'th' contrary, gives nought
To his dear *friend* (though ne're ſo much he need)
To cloath his body, or his belly feed.
If one ſhould ask the *Prodigal*, why he
By an ungrateful ſottiſh *gluttony*,
That brave *eſtate* bequeath'd him by his friends
And *Anceſtors*, ſo prodigally ſpends;
And at great *intereſt* take up money too,
Meerly in needleſs *luxury* to beſtow:
His anſwer is, Becauſe he ſcorns to be
Eſteem'd a *ſordid* fellow, or that he
Has but a narrow Soul: ſo up he's cri'd
By ſome, while others him as much *deride*.
Fuſidius the Uſurer fears to have
The Reputation of an *unthrift Knave*,
Rich both in *moneys* out at *uſe*, and *lands*,
But when he lends, he ſtill detains in's hands
Five times the *intereſt* from the *principal*;
And where he finds his *Debtors* prodigal,
Thoſe he gripes moſt ſeverely: He inquires
For wealthy *heirs* new come of age, whoſe Sires
Had been cloſe-fiſted to them and ſevere.
Good God! What perſons who ſhall come to hear
Such horrid actions, won't exclaim? But oh!
(You'l ſay) he does't for his livelihood. Oh no!
"*You can't believe how much this love of Pelf,*
"*Makes this vile Slave an enemy to himſelf.*
Old *Menedemus* whom the *Comedy*
Brings weeping in, and living *wretchedly*

For his loſt *ſon*, could not himſelf *torment*
More than this *ſordid* Beaſt. To what intent
All this is ſaid, if you deſire to know,
It only tends to this deſign, to ſhow
" *That fools, when they attempt one vice to ſhun,*
" *Into the contrary do madly run.*
This man his *garment* down to th' ground does wear
And that ſo ſhort his *privities* appear.
Perfum'd *Ruſillus* wears a gaudy Coat,
Gorgonius ſtinks as naſty as a *Goat*.
Men do obſerve no means, but this mans flames
Muſt be allay'd only with *Roman* Dames.
Another does a common Quean admire,
That proſtitutes her ſelf to all for hire.
A man of note came from the publick *ſtews*,
And, to applaud his action, he did uſe
Cato's Divine old Sentence, " *Bravely done,*
" *Go on, and proſper in what th' haſt begun:*
For when the *rage* of Luſt inflames your blood,
'Tis lawful to come hither, but not good
Another Nuptial *bed* to violate.
While *Cupiennius* cries out, I hate
To be applauded for this nicety,
Give me anothers wife, ſhe's ſafe and free.
" *'Tis worthy the obſervation of all thoſe*
" *That would not have uncleanneſs proſperous,*
" *To ſee how they are plagu'd on every hand,*
" *How often they fall into danger, and*
" *How ſmall, and ſeldom too, they pleaſures gain,*
" *And thoſe corrupted with much grief and pain.*
This leaps from th' top o'th' houſe, and thinks to flie,
But breaks his *neck*; and that's *whipt* till he die;
This as he flies, 'mong *thieves* and *robbers* falls,
And that with's *purſe* redeems his Genitals.

This

This is by Foot-men *bugger'd*, and ſometimes
Thoſe *members* which commit theſe ſhameful crimes,
Do loſe their Heads, and juſtly too; all ſay,
None but that rutting *Galba* dares ſay, *nay*.
But 'tis more ſafe to venture your eſtate
In *Ships*, that are but of the *ſecond rate*;
Daughters of *Captives* that have been made free,
Yet *Saluſt* plaid the *fool* as much as he
That does commit *adultery*; For he had
A *generous* Soul, and would be very glad
Of any good *occaſion*, that he
Might but expreſs his *liberalitie*,
(In modeſt manner though) he would diſpence
His *money* to all freely, yet from thence
No damage came to him, no diſrepute,
But ſtill he lov'd a gentle *proſtitute*.
This was that darling Vice he lov'd to th' life,
But ſtill he cri'd, *I'le meddle with no mans wife*.
Juſt ſo *Marcæus* did, who heretofore
Only admir'd an *honourable whore*,
And his Paternal Fortune fool'd away
On a *ſhe-thing*, that on the *Stage* did play.
Yet ſtill he ſaid, *I thank my Stars*, that I
With *wives* of other men did never lie.
But if with *whores* and *mimicks* he'd to do,
His *fame* more ſuffer'd, than his wealth came to.
" What *ſatisfaction* can it to us bring,
" To ſhun one *perſon*, and not ev'ry thing
" That every way does hurt us? To deſtroy
" Our *reputation*, and to *fool* away
" Th' Eſtate our *Parents* left us, certainly
" Is a great vice, which way ſo e're it be.
So *Villius*, who had a mind to be
The Son-law in of *Sylla*, how was he

Severely puniſh'd? Maul'd with Fiſts, nay more,
Stabb'd with *Steeletto's*, then kickt out of door. (ſtile?)
(Poor wretch! how was he chous'd with name and
But *Longarenus* lay with her the while.
Now if that Natural *genius* of his
Should ſay to him, when he had ſeen all this,
Sir, what d'you mean? Do I require, when e're
I am inrag'd, the Daughter of a *Peer*
Or any *marri'd* woman? what could he
Then anſwer to't? that *woman's* meat for me,
Who is deſcended of a *noble* ſtem.
But *Nature* teaches better things than them,
And quite *repugnant* too; Great *Nature*, which
In her own *help* is plentifully rich,
If we would rightly uſe them, and *deſcry*
What we ſhould *chooſe*, from what we ought to *fly*.
Does it no *difference* appear to thee
By *luſt* to periſh, or *neceſſity*?
Then that thou may'ſt not that vain work attempt,
Of which thou ſurely wilt too late *repent*,
Purſue not *Matrons*; for the coſt and pain
Will far ſurmount the *pleaſure* thou canſt gain.
Nor is their *Fleſh* more tender, nor are they
More *clean-limb'd*, whoſe *attire* is rich and gay,
And do with *Jewels* deck their necks and ears,
(Such as th' effeminate *Corinthus* wears;)
Nay oftentimes that *Laſs*, who 's plain and free,
Wears better Limbs than your great *Madams* be.
She does her *mercenary* Fleſh expoſe,
Undeckt by *art*, and openly ſhe ſhows
The *ware* ſhe means to utter, nor will ſhe,
If any part about her handſom be,
Proudly ſhow that alone, nor ſtrive to hide
Thoſe parts, which *Nature* has not beautify'd.

So

So *Princes*, when they *Horſes* go to buy,
Into the *cover'd* parts moſt ſtrictly pry,
Leſt the ſame *Horſe*, that's lovely to behold
With a ſmall *head*, and a *creſt* high and bold,
And a round *buttock*, the eager *buyer* cheat,
Becauſe he's lame, or foundred in his feet.
This they do well in; for we ſhould not pry
On their perfections with a *Lynxes* Eye,
And be as blind as *Hypſea* was, when we
Their greater *imperfections* ought to ſee.
Oh comely legs and arms! (ſays one) and yet
She is *pin-buttock'd*, and has *long ſplay* Feet,
Short-waſted, but a *noſe* of ſuch a ſize,
That all the Members ſhortneſs it ſupplies.
Thou canſt no part of a grave Matron ſee,
Except her *face*, the reſt all cover'd be,
Unleſs it be of *Catia*, who, although
She be a *matron*, does unvailed go.
If thou attempt *forbidden* wives to win
To thy deſires, they are incompaſs'd in
With *guards* and *walls*; 'twill make thee mad to ſee
How many things there are to hinder thee.
There's *Guardian*, *Coach-man*, *Tire-man*, *Flatterer*,
A *gown* to th' heels, a *vail* that covers her;
And many more ſuch envious things there be,
Make thee the *Fleſh*, as 'tis thou canſt not ſee.
A *Laſs* ne're hinders thee, ſhe will appear
In dreſs tranſparent, as ſhe naked were;
That thou maiſt by thine Eye diſcern, that ſhe
Is ſtraight in th' *waſte*, and that her *anckles* be
Not great, and *gouty*; and her feet are neat.
Does any man deſire to have a *cheat*
Impos'd upon him? and be made pay down
The *price* e're the *commodity* be ſhown?

But thou art like the *Hunts-man*, who does go
After the *Hare* up to the knees in Snow,
Which being caught, makes him a chearful Feaſt,
Yet he'l not touch a *Hare* brought ready dreſt.
Thou ſcorn'ſt that *Laſs* thou may'ſt with eaſe enjoy,
And court'ſt thoſe that are difficult and coy.
But doeſt thou think thy *paſſions* to appeaſe
With ſuch vain and impert'nent *flames* as theſe?
Has not wiſe *Nature* bounded thy deſire?
Does it not more avail thee to enquire,
What ſhe cann't be without, and what ſhe may,
And pare what ere's ſuperfluous away?
When thou art *thirſty*, muſt thou only drink
Out of a Golden *goblet*? or doeſt think
All *meat* is loathſom, when thou 'rt *hungry* grown,
But *Turbet*, or the *Pheaſant poult* alone?
So when thy *amorous* flames grow ſtrong and high,
Wilt thou not take the next thou canſt come by?
Be't *Kitchin* wench, or *Scullion* boy; or elſe,
Wouldſt have that burſt, which ſo extreamly ſwells?
I'm of another humour, for to me
That *girl* is beſt, that's eaſieſt; and ſhe
That I can ſooneſt come at; and when I
Ask her the Queſtion, ſays *Yes by and by*,
As ſoon's my *Servant* is gone forth, or ſays
She'l gratifie me, if the *price* I raiſe.
Thoſe that are hard, and tedious to be won,
Are for the feeble *Eunuchs* taſte alone:
Give me a *coming Lady*, that ne're ſtands
Conſid'ring long, nor great *rewards* demands;
But when I call her quickly comes to me,
Let her not *ugly*, nor yet *crooked* be,
But of good *colour*, and *clean-limb'd* withal,
Of a good ſize, not by *Chipeens* made tall;

Nor

Nor let her by her *painting* make more fair
Her *face* and *skin*, than they by *Nature* are.
When ſuch a *Creature* in mine Arms does lie,
She is my *Love*, my *Queen*, my *Deitie*;
I call her by all names, nor do I doubt
When we our Deeds of Pleaſure are about,
The barking *Dogs*, the breaking ope of doors,
And all the Houſe diſturb'd with great uproars,
Her jealous *Husband* will return to ſee,
How he is *cuckolded* by her and me;
While the poor *woman* ſtarts from off her bed,
Pale and affrighted, 'cauſe diſcovered,
And being conſcious cries, *Oh I'm undone!*
I ſhall be fetter'd, and my Portion's gone.
And I without my *Breeches* then muſt pack,
Bare-foot and *coat-leſs*, all to ſave my *back*
From the dire Laſh, or to preſerve my Purſe,
Or elſe my *Reputation*, which is worſe.
" *For to be taken is a crime, 'tis true,*
" *And 'tis a pitiful misfortune too*;
I dare be judg'd by *Fabius*, who does know
All this is true, for he has been ſerv'd ſo.

SATYRE III. By *A. B.*

That men are quick-ſighted to pry into other mens infirmities, and connive at their own.

ALL *Songſters* have this humour, that among
Their friends they can't abide to ſing a Song
If they 're intreated; but they'l ne're give o're
If not deſired. This was heretofore

Tigellius vice; *Cæsar* who could command,
If by the friendship of his Father, and
His own, he did intreat but for one Air,
This *Songster* would not sing; yet if he were
Once in the *humour*, all the Supper long
He would to *Bacchus* sing, Song after Song;
His voice to th' highest *treble* rais'd, and then
Descending down to th' lowest *base* again.
A most *unsteady* fellow, sometimes he
Would run, as if pursu'd by's enemy;
Sometimes he'ld *slowly* walk, as if he were
The Sacred *host* about the street to bear.
Sometimes attended with two hundred men
He'ld walk, at other times with only *ten*.
Now *Kings* and *Princes*, and all great things be
The *subjects* of his talk: Anon (says he)
Give me a three-leg'd *board*, a shell to hold
A little salt, and to keep off the cold
A *gown*, though ne're so coarse; if you present
This poor abstemious person, who's content
Now with so *little*, with a *thousand* pound,
In five days there will not a *Groat* be found
In's pocket: He the day in *sleep* doth pass,
And sits up all *night* long; there never was
A thing so much unlike to him as he
Was to himself: But some may say to me,
Pray what are you? Have you no crime at all?
Yes, other vices, not perhaps so small.
When *Menius* absent, *Novius* did upbraid,
You Sir, d' you hear? D'you know your self? (one said
Or do you think to cheat us, as if we
Did not know what you are? *Menius*, said he,
Could wink at, and forget his own faults; this
Is both a vile and silly love, and 'tis

Fit

Fit to be taken notice of, when with blear eyes
We over-look our own *infirmities.*
Why ſhould we into our Friends errors pry
As narrowly as with an *Eagles* eye,
Or *Baſilisks* piercing look? 'twill come about,
As we do theirs, they'l find our Vices out.
An *angry* man is no way fit to bear
The jeers, which from the *Wits* he's forc'd to hear:
They'l jeer him if ill ſhav'd, or if his Gown
In a neglected poſture hangeth down:
Or if his Shoos are not well ty'd, though he
May be as honeſt as their *Witſhips* be.
Though he's a *Friend*, though a great *Wit* does lie
Within that Body, dreſt ſo *clowniſhly.*
Examine well thy ſelf, ſee if there be
The ſeeds of any Vices ſown in thee;
By Nature or ill cuſtom we diſcern,
" *Neglected Fields ſtill over-grown with Fern.*
Let's raiſe our ſelves up to this frame of mind,
To be t' our Friends infirmities as blind
As *Lovers* to their *Miſtreſſes* can be,
Who either don't their *imperfections* ſee,
Or if they do, they're pleaſing to them, thus
Balbinus lik'd even *Agnas Polypus.*
I wiſh we all would err in *friendſhip* ſo,
And vertue on that *error* would beſtow
A *glorious* name; for as the Father mild,
If he eſpies a frailty in his child,
He does not ſcorn, nor loath it, nor ſhould we
The errors of our friends, if any be.
If a Son *ſquinting goggle-eyes* ſhould have,
His Father calls him, *Pretty winking Knave*;
And he whoſe Child in ſtature is no more
Than *Syſiphus* th' Abortives heretofore,

Calls

Calls him his *Chicken*; if he bend at knee,
He calls him *Varus*; if he *hurl-foot* be,
His Father liſping calls him *Scaurus*: Thus
When a Friend lives ſomething *penurious*,
Let's call't good Husbandry, and when we find
One that to *jeer* or *vapour* is inclin'd,
Imagine his deſign is but to be
Very *facetious* in company:
If he be rough-hew'd, and will talk and rant,
Count him a *down-right* man and valiant,
And when we meet with any perſon that
Is hot and ſurly, call him paſſionate.
" *This thing joyns friends together, and when joyn'd,*
" *It ſtill preſerves them in a friendly mind.*
But we the very vertues of a Friend
Do into Vices baſely wreſt, and bend
Our mind thoſe veſſels to pollute, which are
Clear of themſelves; if any perſon dare
Live vertuouſly among us; *baſe* and *low*
We count him then, and if a man be ſlow
Of apprehenſion, we are apt to call
Him *dull* and *thick-skull'd* fellow; he that all
Cheats, wiſely ſcapes, whoſe Boſom does not lie
Expos'd to any kind of injury,
Though he lives in a treacherous Age, wherein
Malice and *Slander*, and all kind of ſin
Do grow and flouriſh, ought of right to be
Eſteem'd a *prudent wary* man, but we
Call him a *ſubtle Jugler*: If we ſpy
An open-hearted perſon ſuch as I
Oft ſhew'd my ſelf to you (*Macenas*) which
With his perpetual and impertinent Speech
Diſturbs men far more ſerious, when they
Do either read or ſtudy hard, we ſay

This

This *fellow* has not common ſenſe, "*Alas!*
"*How inconſiderately do we paſs*
"*Laws on our ſelves, unequal and ſevere,*
"*Since no man without Vices ever were,*
"*Or born, or bred, and that man is the beſt,*
"*Who's troubled with the feweſt and the leaſt.*
"*A real* Friend *will with my faults compare*
"*My vertues; and if all my vertues are*
"*More than my Vices, he that loves me would*
"*Incline to th' moſt, as it is fit he ſhould:*
"*So if to be belov'd he has a mind,*
"*He may by this means the ſame meaſure find:*
"*He that deſires his Wens ſhould not offend*
"*His friend, muſt wink at th' Pimples of his friend.*
"*He that would have his faults forgiven, muſt*
"*Give* pardon, *if he take it, 'tis but juſt.*
Now ſince the vice of *anger*, and the reſt
Which do our fooliſh *Nature* thus infeſt,
Cannot be throughly rooted out, why may
Not equal judgment and right reaſon ſway?
And why ſhould not all puniſhments be fitted
Proportionably to the Crimes committed?
When a man bids his Servant lift a *Diſh*
Off from the *Table*, and he eat the Fiſh
That's left, or lick the *ſauce* up, if that he
Should ſuffer *death*, ſhould not his Maſter be
Eſteem'd more mad than frantick *Labeo*
By all thoſe men, who are themſelves not ſo?
How would the Maſters crime the mans tranſcend
In greatneſs, nay in madneſs? If a Friend
Commit a fault, at which thou ought'ſt to wink,
Or elſe all men will thee ill-natur'd think,
If thou ſhould'ſt ſcorn and hate him for't, and ſhun
His company, as the poor Debtors run

From

From the damn'd Uſurer *Druſo*, who when ere
The doleful Day of Payment does appear.
To his poor Debtors, if they do not pay
Both *principal* and *intereſt*, how they
Come by't he cares not, he condemns them then
To ſtand with naked throats, like Captive men,
Not to be kill'd, but (that's far worſe then it)
To hear thoſe wretched *Plays* which he had writ.
Suppoſe my *fudled* Friend when he did ſup,
Bepiſt the room, or break my Miſtreſs cup:
Or if he being hungry took away
That *Chicken* which i'th' Diſh before me lay,
Muſt I fall out with him? What then if he
Should commit theft? Or break his truſt with me?
Or ſhould deny his promiſe? thoſe by whom
All ſins are equal held, when once they come
T' inquire into the truth, they're at a ſtand;
For common *reaſon*, general *cuſtom*, and
Profit it ſelf, which is the Mother now
Of what is *right* and *juſt*, all diſallow
This fond *opinion*: When in former time
Mankind, which of all creatures is the prime,
Crept out of 's Mother *Earth*, they were a kind
Of dumb and naſty *Cattel*; which inclin'd
To brawl for *Maſt*, and Dens to lodge in too,
With nails and fiſts, and next with clubs, and ſo
In length of time, they fought with Spears and Swords,
Which need had taught them how to make, till words
And names by them invented were, whereby
They did their ſenſe and voices ſignifie
Unto each other, then they did begin
To build them *Forts* to live with ſafety in.
Then they enacted *Laws*, that none might dare
Play either *Robber* or *Adulterer*:

"*For*

" *For before* Helens *days women have been*
" *The cauſe of cruel wars.* When men ruſh'd in
On any women which they next came to,
At the firſt ſight, as wild *Beaſts* uſe to do;
Till like a *Bull* o'th' herd, a ſtronger come,
Kill the firſt *Occupant*, and takes his room:
But unremembred di'd thoſe nameleſs men,
Wanting th' *Hiſtorians* and *Poets* Pen.
We if we do conſider former times,
Muſt grant that *Laws* were made for fear of *crimes.*
As *Nature* cann't diſcern what's *right*, what's *wrong*,
Nor ſeparate good from ill, nor from among
Thoſe things we ought to *ſhun*, pick out what we
Ought to *deſire*, nor cann't by reaſon be
Made out, that he who on the Herbs within
His Neighbours Garden treads, do's as much ſin
As he that robs a *Church*, and ſteals away
What to the Gods there *conſecrated* lay.
Let's have a Rule, by which our pains may be
Proportion'd to our crimes, and not that he
Who has deſerv'd a little Rod alone,
Should with a horrid whip be *laſht* to th' Bone.
That thou'lt with *ferule* ſtrike I'le ne're ſuppoſe,
Him that deſerves to ſuffer greater blows;
While thou hold'ſt thefts and robberies to be
Offences only of the like degree,
And threatneſt if thou reign once to chaſtiſe
Our petty faults and foul enormities
With equal puniſhments: if it be ſo,
That he who is a *wiſe* man's *wealthy* too,
A good *Mechanick* skill'd in every thing,
The only *gallant*, and indeed a *King*.
What need'ſt thou wiſh to be a *King*, ſince thou
Art ſo already? Thou wilt ask me now

If

If I don't know what old *Chryſippus* ſaid,
Though a *wiſe* man perhaps has never made
His Shoos and Boots, yet ſtill a wiſe man is
A *Shoo-maker*; to what end is all this?
Juſt ſo *Hermogenes*, though he's dumb, can
Sing well, and is a good *Muſician*.
And in this ſenſe, *Alfenus* when he threw
Away his *tools*, and ſhut up ſhop, and grew
A cunning *Lawyer*, who had been before
A *Cobler*, was ſtill *Cobler*, and no more:
So the *wiſe* man's alone in every thing,
The skilfull'ſt *Artiſt*, and ſo he's a *King*.
The Roguing Boys (thou talk'ſt ſo like a Sot)
Will pull thee by thy Beard, if thou do'ſt not
That Scepter in thy hand thy *cudgel* ſway,
And in Majeſtick-wiſe drive them away.
The *cheated* crowd that ſtand about thee, all
Prepare to kick thee, thou maiſt bark and brawl
Till thou haſt burſt thy Royal ſelf, *Moſt high*
And mighty King, in brief thou Royally
Giv'ſt a whole *farthing*, for thy Bath at once,
And haſt no guard t' attend thee but that dunce
Criſpinus; But my pleaſant friends, if I,
Through folly ſhould tranſgreſs, will paſs it by,
And when they do bewray their frailties, then
I in requital *pardon* them agen;
And thus I live, though but a private man,
More happy than thy fained Kingſhip can.

SATYRE IV. By *A. B.*

A Diſcourſe concerning POETRY.

THe old *Greek* Poets, *Ariſtophanes*,
Cratinus, *Eupolis*, and ſuch as theſe
Who did write *Comedies*, where e're they had
One fit to be deſcrib'd, as very bad,
Such as a *Thief*, or an *Adulterer*,
Or *Murtherer*, or ſuch like men which were
Notorious in their lives, theſe all ſhould be
With a brave *boldneſs*, and great *liberty*,
Expreſt to th' life, and whatſoever is
Writ by *Lucillius* does proceed from this,
Thoſe *Poets* he did imitate, their feet
And *numbers* only he did change, and yet
His wit was excellent, his judgment clear,
Only the *Verſes*, which came from him, were
Harſh and *unpoliſht*; for this was his *crime*,
Two hundred Verſes in one *hours* time
He ordinarily pour'd out with eaſe,
As if he did ſuch *weighty* buſineſſes;
Yet though his Verſes like a *Deluge* flow'd,
Th' had ſomething ſtill above the common *road*:
He lov'd to *ſcribble*, but could not endure
The pains of writing Verſes good and pure;
I ne're regard how much an *Author* writes,
" 'Tis not the *Volume*, but the *ſenſe* delights.
" I'le tell you; once *Criſpinus* challeng'd me,
Pointing with's Finger at me, Come (ſays he)
Take Paper, Pen, and Ink, fix place, and time,
Let's both be watcht, try which can ſwifteſt *rhime*;

I thank

I thank my Stars, *Nature* did me compoſe
So baſhful, and ſo puſillanimous,
That I ſpeak *little*, and but *ſeldom* too,
But his laborious *lungs* do alway's go
Like a *Smiths* Bellows, puffing breath ſo faſt,
That he his Iron audients tires at laſt.
What luck that Scribling Rhimer *Fannius* met?
That our grave Senate undeſir'd have ſet
His *ſilly* Book and ugly *ſtatue* too
In *Caſars* Library? Whilſt I that do
Both bluſh and tremble when I e're appear
In *publick*, no reherſing wit does care
To read my Lines to th' undiſcerning crue;
But here's the reaſon for't, there are but few
That love a *Satyr* well; moſt are afraid
Their Crimes may be like others, open laid.
Pick any perſon out of all Mankind,
He is to *pride* or *avarice* inclin'd;
This with the luſt for's Neighbours wife runs mad;
That's for th' unnatural uſe of ſome fair *Lad*:
This loves to gaze on's money ſtill, and that
Is raviſht with the ſplendour of his *Plate*;
This to get *wealth* by *merchandizing* goes,
Where the Sun ſets, from the place where it roſe,
Runs through all dangers head-long, and is toſt
From place to place as *Whirlwinds* blow the duſt,
Fearing leſt he ſhould loſe his ſtock, or not
Increaſe that vaſt *Eſtate* which he had got.
All theſe hate Verſes, and Verſe-makers fly,
That Beaſt the *Poet* comes 'ware *horns* they cry;
To make the People laugh, theſe Fellows uſe
Not to regard what *friends* they do abuſe,
And whatſoe're they write, they forthwith to
The *Politicians* of the *Conduit* ſhew,

Or

Or at the *Bake-houſe*, that Old Women and
The Roguing Boys their jeſts may underſtand.
Much good may 't do them, I on t'other ſide
With the name *Poet* wo'nt be dignifi'd.
Out of their number, whom the world does own
For *Poets*, I'm excluded, being none:
For to compoſe a *Verſe*, or write as we
Do naturally ſpeak 's not *Poetry*.
That noble Title *Poet* thoſe doth fit,
Who have good Stile, high Fancy, and quick wit;
And therefore ſome have askt whether, what I
Have written be *Poem* or *Comedy*,
Becauſe no *ſalt*, no *flame*, nor *ſpirit* be,
Or in the words or ſenſe which comes from me;
Which would be very Proſe, but only I
My words to feet and numbers uſe to tie:
But in a *Comedy* the Poet brings
A Father raging in 'cauſe his Son clings
T' a common proſtitute, and does refuſe
That wealthy *match* which the old man did chuſe;
And being *drunk* walks in the open day
With a *Torch* flaming in a ſcandalous way.
Pomponius Father, if alive, would thus
Rebuke his Son for being leacherous.
'Tis not enough to make Verſe ſmoothly run
With fine *cull'd* words, but if they are undone,
And made plain Proſe, would as unpleaſant be
As the ſowre Father in the *Comedy*.
If from the Verſes, which I uſe to make,
And thoſe which once *Lucilius* writ, you take
The feet and meaſure, and do diſcompoſe
The order of thoſe words, and make them *Proſe*;
Placing thoſe words before which ſtand behind,
And ſo *invert* their order, you will find

The *quarters* of a *Poet* ſtill appear
In every *ſentence* ſcatter'd every where,
Not like this Verſe; *When as the cruel jars*
Of wars had broke our iron poſts and bars.
So much for that; We'l take a time to know,
Whether this Poetry be right or no:
Now I would only ask whether to thee
A *Satyr* can juſtly offenſive be.
The bawling *Lawyers* and the formal *Judge*,
When they in Gowns and with their *Law-tools* trudge,
Make *Malefactors* tremble, while that he
That's innocent contemns their *Pageantry*.
Though thou 'rt a *malefactor*, yet ſince I
Am no *Informer*, why do'ſt from me fly?
No Books of mine do proſtituted lie
On publick *Stalls* to tempt th' enquiring Eye
Of Paſſengers, ſoyl'd by the greaſie Thumbs
Of every prying naſty *Clown* that comes.
I ſeldom do reherſe, and when I do,
'Tis to my Friends, and with *reluctance* too:
Not before every one, nor every where;
We have too many that *Reherſers* are,
In publick *Baths*, and open *Markets* too,
In the ceil'd *chambers*, where their *voices* do
Double by *repercuſſion*, they reherſe
Inſipid *notions* tortur'd into Verſe.
This pleaſes empty *Fops*, who never mind
True *wit* and *ſenſe*, ſo *rhime* and *feet* they find.
Thou ſayſt I love to jeer, and ſtudy it
To gratifie my own *ill-natur'd wit*;
Where didſt thou pick up this Report? or who
Of my acquaintance e're reputes me ſo?
" *That perſon who back-bites his abſent friend,*
" *Or when another does, will not defend*

" *His*

" *His reputation; he that aims to be*
" *The jeſter in all fooliſh company,*
" *Ambitious of the Title of a Wit,*
" *A blab of 's tongue, who what e're you commit*
" *Unto his truſt, diſcovers and betrays,*
" *And impudently lies in what he ſays:*
" *This is a dirty fellow, ſuch a one*
" *Ev'ry true* Roman *is concern'd to ſhun.*

I've ſeen a dozen men together feaſt,
And one has rudely jeer'd at all the reſt,
Except his *Friend*, which entertain'd them all;
But being drunk at laſt on him did fall,
When *Wine* (*Truth*'s Mother) had unlockt his Breſt,
Reveal'd thoſe thoughts that there did ſmother'd reſt:
Thou who abhorr'ſt baſe Fellows, wilt ſuppoſe
This *beaſt free, civil*, and ingenious.

Whilſt if I do diſcover and deride
Some powdred *Coxcombs* vanity and pride;
Or elſe ſome naſty Sloven, thou doſt fall
On me, as envious or Satyrical.
If in thy preſence any perſon does
Report *Petillus* Sacrilegious,
Thou (as thy cuſtom is) wilt him defend,
And ſay *Petillus* was thy antient Friend;
From Children you were converſant, and he
With Kindneſſes was ſtill obliging thee,
The thought of him does much thy Spirit chear,
That he is well, and thou enjoy'ſt him here:
But yet thou canſt not but admire how he
Himſelf could from that *Judgment* ſo well free.
Such friends are like the *Scattle-fiſh*, whoſe skin
Is white without, but all black juice within;
This is the *ruſt* of Friendſhip, and this vice
(If any promiſe in my power lies)

I freely promiſe thou ſhalt never find
In all my writings, no nor in my mind.
"If I ſpeak what is *jocular* and free,
"You by the Law are bound to pardon me.
My honour'd *Father*, now deceas'd, did uſe
Into my mind theſe Precepts to infuſe;
Obſerve (quoth he) their end who vice purſue,
And thou by that all Vices wilt eſchew:
When he did preſs me to good Husbandrie,
And thrifty frugal courſes, and to be
Content with that Eſtate which he had got,
And did intend to leave me; doſt thou not
(Said he) obſerve the wealthy *Albius* Son
Into what want he is by wildneſs run?
See what a *ſhabby* Fellow's *Barrus* grown,
Barrus the Ranting'ſt Gallant of the Town;
A good inſtruction for young Heirs, that they
Should not their *Patrimony* fool away!
And when from love of *Whores* he would deter me,
He to *Sectanus* ſad Fate would refer me,
That after marri'd Wives I ſhould not ſtray,
But uſe my Pleaſures in a lawful way.
(Quoth he) upon thy name 'twill be a Brand
If like *Trebonius* thou ſhould'ſt be *trepan'd*.
Philoſophy will with much reaſon ſhew
What thou ſhould'ſt ſhun, and what *thou* ſhould'ſt purſue.
If *thou* canſt well obſerve *thoſe prudent* ways,
In which our Fathers walkt in former days,
And keep thy life and reputation free
From vice or ſcandal whilſt thou 'rt under me,
I'm pleas'd: But when thy mind and body too
By age to full maturity ſhall grow,
I'le turn thee looſe into the World. Thus he
Did in my Nonage wiſely nurture me:

When

When he propos'd a duty to be done,
He'ld ſay, Thou haſt a fair example (Son)
For doing this, thou haſt before thine eyes
Thoſe which to *honour* and great *power* did riſe.
And if he 'ld have me any vice to flie,
(Says he) A man may ſee with half an eye
This act which now thou art about to do
Is againſt *honeſty* and *profit* too.
Since this mans *name*, and that's who did this thing,
With general *ſcandal* through the Nation ring.
And as one *Gluttons* death doth much affright
Another, and ſuſpend his appetite
For fear of death, ſo others infamy
Makes tender Spirits from thoſe vices fly.
Thus I liv'd unconcern'd in all thoſe Crimes
Which ruine young-men in theſe impious times,
Though I perhaps do'nt unpolluted live,
But have ſmall faults, which men may well forgive,
And which my ſecond thoughts and a *true* Friend,
And *wiſer* age may teach me to amend;
For I'm not wanting to my ſelf when I
Do *walk* alone, or in my *Bed* do lie.
Then I think with my ſelf, this way is beſt,
And if I follow 't, I am truly bleſt,
And to my Friends am grateful; but when I
Obſerve a perſon doing fooliſhly,
Should I be ſuch an Aſs to make the ſame
Ill courſe my pattern, which has been his ſhame?
Theſe are my private thoughts, and when I light
On a ſpare minute I do Verſes write,
And this is one of thoſe ſmall ſins which I
Am guilty of, which if thou ſhould'ſt deny
To pardon, all of my Fraternity
Would come to help me; for we *Poets* be

A mighty *number*, and as once the *Jews*,
Romans to their *Religion* did ſeduce,
So we'l dub thee a Brother of the *Muſe*.

SATYRE V. By *A. B.*

A journey from Rome *to* Brunduſium.

FRom ſpatious *Rome* to *Aris* once went I,
With *Heliodorus* in my company,
The beſt for *Rhetorick* that the *Grecians* had;
Our *Inn* was ſmall, our *entertainment* bad.
From whence to *Appii forum* we did ride,
Where *Sailers* and *lewd Victuallers* moſt reſide.
We made it *two* days work, which might be done
By thoſe who had a mind in leſs than *one*.
The *Appian* Road we did not tedious think,
We travell'd ſlowly, and did often drink:
Here, 'cauſe the water was unwholſom, I
Refus'd to eat a *Supper*, but ſate by
While my Friends did; I long'd to be in Bed,
For *night on th' earth her ſable wings had ſpred,*
And ſtuck the Heaven with Stars, but ſuch a noiſe
Roſe from the *Sailers* railing at their Boys,
And their Boys back again at them! *So ho!*
The Boat, the Boat! Plague on you, where d' you go?
(Says one) *you Rogue, you over-load the Boat,*
You lye (ſays t'other with an open throat)
Hold, hold, now 'tis enough: And thus while they
Harneſt their Mules, and quarrel for their Pay,
They ſpent a whole hours time; the ſtinging *fleas*
And *croaking Frogs* deni'd me ſleep and eaſe.

And

And now the *Sailer* being got quite drunk,
With naſty Wine, begins to ſing of 's *Punck*.
The *Mule-man* does the like of his: both try
Which ſhould roar loudeſt for the *Victory*;
At length the *Mule-man* being weary grown,
Falls faſt aſleep; while to a neighbouring *ſtone*
The *lazy Mariner* did tie the Barge
With the Mules traces which was gone at large
To graze, and likewiſe falls aſleep till day,
Then we perceiv'd the Barge was at a ſtay,
There being no *Mule* to draw her; thereupon
Out leaps a *ſurly* Fellow, and lays on
The *Mule-man* and the *Sailer* head and ſide
With a tough *Cudgel*, which was well appli'd:
Then in four hours we aſhore were ſet,
We waſht our *hands* and *faces*, and did eat:
Then after Dinner three full miles walkt we,
And came to *Anxur*, where the houſes be
Cover'd with *Poliſht* Stone, my honour'd Friend
Mæcenas and *Cocceius* did intend
To take this *Maritime City* in the road,
Both being ſent *Ambaſſadors* abroad
'Bout State Affairs, and uſing to compoſe
All differences which 'twixt Friends aroſe.
Here I *anointed* theſe ſore Eyes of mine
With the moſt true *Collyrium* exc'llent Wine.
Then ſtraight *Mæcenas*, and three more I ſee,
Ingenious perſons all, and forthwith we
With ſcorn paſs by that petty Village, where
That *Scrivener Luſcus* proudly rul'd as Mayor.
With *Mace* and *Chain*, and *Fur*, and *purple-Gown*,
Strutting and *domineering* o're the Town,
And came to *Formiæ* ſoundly tired at laſt,
Where our Friends gave good lodging and repaſt:

The next day was a bleſſed day, for we
Came to a Town where *Wine* was good and free:
There *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Plotinus* met,
Men of ſuch Souls the World cann't equal yet,
Nor are there any in the World to me
So much obliging as thoſe perſons be.
But oh! what love, and what embracing 'twas?
And what rejoycing did between us paſs?
" No man in's Wits can any thing commend
" Before a real and ingenuous Friend.
Next to a ſmall Maritime Village near
Campania's Bridge we came, the *Townſmen* there
With Wood and Salt *Mæcenas* did preſent
As fees, 'cauſe in an *Embaſſy* he went.
From thence to *Capua* betimes we came,
Virgil and I did ſleep, *Mæcenas* game;
That toilſom play at Ball no way complies
With *Virgil*'s ſtomach, nor with my blear *eyes*.
Hence we came to *Cocceius* houſe, which is
Seated beyond the *Claudian* Hoſteries,
A ſtately houſe, where plenty did abound,
And there we *ſplendid* entertainment found.
And now (my Muſe) aſſiſt me while I tell
That memorable *ſquabble* which befel
Between *Sarmentus* that Buffoon, and one
Meſſius, whoſe Face with *warts* was over-grown;
And from that Noble antient Familie
Theſe *Combatants* deriv'd their pedigree;
The *Oſſian* Nation unto *Meſſius* gave
His being, but *Sarmentus* was a Slave.
Of this *condition* and original
Theſe two Tongue-combatants began their braul;
Thou Horſe-fac'd Raſcal (ſays *Sarmentus* firſt)
At which we fell a *laughing*, like to burſt.

Meſſius

Meſſius replies, *Well be it ſo; what then?*
(And Ox-like toſt his head at him agen.)
Oh! (ſays *Sarmentus*) *What a dangerous Cow,*
Had not thy horns been quite ſaw'd off, wert thou,
Who art ſo curſt without them? thy old face,
(If poſſible) is uglier than it was.——
Since thy great wen on one ſide, now we find
Cut out, it leaves an ugly brand behind.
That botchy face of thine looks as if thou
Hadſt a Campanian *Clap upon thee now.*
Thus he abus'd *Meſſius* face, and bid
Him come and dance as *Polyphemus* did.
No vizard, nor yet buskins need'ſt thou wear,
Thy face and limbs cann't ſeem worſe than they are.
Meſſius retorts as much; *Thou Dog, (ſays he)*
When will thy ſlaveſhip end? for though thou be
Now made a Scribe, *thy Miſtreſs right thereby*
Is not extinguiſht; tell me, Sirrah, *why*
Didſt thou ſo often run away from her?
Is not a pound of bread ſufficient fare
For ſuch a ſtarveling ſlave as thou to eat?
And with ſuch *paſtime* we got down our meat.
At *Beneventum* our officious Hoſt
Roaſting lean Birds, was like himſelf to roaſt.
The pile of *fire* fell down, and ſcatter'd flame
Unto the roof of the old *Kitchin* came,
The hungry Gueſts, and Servants worſe than thoſe,
Being afraid their *ſupper* they ſhould loſe,
Began to *ſcramble*, and did more conſpire
To ſnatch the victuals, than to quench the fire.
And now th' *Apulian* Mountains did appear,
Which by *Atabulus* ſo ſcorched are,
Theſe we had ne're claw'd ore, but that there lay
Trivicus to refreſh us by the way;

But

But ſuch a curſed *ſmoak* did there ariſe
From the green Boughs they burnt, it ſcorcht our eyes.
Here I the *Coxcomb* of the *company*
Till Mid-night did in *expectation* lie
Of a falſe *Wench*, who promis'd to come to me,
But ſleep did come, and that more good did do me:
But what I dreamt, and what on me befel,
My body and my ſheets can only tell.
Thence four and twenty miles we were convey'd
By *Coach*, then in a little town we ſtaid,
Whoſe name won't ſtand in verſe, but yet there are
Plain ſigns to know it by, they water there
(The meaneſt of all things) ſell, while trav'llers may
With fine bread *gratis* load themſelves away.
Bread at *Canuſium*'s gritty, *water* there
Is as at *Equotutium*, very rare.
Brave *Diomedes* of ſo high renown,
'Twas he, that built in former time, this town.
Here *Varius* parted from 's, and weeping went,
While we his abſence did as much lament.
To *Ruli* thence, we being tir'd, did get,
The *journey* long, and worſe becauſe 'twas *wet*.
Next day to Fiſhy *Barus* we repair,
The *way was worſe*, but yet the Weather *fair*;
From thence to *Gratia*, which did ſeem to be
Founded in ſpight of th' Water Nymphs, for we
Found wholſom Water greatly wanting there,
But we had exc'llent ſport; for they did dare
Perſwade me, that their *Incenſe* which they lay
Upon their *Altars*, would conſume away
Without a *fire*, I'le ne're think 'tis true,
This ſtory fits th' *uncircumciſed Jew*;
For I well know *the Gods live free from cares,*
And ne're concern themſelves in mans affairs,

And

And when as Nature any thing does do,
Which Mortal men are moſt accuſtom'd to,
I don't believe that 'tis the careful Gods
Send down this wonder from their high abodes.
Thence to *Brundusium* we our travels bend,
And here my *paper* and our *journey* end.

SATYRE VI. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He reprehends the vain judgment of the people of Rome *concerning Nobility, meaſuring the ſame by antiquity of Pedigree, not by vertue; nor willingly admitting to Magiſtracy any but ſuch as were adorned with the former. That there was no reaſon to envy him for the friendſhip of* Mæcenas, *as for a Tribuneſhip; ſince that was given by* Fortune, *but acquired by the recommendation of vertue. Laſtly, ſhews his condition in a private life to be much better, than (if he were a Magiſtrate) it could be.*

NOt that the *Tuſcans* (who from *Lydia* came)
Have nothing nobler than *Mæcenas* name;
Nor that thy Mothers, and Sires Grand-ſire were
Gen'rals of old, makes thee as moſt men, ſneer
Thy noſe up at poor folks, and ſuch as me,
Born of a father, from a Slave made free.
When thou affirm'ſt, *It skills not of what kind*
Any is come; if of a noble mind;
Thou deem'ſt (and right) that before *Tullus* reign,
(Who was a King, yet not a Gentleman)

Many

Many a man of no degree, no name,
By great atchievements to great honours came.
Levinus contrary (*Valerio*'s Son,
By whom proud *Tarquin* was expell'd the Throne)
Him worthleſs, Ev'n the people (*whom you know*)
They ſcorn'd; Thoſe fools that honours oft beſtow
On undeſervers, doating on gay men,
Dazled with ſhields and coronets. What then
Shall we do, lifted far above their Sphere?
The People to *Levinus* did prefer
A new man *Decius*; yet now, ſhould I
Stand for a place, hoarſe *Appius* would cry,
Withdraw! 'cauſe I'm no Gentleman: and ſhall,
When *Horace* meddles farther than his Naul.
But Honour takes into his Golden Coach
Noble and baſe. *Tullus*, what haſt to touch
The Purple Robe (which *Cæſar* forc't thee quit)
And be a Tribune? Envy thou didſt get
Thereby, by whom i'th' dark thou'dſt neer been ſpide.
For when the people ſee a ſtrange face ride
Up to the ears in Ermins, and a liſt
(Or more) of Gold; ſtrait they demand, *Who is't?*
What was his Father? Juſt as when ſome youth,
Sick of the Faſhions (to be thought, forſooth,
Handſom) inflames the fairer Sex, to call
His face in queſtion, hair, teeth, foot, and ſmall.
So when a man upon the Stage ſhall come,
And ſay, *Give me the Reins that govern* Rome,
I'le manage Italy, *the State ſhall be*
My care, I, and the Church likewiſe: Ods me!
It forces every Mortal to enquire
And know who was his Mother, who his Sire?
Shall then the Off-ſpring of a Minſtrel dare
Diſplace this General, condemn that Peer?

Novius

Novius was one hole lower. Being the ſame
My Father was, you'd think from *Brute* he came.
But if two hundred Draies obſtruct a ſtreet,
Or with their Trumpeters, three Funerals meet;
Louder than all he chafes with brazen lungs,
And this is ſomething to awe peoples tongues.
But to my ſelf, the ſon of the freed man
O (*Envy* cries) *The ſon of the freed man!*
Mæcenas, now, Becauſe thy Gueſt: before,
Becauſe a *Roman Tribune*'s charge I bore.
Theſe two are not alike: I may pretend,
Though not to office, yet to be thy friend,
Thou being chiefly in this caſe ſo choice,
Not guided by Ambition, popular voice,
Or by a chance: *Virgil* his word did paſs
For me, then *Varus* told thee what I was.
When firſt preſented, little ſaid I to thee,
(For Modeſty 's an infant) did not ſhew thee
A long-taild Pedigree: I did not ſay,
I bred Race-horſes in Apulia:
Told what I was. As little thou replied'ſt,
(Thy mode) I go: at nine months end, thou bid'ſt
Me, of thy Friends, be one. Of this I boaſt,
That I pleas'd thee (who to *diſtinguiſh* know'ſt)
Not Noble, but of fair and Cryſtal thoughts.
Yet, if except ſome few (*not hainous*) faults,
My Nature's ſtraight (as you may reprehend,
In a fair face, ſome moles.) If (*to commend*
My ſelf) I am not given to avarice;
Not naſty, not debaucht, not ſold to vice,
Lov'd by my Friends, obedient to the Laws,
Of all theſe things my Father was the cauſe.
Who though but tenant to one ſmall lean Farm,
In *Flavio*'s School would never let me learn.

When

When great *Centurions* ſent their great Boys thither,
Their left arms crampt with ſtones, hung in a leather-
Bag, with a counting-board; but boldly parts
With me (a child) to *Rome*: t' imbibe thoſe arts
A Knight, or Senator, might teach his Boy;
That who had ſeen my cloaths, and my convoy
Of Servants, cleaving through a preſs, would ſwear
Some wealthy Grandſire did my charges bear.
Himſelf (*the carefull'ſt Tutor*) had his eye
Over them all. In ſhort my Modeſtie,
(Vertues firſt bloom) ſo watring from this Well,
He both preſerv'd my whiteneſs and my ſmell:
Nor fear'd, leſt any ſhould in time to come,
Blame him he had not bred me ſtill at home
To his own Trade: or I my ſelf complain;
(The more his praiſe my debt,) if I have brain,
Of ſuch a Father now ſhall I repent,
Like ſome that quarrel with their own deſcent,
Becauſe their blood from Nobles did not flow?
Reaſon as well as Nature anſwers, No:
For if I ſhould unweave the Loom of Fate,
And chuſe my ſelf new Parents, for my State,
In any Tribe: Contented with mine own,
I would not change to be a Conſuls Son.
Mad, in the Vulgars judgment: But in thine
Sober, perchance: becauſe I did decline
An irkſom load I am not us'd to bear.
For I muſt ſeek more wealth ſtraight, if that were;
And, to beg Voices, many a viſit make,
Muſt at my heels a brace of Servants take;
For fear my Honour ſhould be ſeen alone,
To go into the Countrey, or the Town.
There muſt be Horſes ſtore, and Grooms thereto,
A Litter's to be hir'd too: Whereas now

'Tis

'Tis lawful for me on a Bob-tail Mule
To travel to *Tarentum*, if I wull;
My cloak-bag galling her behind, and I
Digging her ſhoulders. Not, with Obloquie,
Like *Tullus*, when in *Tiber*-Road he's ſeen
Attended with five Boys, carrying a skin
Of Wine, and a Cloſe-ſtool: Brave Senator,
More decently than thou, and thouſands more,
I could do that. Where e're I liſt I go,
Alone, the price of Broth and Barley know;
Croud in at every Sight, walk late in *Rome*:
Viſit the Temple with a Prayer: then home
To my Leek-pottage, and Chich-peaſe. Three boys
Serve in my Supper; whom to counterpoiſe
One bowl, two beakers on a broad white ſlate,
A pitcher with two ears (* *Campanian* Plate) *Earthen
Then do I go to ſleep: ſecurely do't,
Being next morning to attend no ſuit
In the great Hall (where *Marſya* doth look,
As if loud *Nomio*'s face he could not brook)
I lie till Four. Then walk, or read a while:
Or write to pleaſe my ſelf; noint me with Oil:
(Not ſuch as *Natta* paws himſelf withal,
Robbing the Lamps.) When neer his Vertical
The hotter Sun invites us to a Bath
For our tir'd Limbs, I fly the Dogs-ſtars wrath,
Having din'd only ſo much as may ſtay
My appetite: Loiter at home all day.
Theſe are my ſolaces: this is the life
Of men that ſhun ambition, run from ſtrife.
Lighter than if I ſoar'd on *Glories* wing,
The Nephew, Son, and Grand-ſon to a King.

SATYRE VII. By *A. B.*

A Braul between two Railing Buffoons.

THe venomous railing of that black-mouth'd thing,
Who lately was preſcrib'd *Rupilius King*;
Againſt that mungrel *Perſian*, and how he
Reveng'd himſelf on *King* again; theſe be
Things (I ſuppoſe) notoriouſly known,
The talk of every *Barbers* ſhop in town.
This *Perſian* being rich, his wealth did draw
Much buſineſs, and that buſineſs ſuits in *Law*;
And with *Rupilius King*, among the reſt,
He had a very troubleſom *conteſt*;
He was a ſurly fellow, proud, and bold,
And able *King* himſelf with eaſe t' out-ſcold,
Of ſuch a bitter and *invective* ſpeech,
That he even *Billingſgate* to rail could teach.
Now as to *King*, ſince nothing could compoſe
The differences which between them roſe,
Theſe two *Tongue-combatants* began their fray,
When *Brutus* govern'd wealthy *Aſia*;
To th' *Hall* they come contending eagerly,
Both matcht as equally as *Fencers* be;
They made an exc'llent *Scene*: Firſt in the Court
The *Perſian* pleads his cauſe, and made good ſport,
Our General *Brutus* to the skies he rais'd,
And his victorious Army highly prais'd;
Call'd him the *Sun* of *Aſia*, and all
His *Captains* he propitious Stars did call,
Except that Buffoon *King* (ſays he) who's far
More miſchievous t' you all, than the *Dog-ſtar*

Is

Is to the Husband-man: thus on he ran,
And by his railing, bore that *baffled* man
Quite down before him; like a Winter *flood*,
Which drives down every thing that e're withſtood
Its rapid *motion*, and by violence
Roots up the trees, and ſo the Axe prevents.
Thus when two *Warriers* engage in fight,
And both of equal courage, skill, and might,
Honour's their aim, both ſcorn to yield or run;
The more their *valour*, the more *miſchief*'s done.
So valiant *Hector* when he did engage
'Gainſt ſtout *Achilles*, ſuch a deadly rage
Did animate them both, that nothing could
Satiate their fury but each others blood,
And death of one, meerly 'cauſe both were ſtout;
Conquer or *die* both could, but ne're *give out*.
But when two *Cowards* quarrel, or if one
That *courage* has, contends with one of none;
(As *Diomedes* once with *Glaucus* did)
The *Coward* yields or runs for 't, and inſtead
Of blows, gives bribes, and preſents to his *Foe*,
Only to ſave his life, and let him go.
King rallies up his thoughts, and then retorts
Invectives falſe, and many of all ſorts:
Juſt like a ſurly *Carman*, whoſe rude tongue
Out-rails all Paſſengers, *be 't right or wrong*;
He had not wit to jeer, but rudely bauls,
And the ſmart *Perſian* Rogue and Cuckold calls:
The angry *Perſian* being ſo much ſtung
By the reproaches of the *Italians* tongue,
Cries out, Oh *Brutus!* by the Gods I pray,
Thou whoſe profeſſion's to take Kings away,
Murther this one *King* for me, thou'lt gain more
By this, then all the *Kings* th' haſt kill'd before.

SATYRE VIII. By *A. B.*

A Diſcovery of Witchcraft.

OF an old *Fig-tree* once the *trunk* was I,
And as a uſeleſs piece of *wood* laid by,
Till an ingenious *Carpenter* who found
Me lying ſo neglected on the ground,
Took me in hand to form me with his *tool*,
But whether he ſhould make of me a ſtool,
Or a *Priapus*, was a thing that did,
Long time perplex this politick *work-mans* head;
Till after long deliberation, he
For *weighty* reaſons made a *God* of me.
Hence does my *Deity* proceed, and I
Here ſtand the *thieves* and *birds* to terrifie;
The *thieves* I fright away with my right hand,
And my long *pole* which does erected ſtand;
My Crown of Reeds does drive the *birds* away,
That they dare not in our new *Gardens* prey.
The *ground* where I now ſtand was heretofore
A common *Burying-place* for all the poor,
Whoſe carcaſes in mean ſmall graves were laid,
And this the publick *Sepulchre* was made
For th' *meaneſt* ſort of people, thoſe men which
Were much the poorer 'cauſe they had been *rich*.
The bodies of ſuch *ſpend-thrifts* here were caſt,
As *fool'd* their means away, and lack'd at laſt.
A thouſand foot in length, three hundred wide,
Which from the reſt a Land-mark did divide,
Whoſe plain *inſcription* did deſcribe to th' *Heirs*,
Which ground was Sacred, & which ground was theirs:

Now

Now men 'ith' healthy *Church-yard* live, and where
Dead bodies ſtunk, the living take freſh air,
And on that green hill now we walk which once
Was all *deform'd* and cover'd o're with *bones*.
But yet the thieves and birds which hither come,
And haunt this place, are not ſo troubleſom
To me, as thoſe who *charms* and *poyſons* uſe,
With which they do poor mortal minds abuſe,
Theſe I can neither hinder nor deſtroy,
But in the *ſilent* nights, by *Moon-ſhine* they
Into theſe Gardens ſteal, and pick up there
Dead humane *bones* and *herbs* that poyſonous are.
Here that old Hag *Canidia* I ſpi'd
In a black garment cloſe about her ti'd,
Bare-foot ſhe walkt, her locks diſhevell'd were,
And that *Witch-major Sagana* with her:
Howling like Wolves, of pale and ugly hew,
They both appear'd moſt ghaſtly to my view,
With their long nails to ſcratch the earth they went,
And with their *teeth* a *Lamb* in ſunder rent,
Whoſe *bloud* they pour'd into their new-dig'd *pit*,
And *conjur'd* up th' infernal *Fiends* with it,
Such *Spirits* as could *anſwer* to what ere
They did demand: two *Images* there were
Brought by theſe *Hags*, by which they did their *knacks*,
One made of *wool*, the other made of *wax*:
The Woollen was the greater, that it might
The little Waxen *Image* curb and fright.
This Wax *Effigies* ſtood cringing by,
As ſinking under its *ſervility*,
One *Hecate* invokes; *Tiſyphone*
Is charmed by t' other: *Serpents* one might ſee,
And the *infernal Dogs* run out and in.
The baſhful *Moon* for fear ſhe ſhould have been

A witneſs to theſe *juglings* hid her face,
And made our *Sepulchres* her lurking place.
If I lie t' you in any thing I've ſaid,
May the *Crows* with their *dung* pollute my head!
May all the *rogues* and *whores*, and *thieves* in town,
Caſt their baſe Excrements upon my *crown!*
What need I all thoſe tricks to mention, which
Were done by *Sagana* that damn'd old Witch?
And by what *Artifice* the Ghoſts and ſhe
Diſcours'd together with variety
Of tones, now ſhrill, now flat, and how they did
Hide under ground by ſtealth the hairy head
Of an old *wolf*, with teeth of ſpeckled *ſnake*,
Then with the Waxen *image* they did make
The fire to blaze: But that I might not be
A tame *ſpectator* of this *foolery*,
And thoſe *impoſtures* unreveng'd behold,
Of both thoſe *Hags* ſo ugly and ſo old;
I from my *Godſhips* entrails backward ſpoke
As thundring as a *bladder* when 'tis broke;
Away run both the *witches* into *town*,
Out dropt *Canidia*'s ſet of teeth, and down
Old *Sagana* her *ſnakes* and *poyſons* threw
And all her *conjuring* tools, off likewiſe flew
Her *Periwig*, 'twould make one break his heart
With laughter, to obſerve how one ſound *fart*
Broke from a *God*, two Witches frights away,
And made them run from one more weak than they.

SATYR

SATYRE IX.

A deſcription of an impertinent prating Fool.

OF late along the *ſtreets* I muſing walkt,
And to my ſelf ſome learned *whimſie* talkt;
When lo a wandring *Trifler* to me came,
Whom ſcarce I knew, ſave only by his name;
And with familiar freedom took my hand,
Asking me, *How I did?* At *your command*
(Said I) *God keep you Sir.* He following ſtill,
I turn'd about, and ſtopt to know his will.
What? don't you know me, man? (ſaid he) *I too*
A Virtuoſo am as well as you.
The more I honour you, Sir, (I repli'd)
And ſtill all ways to ſhake him off I tri'd;
In thouſand different poſtures I did go,
Sometimes I walkt *apace*, and ſometimes *ſlow*;
Sometimes I *whiſper'd* in my *Foot-boys* ear,
And all the while did ſweat all o're for fear.
Oh happy he! (to mutter I began)
Who hugs himſelf at an impertinent man!
Oh happy! who as well himſelf can feaſt
On the moſt *fooliſh* talker as the beſt!
In the mean time his tongue did *gallop* on,
Letting no ſtreet, nor ſign, nor houſe alone:
At laſt, perceiving I did nothing mind,
(He ſaid) *you'd fain be rid of me, I find;*
But you, nor I have now not much to do,
I'le therefore wait upon you where you go:
Where lies your way? O Lord, pray Sir do not
Your ſelf for me to ſo much trouble put;

My journey lies almoſt as far's the Tower,
To viſit one you never ſaw before.
That's nothing Sir, I'm perfectly at leiſure,
And a long walk with you I count a pleaſure.
With that I ſhrunk my ſhoulders, hung my ears,
As a dull Aſs that too great lading bears.
Then he begins: *If once you knew me Sir,*
You ſcarce to me would any Wit prefer,
Who is there that can better verſes write?
Or who with greater ſwiftneſs can indite?
Who of your friends can more gentilely dance?
Or who can better teach the mode of France?
If you but hear me ſing, you will confeſs,
I do excel the fam'd Hermogenes.
Here it was time to interpoſe: *Have you*
No mother Sir, nor other kindred, who
May want your company this preſent hour?
O no; pale death did them long ſince devour.
The happier they; *Nay then, in faith, go on,*
Kill me out-right, my friend, ſince th' haſt begun;
My laſt hour's come, and now I plainly ſee
Thou wert intended by that Prophecie
Which my Nurſe *ſpake, when I an infant was,*
Clapping my feet and ſmiling in my face,
She ſaid; This Boy no poiſon, nor no ſteel,
No pain of Cough, or Spleen, or Gout, ſhall feel,
But by ſome fatal tongue ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Talkers *let him, when come to age, avoid.*
Over againſt *Guild-hall* at length we came,
He pelting me, I miſerably lame.
Gods ſo! 'Tis well remembred, hold, I pray,
I have a Cauſe here to be tri'd to day;
Good Sir come with me in, I'le ſtraight diſpatch.
In haſt, like dying men, this *bough* I catch.

In

In troth Sir I have no great skill i'th' Law,
My nod will keep no Judge or Jury in awe,
I'le ſoftly walk before, and if you make
Good ſpeed, you quickly me may overtake.
Here he perplext ſtood ſtill, and ſcratcht his head,
What? ſhall I loſe ſo dear a friend? (he ſaid)
Or by my abſence loſe my Cauſe? Nay Sir,
I pray regard your buſineſs do not ſtir.
Let my Cauſe ſink (or *ſwim*) *I'le leave it here,*
So I my ſelf to ſuch a friend endear.
So on he leads, and I found 'twas in vain
To ſpoil my *teeth* by champing of the *chain*;
Straight he reſumes his firſt Diſcourſe; *And how?*
How with my Lord ſtands your condition now?
My Lord's a prudent man, and private lives,
Never himſelf to much acquaintance gives;
You'l raiſe a mighty Fortune under him,
But yet methinks it would great wiſdom ſeem,
If you would take ſome courſe thoſe to prefer
About him, who might ſtill poſſeſs his ear
To your advantage, and if I were one,
You might be ſure to govern him alone.
You'r quite miſtaken Sir, we live not ſo
As you ſuppoſe, nor yet as others do;
No ſmall Intrigues *that family does breed,*
No plots, nor little jealouſies does feed:
None there does look with envious eyes upon
Anothers good, but loves it as his own;
Strange and unuſual this which you relate,
But ſo it is, the more I'm paſſionate
To make one of your number. That you may
Without diſpute, if you'l but try the way;
A man ſo qualifi'd as you appear,
Cann't be deny'd admiſſion any where:

Well, to my ſelf I will not wanting be,
I'le watch his hours, his ſervants I will fee;
I will ſalute his Chariot in the ſtreet,
I'le bring him home as often as we meet:
We Courtiers ſtrive for intereſt in vain,
Unleſs by long obſervance it we gain.
While he did thus run on, who ſhould we meet
But my friend *C*—— paſſing croſs the ſtreet,
C—— ſtraight found what kind of man he was,
Nor to ſee through him, needed he his Glaſs:
So when the *uſual complements* were paſt,
I trod on's Toes, and ſoftly him imbrac't;
I winkt, and ſhrug'd, and many ſigns I gave,
Which ſilently did his aſſiſtance crave:
But my *unmerciful* malitious friend,
Seem'd not to underſtand what I intend,
Enjoy'd my miſery, and ſmil'd to ſee
What ſmall thin *Plots* I made to be ſet free.
Dear friend! d'you remember who laſt night
Did us to dine with him to day invite?
I will remember it, but yet in troth
I have no mind to go, for I am loth
To break a faſting day, as we ſhall there.
That's nought, I have a diſpenſation here.
I've none (ſays he) I'm going another way,
I'le keep my *Conſcience*, and the *Church* obey
This ſaid my *witty* Friend with cruel ſpight,
Leaves me even when the *Butcher*'s going to ſmite.
Under what curſed Planet was I born?
By my *companion* to be left forlorn!
Condemn'd to ſuffer this inceſſant breath,
And by perpetual *chatt'ring* talk'd to death.
But now at laſt by great good hap there was
A *Bailiff* ſeiz'd on him as he did paſs;

O have I caught you Sir, you muſt with me,
Pray Sir, will you againſt him witneſs be?
Along they go, I for revenge too joyn'd,
But in the *Hall* we ſo great tumult find,
Such heaps of *Women* follow'd us, and *Boys*,
That I with eaſe eſcapt amidſt the noiſe.
Sure great was my diſtreſs, when even a throng
Of *Lawyers* was relief againſt his tongue.

SATYRE X. By *A. B.*

Another Diſcourſe of POETRY.

I Said indeed, the Verſe *Lucilius* writ
Were rough, 'tis true; and who 's ſo void of wit,
Though ne're ſo much his *Patron* or his *Friend*,
That him againſt this *cenſure* can defend?
But in that very *Page* I ſaid withal,
That with great Wit he does the *City* maul,
And did commend him for it much. But yet
Though I allow him that, I don't admit
Lucilius was ſo thorough-pac'd a *Wit*,
As to be good at every thing, for ſo
That fool *Laberius* Dogrel *Rhimes* might go
For exc'llent *Poems*, and be much admir'd.
Though 't be a vertue, and to be deſir'd
To make an *Audience* laugh well, yet there be
More things requir'd to make a *Poet*; he
Muſt be *conciſe*, his *Verſe* muſt ſmoothly flow,
And not be clogg'd with *needleſs* words that grow
A burden to the *Reader*, who is tir'd
With reading that which he at firſt *deſir'd*.

Some-

Sometimes 'tis good to uſe a *doleful* ſtrain,
But moſt of all the *brisk* and *airy* vain;
Now play the *Rhetorician*, and then
To the *Poetick* raptures fly agen.
Sometimes write like a *Gentleman*, whoſe part
Is to write eaſily without much *art*.
A *Drolling* merry ſtyle does better hit
Great matters, than a down-right railing Wit;
The antient *Comick* Poets on this ground
Are *imitable*, and to be renown'd,
But thoſe our ſpruce *Gallants* about the *Town*,
(Becauſe they underſtand them not) cry down.
To ſing what *Calvus* and *Catullus* writ,
Is th' height of all their *learning* and their *wit*:
He that, ſay they, in's *Latine* Verſes can
Mix ends of *Greek*, that, that's the only man.
You aged *Block-heads!* who ſo doat upon
That *Rhodian* Dunce, Poet *Pytholeon*,
And think that *Pie-bald* way in which he went
To be both *difficult* and *excellent*.
But oh! an elegant *diſcourſe* (you'l ſay)
Made up of *Greek* and *Latine* words look gay;
'Tis juſt like *Chian* Wine when mixt among
The Wine that to *Falernum* does belong.
When thou wouldeſt *Verſes* make, imagine thou
Wert for thy *life* to plead thy own cauſe now,
As did that criminal *Petillus* once,
Would'ſt thou thy *Native language* quite renounce,
While the Kings Council in their Mother tongue
Tug for thy *Condemnation*, right or wrong?
To interlace thy ſpeech, would'ſt thou incline
With *forein* words, and like the *Canuſine*,
Speak a compounded *Gibriſh*? But when I
(Who am an *In-land Poet*) went to try

To

To make *Greek* Verſes, after mid-night, when
Thoſe things are real which are *dreamt* by men,
Romulus-ſtraight appear'd to me, and told me,
All men would for as great a *mad-man* hold me,
If I attempt t' encreaſe that tedious ſtore
Of the *Greek* Poets, too too large before,
As if I ſhould *Coals to New-Caſtle ſend*;
This to my *Gracian* verſing put an end:
While ſwelling *Alpin* with this thundring Pen,
Murders poor ſlaughter'd *Memnon* o're agen,
And by his *barbarous* Poetry deſtroys
Thoſe things and perſons which he goes to *praiſe*.
I ſport my ſelf with writing Lines, which ne're
Are ſpoken in *Apollo's* Temple, where
That Pedant *Tarpa* does preſume to ſit,
And with much boldneſs judge of little *wit*;
Nor are they oft obtruded on the *Stage*,
To *cloy* the Stomach of the *queazie* age,
As now our modern *Fundanus* does,
Who is in *ſcribling* Plays facetious,
And with a ſubtle *whore*, a cunning *knave*,
Cheating old men, we the ſame *fancy* have
In all his Plays. And Tragick *Pollio* ſings
In his *three-footed* Verſe the deeds of *Kings*:
But our ingenious *Varius* does produce
Better than any the *Heroick* Muſe,
And the ſmooth Rural *Muſes* do inſpire
Virgil with ſoft and moſt facetious fire.
Hence 'tis that I write better *Satyrs* then
That blundring *Varro*, and that ſort of men
Who have ſo often tri'd to write, in vain,
Yet I fall ſhort of our *Lucilius* ſtrain,
Who firſt invented them; nor will I dare
To *ſtrip* him from the *Crown* which did adhere

T'his

T' his brows with ſo much glory; though I ſaid
His Verſes did run muddily, yet they had
More in them that deſerv'd our great reſpect,
Than all thoſe *Vices* which we ſhould reject.
But prithee tell me? Did thy learned eye
Nothing to be reprov'd in *Homer* ſpie?
Did not *Lucilius* himſelf think fit
To alter ſomething of weak *Accius* wit?
Did he not laugh at *Ennius* lines, as though
Some things in them were not quite grave enough?
And when of thee he a diſcourſe did move,
Thought thee as bad as thoſe he did reprove?
And what ſhould hinder, but when ever we
Do read *Lucilius* works, we well may ſee
If 't were the imperfection of his wit,
Or *crabbed* Nature of the things he writ,
Would not permit the Lines he made to be
Elaborate, or run more evenly?
Or if that any Poet took delight
A Poem in *Hexameter* to write,
Contented only that he had made up
Two hundred Verſes when he went to ſup,
And after Supper juſt as many more,
Whoſe *rhimes* did run as *Caſſius* heretofore,
More ſwift and raging than a Torrent does,
Which being condemn'd to fire, as ſtory goes,
Was burnt to aſhes with the Books he writ,
(The juſt reward of a *volum'nous* wit)
If he were now alive, and all that e're
He found *ſuperfluous*, away ſhould pare,
He'ld *ſcratch his head* were he a Verſe to write,
And often to the quick his *nails would bite.*
" *He that would write what ſhould twice reading ſtand,*
" *Muſt often be upon the mending hand,*

" *Ne're*

" *Ne're mind the praiſe of th' undiſcerning Crew,*
" *Content with learned Readers, though but few.*
Art thou ſo mad thy *Poems* to expoſe
To *Ballad-ſingers*, and to *Puppet-ſhows?*
Not I (I vow) I'm like the bold *wench*, that
By all the people being *baited* at,
Since I (quoth ſhe) am *Minion* to a *Knight*,
I all the inferior *rabble* ſcorn and ſlight:
Shall ſuch an *Arſe-worm* as *Pantilius*,
Diſturb my thoughts? or when *Demetrius* does
Behind my back traduce me, or that Aſs
Fannius (who once *Tigellius* Crony was)
Abuſes me, his envious rage to vent,
Shall I then fooliſhly my ſelf torment?
No; let *Mæcenas*, and ſuch men of wit
As *Virgil*, will but read what I have writ,
With many *friends* and *learned* perſons more,
Whoſe names I do *induſtriouſly* paſs o're,
Whom I deſire to ſmile on what I write
How ill ſoe'er; But if they ſhould delight
Leſs than my *expectation*, I ſhould be
Exceeding *ſorrowful*: But as for thee
Demetrius, thee *Tigellius* that be
But *Fidling Rogues*, go fret your ſelves and pine
'Mongſt your *She-ſcholars* at theſe lines of mine;
Sirrah, make all the haſte you can, and look
That all I've ſaid be added to my Book.

The End of the Firſt Book of Satyres.

SATYRES.

BOOK II.

SATYRE I. By Sir *R. F.*

He dilates upon the advice given him by Trebatius *to write the actions of* Auguſtus, *rather than Satyres (as things that are dangerous to meddle with) and ſhews why he cannot obey him.*

SOme think I am too ſharp a Satyriſt,
And that I ſtretch my work beyond the liſt.
Others, what ere I write is needleſs ſay,
And that like mine a thouſand Lines a day
May be ſpun. What would'ſt thou adviſe me now
(*Trebatius*) in this caſe? *Sit ſtill.* As how?
Not to write Verſe at all, doſt thou aver
As thy Senſe? *I do.* Let me never ſtir,
If 'twere not better. But I cannot ſleep.
For that, ſwim *Tyber* (nointed) thrice: or ſteep

Thy

Thy brains at night in Wine. If thou muſt needs
Write, dare to write unconquer'd *Caſars* deeds,
Great Rewards following. Father, that being it
I'de fain be at, my will exceeds my wit.
Not every Pen can paint in horrid Field (kill'd,
Thick Groves of Pikes, Spears broke in *French-men*
And a hurt *Parthian* dropping from his Horſe.
His juſtice though thou mayſt, and his minds force:
As wiſe *Lucilius* thoſe of *Scipio*,
I'le not be wanting to my ſelf, if ſo
Occaſion ſerve. The paſſage muſt be clear
When *Horace* words pierce *Caſars* ſerious ear:
Whom, ſtroaking, if we think t' approach: 'ware heels!
Is not that better than in Verſe that reels,
To jeer this Gull, that Prodigal, when each (reach)
Man thinks he's meant (tho quite from thy thoughts
And hates thee for't? what ſhould I do? being hot
I'th' head, and ſeeing double through the Pot,
Milonius friſks. *Caſtor* on Horſe-back fights:
The twin of the ſame Egg in *Clubs* delights.
As many thouſand minds as men there be,
I like *Lucilius* (better than both we)
My words in Meeter love t' encloſe and bind.
His way was, in his Books to ſpeak his mind
As freely, as his ſecrets he would tell
To a try'd friend: and took it ill, or well,
He held his Cuſtom. Hence it came to paſs,
The old mans life is there as in a Glaſs.
His ſteps I follow, whom you neither can
Of *Luca* call, nor an *Appulian*.
(For the *Venuſian* both their borders ploughs,
A Colony of *Rome*, as old Fame ſhews,
The *Sabels* thence expell'd to ſtop that Gate,
And be an Out-work to the *Roman* State.)

Yet

Yet I'de not harm a Chicken with my will:
For ſhew and countenance bearing my Quill
Like a Sword ſheath'd; which why ſhould I draw, not
Set on by Rogues? with Ruſt there may it rot
O *Jove*, Father and King: and none bereave
The peace I ſeek. But if there do, believe
Me they will rue 't, when with my keen Stile ſtung,
Through the whole town they ſhall in pomp be ſung.
Servius the penal Statutes (anger'd) threats
Canidia to witch them, 'gainſt whom ſhe ſets:
A miſchief *Turius*, to all thoſe wage Law
Where he's a Judg. That every one doth awe
Them whom he fears, with that where his ſtrength is,
And that by Natures Law appears in this:
Wolves ſmite with teeth, Bulls with the horn (this muſt
Be taught them from within.) With *Scæva* truſt
His long-liv'd Mother; my head to a groat,
His pious hand ſhall never cut her throat.
Not his? No more then an Ox bite, a *Bear*
Kick thee: but ſhe ſhall die of poiſon. There
Now lies his skill. Me, whether (in effect)
The quiet Harbour of old age expect,
Or Death with ſable wings hover about:
Rich, Poor, at *Rome*, or by hard Fate thruſt out
Into exile; in whatſoever way
Of life, I muſt write Verſes: that's my play:
O Child! thy Taper's near the end I doubt,
And that ſome great Mans brave will puff thee out.
Why? When *Lucilius* durſt begin this way
Of writing Verſes, and the skins did flay,
In which the outward-fair diſguis'd their ſhame;
Were *Lælius* and he that won a name
From *Carthage* raz'd, offended with his wit?
Or did they winch, *Metellus* being hit?

And

And *Lupus* ſtript and whipt in Verſe? yet he
Spouted his Ink on men of each degree:
None ſpar'd but *Vertue* and her friends. Nay when
Retir'd were from the Stage, and croud of men,
Scipio's exalted vertue, and the mild
Wiſdom of *Lælius*: Till the Broth was boild,
They both would play and toil with him, ungirt.
Though I in wit, and in condition, ſhort
Am of *Lucilius*: Envy ſhall confeſs
Againſt her will, I've liv'd nevertheleſs
Amongſt *great men*: and (thinking to have ſtuff
Here, for her rotten teeth) find I am tough,
If learn'd *Trebatius* take me at my rate,
Nay truly I can find nothing to bate;
Only I warn thee, leſt through ignorance
Of ſetled Laws thou come to ſome miſchance:
If any write baſe Verſes againſt other,
It bears a ſuit. If baſe, I grant: but Father,
If any write good *verſe*, that man is prais'd,
Cæſar the Judg. If I the ſtreet have rais'd
By barking at a Thief, my ſelf being none,
The *Bench* with laughter cracks, I (freed) go home.

SATYRE II. By *A. B.*

The benefits of Temperance and Frugality.

HOw great a vertue 'tis, and how it tends
To th' good of *humane* life (my worthy friends)
To live *abſtemiouſly*, is not to be
Learn'd at great Feaſts made up of *luxury*,
Amongſt your poliſh'd *Tables* ſpred in State,
Loaden with Diſhes of ſtupendious Plate,

Whoſe various ſplendour does amaze the Eye,
And make the *puzled* appetite paſs by
What's good, and *chooſe* the worſe: but when you be
Faſting, then come ſift out this *truth* with me.
This is not my Senſe only, but *Offellus*
That Country *wit*, this truth did long ſince tell us,
A prudent man, yet walkt not by a *rule*,
Nor learn'd the formal *Precepts* of the School.
You'l ask, why faſting? give me leave, I'le tell you;
You can no more with a full gorged belly
Know *vice* from *vertue*, then a Judg that is
Corrupt, diſcern 'twixt truth and falſities.
Suppoſe you had hunted hard, or us'd your force
To ride and *manage* a high-metled *Horſe*:
Or you whoſe life before *luxurious* was,
Should'ſt on a *Roman* Souldiers duty paſs,
Or ſhould'ſt at *Tennis* play with might and main,
Whilſt the delight makes you ner'e mind the pain;
Or had you been at *Quoiting*, and had thrown
Into the yielding Air a pondrous *ſtone*,
Till your much exerciſe had driven away
That ſuſtenance which on your ſtomachs lay,
When you are very dry and hungry grown,
Then I'ld fain ſee you let *coarſe* food alone;
Or drink no *Wine*, unleſs you can procure
Racy *Canary*, or what *Claret*'s pure,
Or if the *Butler*'s abſent, or the *Main*
By ſtorms protects her *Fiſh* from being ſlain,
A cruſt of bread dipt into ſalt well may
The barking of your empty ſtomachs ſtay.
You'l ask me how this vertue may be got?
"True pleaſure in the daintieſt Diſh does not
"Conſiſt, but in our ſelves, and any meat
"Is to us *Venſon*, if obtain'd by *ſweat*:

"But

"But no delicious Banquets can invite,
"Or gratifie the gorged *appetite*.
I doubt I ſhan't perſwade you, but that men
Will feed upon dry *Peacocks*, rather then
The Fat, but common Fowl: Mens Palats be
Corrupted with the very *vanity*
Of things, and ſtill deſire to taſte that food
That's very *dear*, and think it therefore *good*.
Peacocks with us the beſt eſteem obtain,
Not for their *Fleſh*, but for their gaudy *Train*,
As if it would mens Palats gratifie,
To eat thoſe *Feathers* they extol ſo high:
Or that the glorious *ſhew* would not be ſpoil'd,
When you ſhall ſee a *Peacock* ſtript and boil'd.
Although the fleſh of *Hens* and *Peacocks* do
In nothing differ, it appears that you
Are *fool'd* with various *colours*: Be ſo ſtill
You'l wonder how I have attain'd this skill.
When you 've a *Pike* preſented in a Diſh,
You ask *impertinently*, if that Fiſh
In the main *Sea*, or in *freſh* waters caught?
And madly praiſe *Mullets* of three pound weight,
Which you muſt cut in pieces; but I ſee
Moſt men meerly with *ſhews* delighted be:
Pray, for what reaſon do moſt men diſlike,
(Though they love *Mullets* large) a well-grown *Pike*?
Their *curioſity*'s the reaſon for't,
'Cauſe Nature made *Pikes* long, and *Mullets* ſhort.
When a mans *ſtomach* is once hungry grown,
He ſlights no food, the coarſeſt bit will down;
But the luxurious *Glutton* ſays, I wiſh
A pondrous *Mullet* wallowing in my diſh;
Such fellows do only deſerve to eat
With ravenous *Harpyes*. I could wiſh their meat

Would with moiſt weather ſtink, and loathſom grow,
But their *freſh Fiſh* and *Venſon* will do ſo;
And to their glutted Stomachs nauſeous be,
By their too fulſom *ſuperfluity*,
When the cramb'd *Glutton* over-charg'd with meat,
To get new ſtomach does ſharp *Salads* eat.
Yet ſometimes homely Diet does appear
At mighty *Princes* Tables; for *Eggs* there
(Which are ſo common) ſometimes may be ſeen,
And the black *Olives* on their Boards have been.
Though with the *Crier Gallo* 'twas not thus,
Who was for Luxury ſo *infamous*,
Becauſe he Sturgeon firſt did bring to's Board,
What cann't the *Sea* Mullets enough afford?
The *Turbet* in the Sea did ſafely reſt,
And *Storks* lay unmoleſted in their neſt,
Till your luxurious May'r (that would have been)
Ingeniouſly brought their deſtruction in:
And now if any other perſon ſhou'd
Cry up the roaſted *Cormorant*, rare food!
Our *Roman* youth, *who've only vitious wit*,
Would praiſe and imitate both him and it.
Yet (as *Offellus* held) there's difference great
Betwixt the *ſordid* and the *frugal* meat,
And men in vain do *luxury* eſchew,
If they do *Sordidneſs* the while purſue.
So *Avidienus*, whom we do juſtly brand
With name of *Dog*, would eat wild *Cornels*, and
Kept till 'twas ſowre all the *Wine* he drunk,
And all his Oyl intollerably ſtunk,
Which from his naſty *horn*, he, *drop by drop*,
Diſtill'd upon the *Colwort* Sallet top
With his own hand, but he would never ſpare
To *dreſs* it o're with his dead *Vinegar*,

Though

Though on his *Birth-day*, or his *Wedding-day*,
Or other *feaſt*, clad in his beſt array.
What *Diet* then ſhould a *wiſe* man be at?
And which of theſe two ſhould he imitate?
Keep the mid-road, and both extreams beware,
Here lurks a Dog, and a fierce Wolf lies there.
So *cleanly* he ſhould be as not t' offend
By's *naſtineſs* the ſtomach of his friend;
Not be extream on either hand in's treat,
Nor by *too much*, nor by *too little* meat;
Nor like *Albutius* of old, who when
He entertain'd his *friend* would beat his *men*:
Nor negligent as *Nævius*, who at Feaſts
With *greaſie* water would preſent his *gueſts*.
This is a great vice alſo. Now, pray mind,
What good in *frugal* Diet you may find.
Firſt you'l be very *healthy*; for you know
Much harm to us from *various* meats do flow:
Think on that only *Diſh* which was your fare,
How blith and healthy after it you were!
But when men fell to mingling *roaſt* and *boild*,
And *fiſh* and *fowl* together, health was ſpoild!
The ſweet meats turn'd to *Choler*, and tough *phlegm*,
Bred a diſturbance in the *maws* of them:
Obſerve how *pale* and *ſick* a man does riſe
From board, *confounded* with varieties;
" *Nay when the body's over-charg'd, the mind*
" *Is alſo in the diſcompoſure join'd,*
" *And on the ground inhumanely does roul,*
" *That part of Heavenly breath, the precious ſoul!*
While he that does a ſlender Diet keep,
Can on the ſudden lay his limbs to ſleep,
And in the morning riſe ſo freſh to do
Whatever *buſineſs* he's inclin'd unto.

And yet this *temperate* perſon ſometimes may
Increaſe his *Table* on ſome *Holy-day*,
Or when he means his body co *careſs*,
Which is brought low by his *abſtemiouſneſs*;
" For years will ſteal on men, *old age* muſt be,
" Becauſe 'tis feeble, handled tenderly.
But if *decrepit* age on ſome men ſeiſe,
Or if they fall into ſome ſharp *diſeaſe*,
What *tender* uſage can be added more,
Then they being young and luſty had before?
Our *Anceſtors* ſtale *Venſon* us'd to praiſe,
Not that they could not *ſmell* it in thoſe days,
But 'twas with this intent, that if a *Gueſt*
Came ſome days after th' ending of the *Feaſt*,
'Twere better he ſhould on cold *Venſon* fall,
Than for the *Maſter* to devour it all.
I would to God I had been brought forth then,
In that *firſt age* among thoſe *worthy* men.
D' you value reputation, which to th' ear
Is gratefuller than *Verſe* or *Muſick* are?
Great *Turbets*, and ſuch coſtly Diſhes do
Beget you damage and diſcredit too;
Beſides your Parents and your Friends you muſt
Enrage, and prove to your own ſelves unjuſt;
And then in vain you will deſire to die,
Not being worth a Groat a *Rope* to buy.
You'l ſay, ſuch a poor ſneak as *Thraſius*,
Juſtly deſerves to be rewarded thus:
But you 've a great Eſtate, wealth without end,
As much as will ſuffice three *Kings* to ſpend.
What then? Can there no better way be found
To ſpend that Wealth, with which you ſo abound?
" Why ſhould ſo many *brave* men want? and why
" Should the Gods antient *Temples* ruin'd lie

" While

" While you are *rich?* Vile wretch! Why wilt not thou
Out of thy needleſs ſtore ſomething allow
For thy dear *Countreys* good? canſt thou ſuppoſe
Thy *fate* alone will ſtill be *proſperous*;
Oh, how thine enemies will laugh at thee,
When thou 'rt reduc'd to want and *beggary!*
Which of the two can certaineſt rely
On his own temper in *adverſity?*
That man whoſe pamper'd body and his mind,
Have ever been to *luxury* inclin'd,
Or that's *content* with little, and doth fear
What may fall out, and wiſely does prepare
In time of *peace* things requiſite for *war.*
Now that you may believe this to be true,
When I was young I this *Offellus* knew,
A man of great Eſtate, yet ſpent no more
Then afterwards, when *robb'd* of all his ſtore.
A man might ſee him with his *cattel*, and
His *children* tilling his allotted land,
And patiently bearing that he is
Farmer of that Eſtate which once was his.
I never durſt eat any thing (he'ld ſay)
But *Caul* and *Bacon* on a *working-day*;
But if an ancient *friend* with me had been,
Whom a long time before I had not ſeen,
Or a good *neighbour* came to viſit me,
When *rainy* weather me from work ſet free,
I made him welcome, not with *coſtly* Fiſh,
A *Pullet*, or a *Lamb* ſerv'd for his diſh;
Dri'd *Grapes* and *Nuts* his ſecond Courſe were made,
And double *Figs* were on the Table laid;
Then after Dinner 'twas our *recreation*
To paſs the *Grace-cup* round on Reputation.

A health to *Ceres* that our Corn might grow,
And ſmooth'd with *Wine* the wrinckles of our brow,
Let *Fortune* rage, and raiſe commotions new,
Can ſhe make me live meaner (Boys) or you?
For *Nature* ne're appointed him or me,
Or any elſe, *proprietors* to be
Of our own lands, though now the time is his
To turn me out, yet his *unthriftineſs*
Or *ignorance* of *tricks* in law, or elſe
Who e're *ſurvives* him, him at laſt expels.
This *Farm* which now by *Umbrenus* name is known
Was mine, but none can ſay, *it is his own*;
" 'Tis thine, and mine, and his, live bravely then,
" And in all troubles *quit* your ſelves like men.

SATYRE III. By *A. B.*

That every man is in ſomething or other mad.

DAMASIPPUS and HORACE.

Dam.

THou writ'ſt ſo ſeldom, that there does appear,
Scarce a new *Poem* from thee twice a year,
But vainly ſpend'ſt thy time in looking o're
Thoſe things which thou haſt written heretofore:
I'm vext at thee, that thou do'ſt thus reſign
Thy ſelf up to the ſway of *ſleep* and *wine*;
The *Muſes* negligently laid aſide,
And we of what we ſo *deſire* deni'd.

Hor. What would you have me do?

Dam. Here thou haſt been
Retir'd ever ſince *Chriſtmas* did begin,

Now

Now thou'rt at leiſure, let's have ſomething from thee
That may appeaſe our *longing*, and become thee;
Come, ſtrike up man,——one Verſe.——
Hor. No, 'twill not do.
Dam. Thou blam'ſt thy harmleſs *pen*, nay the *wall* too
Endures thy cauſeleſs rage for native guilt,
'Cauſe 'twas in ſpight of *Gods* or *Muſes* built.
Thou did'ſt pretend, that if thou once could'ſt be
Out of this *Town* from *noiſe* and *buſineſs* free,
And to ſome little Countrey *Vill* retire,
In a mean *Cottage* by a little fire,
How many *admirable* lines ſhould we,
As the effects of thy *retirement* ſee?
Elſe to what end did'ſt thou *incumber* thus
Thy ſelf with *Eupolis*, *Archilochus*,
Menander, *Plato*, and ſuch Books as thoſe,
If thou'lt not write at all? do'ſt thou ſuppoſe
That by declining *vertue* thou ſhalt be
Protected from the jaws of *Calumny*?
Thou wilt be laught at for an Aſs; come, loath
Thoſe lewd inchantments of that *Syren* ſloath;
Elſe all that honour which about thee ſhin'd,
Got by thy exc'llent parts muſt be reſign'd.
Hor. 'Pox on your too true counſel. Now (I pray)
The Gods to ſend a man to ſhave away
That formal *beard* of thine; but prithee how
Cam'ſt thou me and my *humour* thus to know?
Dam. Since my *Eſtate*'s conſum'd I go no more
To the *Exchange*, as I did heretofore,
But having now no buſineſs of my own,
To other men I am a *Broker* grown;
In former time, I gave my mind to know
Whether a *ſtatue* were well made or no;

What

What was well *carv'd* or *painted*, and what ill,
And how to ſell or buy them I had skill.
If a rare *picture* any where I found,
I would not care to give a thouſand pound.
Gardens and *ſtately houſes* I could buy
And ſell to great *advantage*, ſo that I
When I was ſeen thorough the *City* ride,
Here comes the Purchaſer, the people cri'd.
Hor. I know it, and I cann't but wonder how
Thou com'ſt thus cur'd of that *diſtemper* now.
Dam. I'le tell you what ſeems ſtrange, & yet 'tis true,
My *old* diſeaſe was driv'n out by my *new*.
As in ſome *bodies* there is wont to be
The *Head-ach* cured by a *Pluriſie*,
Or one that has a *Lethargy* endur'd
Grows *frantick*, and beats him by whom he's cur'd.
Hor. Be thou as *frantick* as thou wilt, ſo as
Thou wilt not ſerve me as the *Doctor* was. (mad,
Dam. Good friend, don't cheat thy ſelf, ev'n thou art
And all the world are very near as bad.
If what *Stertinius* the *Stoick* ſaith
'Mong prudent men, does merit any Faith,
That grave *Philoſopher* at firſt taught me
Theſe *admirable* precepts, and 'twas he
My Spirits in my great *affliction* chear'd,
And will'd me wear this *Philoſophick* beard;
And from *Fabritius* Bridge return agen
With ſpirit *undiſturb'd* and calm, for when
All my Eſtate was gon, I thither went
My *Cap* pluckt o're my eyes, with an intent
To *drown* my ſelf, I fortunately ſpi'd
That learned *Stoick* ſtanding by my ſide.
What do'ſt thou mean (qd. he) young man? take heed
That thou do not an unbecoming deed,

Thou'rt

Thou'rt driven to this by *ſhame* that's very bad,
Fearing 'mong *mad* men to be counted *mad*:
Conſider firſt what *madneſs* is, and then
If 't be in thee, and in no other men,
Go bravely *hang* or *drown* thy ſelf for me,
I'le never ſpeak a word to hinder thee.
He who to *vitious folly* is inclin'd,
And is by *ignorance* of truth led blind,
Is by the *Stoick* counted out of 's wits,
This *definition* all degrees befits:
All perſons, nay great Princes, every one
It *comprehends*, but the wiſe man alone;
Nay give me leave, and I'le *demonſtrate* how
He who calls thee *fool*'s as much *fool* as thou.
Like *Trav'lers* paſſing through a Wood, when they
Range up and down miſſing their ready way,
This to the right, that to the left hand ſtrays,
One error fools them both, though ſeveral ways.
And tho thou think'ſt thou'rt *mad*, yet even he
Is not a jot leſs *mad* that laughs at thee,
Both to *Fool-coats* have like propriety.
There is one ſort of *fools* that ſtart and quake
At the *Chimæras* which their fancies make,
Cries out *rocks*, *fire*, and *water* him detain,
When he is only walking on the *plain*:
Another which is full as mad as he,
Though in his *humor* he goes contrary,
Runs through all *fire* and *water*, ventures life,
Though Father, Mother, Brother, Siſter, Wife,
Or (which is more) his *Miſtris* ſhould ſtand by,
And warn him of the danger he is nigh,
Crying aloud, *Take heed*; he'ld care no more
Then *Fuſius* the Actor heretofore

When

When he the part of *Hecuba* did play,
And ſhould preſent her ſleeping, down he lay,
Drunk and aſleep; *Catien* the Player who
The part of *Polidore* did alſo do,
Though he cri'd, *Mother 'tis I call you, wake,*
A thouſand *Catieni* could not make
Her ſtir: I think that all the Vulgar be
In ſeveral humours as ſtark *mad* as he.
To buy old *Statues* you ſuppoſe I'm mad,
But was not he that *truſted* me as bad?
Hor. May'ſt thou now *borrow money* of me, and ne're
Pay me a *farthing* on't agen, if e're
I ſay thou'rt *mad.* Can it with madneſs ſtand
When thou art ſtill on the receiving hand?
But is not that *Shop-keeper* madder far
Who ſlights a *ready-money Cuſtomer,*
And deals with thee on *Credit?* for ſuppoſe
A *Debtor* ſhould acknowledg that he owes
A Thouſand pounds to's *Creditor,* and ſhou'd
Give it him under's hand, this is not good;
Nay, if he ſeal a *Bill* or *Bond* for't, or
What e're binds *Debtor* to his *Creditor,*
Recognizances, Statues, Mortgages,
Judgments, and *Executions,* all theſe
A cunning *Knave* that knows the *Querks* of Law
Will no more value, then he does a ſtraw:
When you *arreſt* him he will laugh at all
Thoſe troubles which on other men befal,
And thorough all the *Cobweb-laws* eſcapes,
Varying his *tricks* as *Proteus* did his ſhapes.
If by the *conduct* of affairs we can
Judge of a *mad* or of a *prudent* man,
Thy *Creditor's* a *Coxcomb,* who takes pain
To write in's Books what's ne're *croſt* out again.

Come,

Come, says *Stertinius*, hearken; nay, come near,
And mind what I shall tell you, whosoe're
Is by a vain and lewd *ambition* swai'd,
And he whom sordid *avarice* has made
Look like a *Skeleton*, all those that be
Given up to a destructive *luxury*,
To doating *superstition* are inclin'd,
Or any such *distemper* of the mind,
Are all stark *mad*. The *Miser* stands much more
Then other men in need of *Hellebore*:
I doubt, all that *Anticyra* produces,
Was meant by Nature only for their uses.
Staberius by his Will his Heirs injoyn'd
T' engrave on's *Tomb* what Wealth he left behind.
And if they would not do it, he design'd
They should a hundred pair of *Fencers* find
To treat the *rout*, and should provide a *feast*
As sumptuous as if *Arius* were their Guest,
And as much *corn* as e're in *Africk* grew,
This is my will (says he) what is't to you,
Whether't be well or ill? you will not be
My Unckles, and leave your estates to me.

Hor. I think *Staberius* was a prudent man.

Dam. What do you think of his great *prudence* than,
When he injoin'd his Heirs they should engrave
Upon his *Tomb* what monies he did leave
Behind him? and in all his whole life time
Thought *Poverty* to be the greatest Crime,
And abhorr'd nothing more, and if he shou'd
Have di'd less *rich*, he thought himself less *good*.

" For every thing *divine* and *humane* too,
" *Virtue*, *wit*, *comeliness* and *honour* do
" Submit their necks to *riches* splendid sway,
" Which *whosoever* heaps together, may

Be

Be *noble*, *valiant*, *juſt*, and *wiſe*; nay, *King*,
Or (if 'twere poſſible) a higher thing:
He hop'd by's Wealth to get *immortal* fame,
As if he had by *virtue* rais'd the ſame.
How contrary was *Ariſtippus* mind
To this? That great *Philoſopher* enjoyn'd
His men to throw his Gold o'th' *Lybian* ſhore,
Becauſe the weight on't made them *travel* ſlower;
Which was the *madder* of theſe two think you?
Hor. I think there's no comparing of thoſe two,
For that *Example* ne're prevails *with me*,
Which *ſhews* the *truth* but by its contrary.
Dam. Should a man load himſelf with *Lutes*, and yet
To *play* or *ſing*, have *neither will*, nor *wit*:
Should one that knows not how to make a *Shooe*,
With *Auls* and *Laſts* cramb'd in a Budget go:
Should one to buying *ſhips* and *anchors* fall,
Who has no skill in *Merchandize* at all,
A *mad* man and a *Buzzard* he would be:
Call'd by all People, and deſervedly.
What difference is there 'twixt theſe and thoſe,
Who ſtudy *gold* and *ſilver* to encloſe,
And know not how to uſe the Wealth they gain,
But from it as from *ſacred* things refrain?
If one by a huge heap of *corn* ſhould ſtand
Watching all day with a long *club* in's hand,
Yet every grain thereof muſt let alone,
Though ne're ſo hungry, and the *corn* his own,
But rather feeds on bitter *barks* of trees,
And for his drink takes *Vinegar* and *Lees*,
Though millions of *Pipes* in's *Cellar* lie
Of as good *wine* as e're bleſt taſte or eye,
And lies in *ſtraw* in his old age, while all
His rich attire to *moths* and *worms* do fall

To

To *feed* on, or to rot in's Cheſt. 'Tis true
Such men ſeem mad but to a very few,
Becauſe moſt people are as mad as theſe,
And much afflicted with the ſame diſeaſe.
Do'ſt thou *hoard* up all thy Eſtate for one
Who was thy Slave, or is perhaps thy Son,
Whom thou, accurs'd old wretch, thine heir wilt make
That he in *drink* may ſpend it for thy ſake?
And all leſt thou ſhould'ſt want: How much a day
Could'ſt thou from thy vaſt Treaſure pare away,
That thou might'ſt feed on good and wholſom *meat*,
And wear *apparel* uſeful, clean and neat?
If thou can'ſt live in any manner, why
Do'ſt thou forſwear thy ſelf, and *cheat* and *lye*,
Plunder and *filch* from others? art thou in
Thy perfect Senſes? if thou ſhould'ſt begin
To *ſtone* the very *ſlaves* which thou did'ſt buy,
That thou art mad, the *Boys* and *Girls* would cry.
If by thy *perjury* thy guiltleſs *wife*
Is by the *Judg* condemn'd to loſe her life,
That thou might'ſt get new Portion with another;
Or if by *poiſon* thou deſtroy thy Mother,
Meerly t' obtain her jointure, how canſt thou
Be perfect in thy *underſtanding* now?
This is not done at *Argos*, where ſuch things
Are done, and licenc'd by *inhumane Kings*:
Nor as *Oreſtes* once his Mother ſlew,
Which by her *crimes* ſhe had provok'd him to.
Doſt thou ſuppoſe the *frenzie* of his brain
Seiz'd not till after he'd his Mother ſlain?
Or was he not out of his wits before
He bath'd his *ſword* in her *maternal* gore;
Beſides ſince that he was accounted mad,
He did no act *reproveable* and bad;

He

He ne're attempted *Pilades* to kill,
Nor yet *Electra*; only he ſaid ill
To both, and curſt them both, calling her *Witch*,
And rail'd at him with all bad Language, which
From his enraged heart and tongue could flow,
Utt'ring what *gall* and *choler* ſtir'd him to.
Opimius, that Miſer, was as mad,
For he did need that *money* which he had
Laid up in *ſtore*, and us'd to drink the baſe
Vejentan Wine on ſolemn *Holy-days*,
In coarſe *Campanian* Earthen pots, and on
Week days drunk Wine whoſe taſte and ſpirit's gon.
This fellow fell into a *Lethargy*,
And his rejoicing *Heir* ran preſently,
And ranſackt all his *pockets* for his Keys.
An honeſt nimble *Doctor* this Diſeaſe
Cur'd in this manner; firſt he gives command
Into his room to bring a *Table*, and
Upon it all his *money* out to pour,
And bring in divers men to tell it o're,
So rais'd him preſently out of his *fit*,
And gave him this wholſom *advice* with it;
If thou keep not thy wealth thy ſelf, thine Heirs
Will greedily ſeize on't, as if 'twere theirs.
What, while I am alive (ſays he) *yes* (ſays
The *Doctor*) *therefore have a care always,*
That thou may'ſt live, make that thy buſineſs too.
What (ſays the Miſer) would you have me do?
Your *veins* (the Doctor ſays) will fail, you'l die
Unleſs with *meat* and *cordials* you ſupply
Your fainting *ſtomach*: Nay, there's no delay,
Come, take this *Cordial*. Sir, what muſt I pay
For't? (quoth *Opimius*) O (the Doctor cries)
This Phyſick's of a very little price,

How

How much is that (*Opimius* ſays.) Four pence
(The Doctor ſaid.) Alas what difference
(Says this damn'd Miſer) is't whether I die
Of this *diſeaſe*, or by their *thievery*?
Hor. Who then are in their ſenſes?
Dam. Thoſe that be
Not *fools*.
Hor. But what do you ſuppoſe is he
That's *covetous*?
Dam. A *fool* and *mad* man too.
Hor. Muſt he be *wiſe* that covets not?
Dam. No, no.
Hor. Why (prithee *Stoick?*)
Dam. I will tell thee why:
Suppoſe a *Patient* in his ſick bed lie;
This man has not the Plague (the Doctor cries.)
Is he well therefore? may he ſafely riſe?
No (ſays the Doctor) for the man may be
Afflicted with ſome other *malady*.
This man perhaps is not a *perjur'd* Knave,
Nor yet a *ſordid avaritious* Slave,
Thank his good Stars for that; yet if he be
O're *impudent*, or elſe *ambitious*, he
Is mad and muſt pack to *Antycira*,
For what's the odds, whether you throw away
All your *eſtate* into the *Sea*, or not
Dare to make uſe of that which you have got?
Opidius a wealthy perſon, who
Had good old Rents, and at *Canuſium* two
Very good *Farms*, which he 'twixt both his Sons
At's death divided (as the ſtory runs)
Calling them to his Bed, he told them thus;
Since I've obſerv'd thee (my *Tiberius*)

Tell o're thy *Nuts*, and in ſome private place
To hide thy *Play-games* with a careful face,
While thou (my *Aulus*) careleſly would'ſt play
With thine, and *loſe* them, or *give* them away;
I am afraid leſt *madneſs* ſhould poſſeſs
The minds of both, though in a *different* dreſs,
And make one turn a *Prodigal*, and t'other
Be *covetous*, contrary to his Brother;
And therefore he did beg of Heaven, that
One Son might ne're *diminiſh* his Eſtate,
Nor t'other his *increaſe*, but be content
With that which he had thought *ſufficient*,
And *Nature* had confin'd them to; and leſt
The *itch* of *glory* ſhould their minds infeſt,
He by an *oath* injoin'd them, that if e're
Either of them were *Alderman* or *Maior*,
He ſhould b' uncapable to make a *Will*,
But live like one run *mad*, or *out-law'd* ſtill.
Thou mad man! wilt thou ſpend what e're thou haſt
In *gifts* and *preſents*, only that thou maiſt
Walk on th' *Exchange* in ſtate? or elſe maiſt be
Set up in *Braſs* to keep thy memory?
When thy Hereditary *Lands* th' aſt ſold,
And ſpent thy Fathers *Silver* and his *Gold*:
Muſt you forſooth have ſuch applauſes made
As great *Agrippa*, *Caſars* Kinſman had?
Or ſhall the Coward *Fox*, though crafty, dare
With the *magnanimous Lion* to compare?
A Countrey fellow that by chance did meet
With *Agamemnon*, ask'd him in the ſtreet,
Why (*Agamemnon*) why didſt thou forbid
That *Ajax* body ſhould be buried?
I am a King (ſaid *Agamemnon.*) Nay
Then (quoth the Clown) I have no more to ſay.

But

But my commands were juſt, (the King replies)
And if to any they ſeem otherwiſe,
I'le give him free leave to diſcourſe the things.
The Countrey Clown repli'd, *Greateſt of Kings,*
Heaven grant you may triumphant bring away
Your conquering Navy from the conquer'd Troy.
Propoſe the Queſtion (cries the King) and I
Will give an anſwer to't: Speak. Pray Sir, why
(Reply'd the Clown) ſhould that Heroick wight
Ajax, who was ſo eminent for might,
And had ſo oft preſerv'd the *Grecians*, not
Second to any but *Achilles*, rot
Above ground uninterr'd, that *Priam* may,
And all his baffled *Trojans* laugh, and ſay
He by whoſe hand ſo many *Trojans* were
Dem'd their Graves, now wants a *Sepulchre.*
Why not? (ſays *Agamemnon*) being mad,
Did kill a hundred ſheep, and ſaid he had
Kill'd that renowned man *Ulyſſes*, and
That I and *Menelaus* fell by's hand.
But when at *Aulis* you did baſely ſlay
Your beauteous Daughter, and on th' Altar lay
Her body like a *Calf* for Sacrifice,
Vile man (ſaid the *Plebeian*) were you wiſe?
Why not? (ſays *Agamemnon.*) Quoth the *Clown*,
Pray what has *Ajax* in his madneſs done?
He with his Sword kill'd Cattel, but his hand
From murthering's wife and children ſtill abſtain'd;
True, he curs'd you and *Menelaus* too:
But to his friend *Ulyſſes* he did do
No wrong: Nor yet to *Teucer* (ſays the King)
That I my *Navy* from the Shore might bring,
The *Gods* with blood I wiſely pacifi'd.
Mad King! it was your own (the Clown reply'd.)

Yes (quoth the King) with my own blood, 'tis true,
In which I did no *act* of madneſs ſhew;
" Who falſe things (ſays the Clown) with true, and bad
" With good, together huddles, is ſtark *mad*;
And whether it be out of folly done,
Or rage, and madneſs, ſtill the thing is one:
Ajax in killing harmleſs ſheep as mad,
And you in acting your great crime was bad;
Killing your guiltleſs Daughter to appeaſe,
Thoſe vain imaginary Deities;
Upon deliberation too; is your heart well
And pure, when as it did with paſſion ſwell?
If any in a Coach about ſhould bear
A fine white *Lamb*, and *garments* for't prepare
As for a Lady, furniſh it with *money*
And Servants, call it his *dear*, *duck*, and *honey*,
Provide a Husband for't; the *Magiſtrate*
Muſt ſeize upon this *Lunaticks* Eſtate,
And then the *Guardianſhip* of him commit
To the next *Kin* of his who has more wit.
But what if one his Daughter ſacrifice
In ſtead of a mute Lamb, is that man wiſe?
No man will ſay't; and therefore whereſoe're
Is vitious folly, madneſs too is there;
And he's a mad man who is given to vice,
That fool whom brittle *Honour* does intice,
Is ſo *tranſported* with the various ſound
Of *Drums* and *Trumpets*, that his Brains turn round.
Now as to *luxury*, reaſon doth ſhew,
That fooliſh *Prodigals* are mad men too:
There's *Nomentanus*, who as ſoon as e're
He had receiv'd a thouſand pounds, which were
Left him by's Father, he proclaimed ſtraight
The *Fowler* and the *Fiſherman* ſhould wait

Upon

Upon his Worſhip, and all *Tradeſmen* come
And bring their *wares* next morn to him at home!
Bands, *Pimps*, *Buffoons*, and all that impious crue
Of ſherking *Tradeſmen*, which young *Squires* undo.
What followed then? They inſtantly appear
With their *Commodities* from far and near.
The *Band* being at *Rhetorick* the beſt,
Makes a ſet Speech at th' inſtance of the reſt;
May it pleaſe your Worſhip, (quoth ſhe) *whatſoe're*
I or my Brethren have at home, or here,
Is at your ſervice, ſend for't when you pleaſe.
Now mark the ſilly anſwer which to theſe
This *youngker* gives; *Poor Huntſman thou doſt go*
In heavy Boots, and watch all night in th' Snow,
And for my Supper bring'ſt a Boar to me:
Thou Fiſherman in the tempeſtuous Sea
Tak'ſt me a Diſh of exc'llent Fiſh, while I
Glutted with wealth and ſloth ſupinely lie,
Unworthy ſuch a Fortune to poſſeſs;
Your merits muſt make my great fortune leſs;
You Huntſman, there's a hundred pounds for you;
Here Fiſherman, take you a hundred too;
Pimp, for thy Wives ſake, take a tripple ſum,
For if I ſend at mid-night ſhe will come.
Æſop the *Players* Son, that Prodigal
In his luxurious prank, out-ranted all;
He pluck'd a *Pearl* out of his *Doxies* ear,
Which when he had diſſolv'd in *Vinegar*,
He quaffs it at a draught, as who ſhould ſay,
(*Damn me*) *I drink a thouſand pounds a day.*
Had he been madder if he'd thrown away
That Pearl into the Bog-houſe or the Sea?
Thoſe Sons of *Arrius*, who were arrant Twins
In *luxury*, *toys*, *love*, and ſuch vain ſins;

No food upon thoſe *Gallants* Tables came,
But *Nightingals* which could ſing *Walſingham*.
How ſhall I rank them, 'mong the wiſe, or no?
Muſt they to th' *Senate*, or to *Bedlam* go?
If one who wears a *beard* ſhould make *Dirt* pies,
Or pleaſe himſelf with *Chariots* drawn with *Mice*,
Or ride a *Hobby-horſe*, or at *Puſh-pin* play,
Who would not ſwear his wits were fled away?
If Reaſon does convince us that to fall
In Love, is the moſt *childiſh* thing of all;
And there's no difference if thou play'ſt with *dirt*,
And ſuch vain *toys* (as when a *child* thou wert)
And now thou'rt grown a man thou do'ſt *adore*,
And whine and vex for ſome fair crafty *Whore*.
Pray, tell me, can you do like *Polemon*?
Who being drunk, run with a Garland on
Into the School of grave *Xenocrates*,
With *Ribons*, *Cuſhions*, *Handkercheifs*; all theſe
He privately took off and threw away
When he heard what that *temperate* man did ſay;
And grew a grave man from a *Cock-brain'd* fool,
So that he did ſucceed him in that *School*.
If you ſhould offer to a *froppiſh* Boy
An Apple, he'ld refuſe't; and if you ſay,
Take it (my pretty Child) he will deny;
But if you do not give it him, he'l *cry*.
A puling Lover's ſuch another Aſs,
Who being ſhut out by his cunning Laſs,
Hankers about the door: What ſhall I do,
(Thinks he) ſhall I return to her or no?
And though he *uninvited* would have gon,
Yet when by her he is but call'd upon;
Shall I go now (ſays he) or rather find
Some way to eaſe the troubles of my mind?

Shut

Shut out! and ſtraight call'd in! and ſhall I go?
If ſhe ſhould beg her heart out, I'ld ſay, No;
Parmeno was much wiſer, though a Slave,
Maſter (ſays he) *thoſe things which neither have*
Reaſon nor meaſure, are not fit to be
Dealt with by Rule and rationality.
In that vain toy call'd Love, theſe miſchiefs are,
War, Peace, ill-grounded peace, and groundleſs war;
If any man ſhould ſtrive to fix and ſtay
Thoſe things which by their Nature will away;
This way and that by every wind are blown,
And on blind Fortunes *waves toſt up and down,*
He does as ill, and is as much a fool,
As if he would be mad by art and rule.
When thou do'ſt laugh becauſe a *kernel* hits
Thy Chambers roof, art thou in thy right wits?
And when thou do'ſt thy *Miſtreſs* entertain
With *Childrens* prattle which cannot ſpeak plain,
How canſt thou poſſibly be thought more wiſe
Than little *Children* are, which make Dirt pies?
Now to all *Lovers* follies add the guilt
Of all the blood which has by them been ſpilt,
Both of themſelves and others, with the Sword
Let their devouring fooliſh Fire be ſtirr'd.
Was it not ſtoutly done of *Marius*? who
Firſt his own Miſtreſs, then his own *ſelf* ſlew:
Was he not *frantick*? or wilt thou acquit
Him of that crime, of being out of's wit,
But of great *wickedneſs* wilt him accuſe,
To give *nick-names* to things as people uſe?
There was an old man in the morn would go
Faſting about the ſtreets, with hands waſht too;
And to the Gods he'ld vehemently pray,
That he might ne're by Death be ta'ne away,

'Tis a small thing to you, ye Gods (quoth he)
To give to one man Immortality.
If any *Master* were about to sell
Such men for Slaves, and should the *Buyer* tell
That they were persons perfect and compleat,
Unless h' except their *minds*, he is a *Cheat.*
This sort of people does *Chrysippus* place
Among the *fools* innumerable race.
A *superstitious* Mother, whose young Son
Sick of a *Quartan* lay, as he had done
Five months at least, to *Jupiter* did pray;
"Oh *Jove*, who pains do'st send and take away,
"If this poor Child of mine may be (quoth she)
"Once from this shivering *Quartan* Ague free,
"On the next day thou do'st a fast command,
"I'th' morn in *Tyber* he shall naked stand.
Now when the Doctor, or good luck (that's more)
Did to his former health this *Boy* restore,
His doating Mother, by her *Zeal* beguil'd,
Into the River put her Fev'rish Child;
Whose coldness did the Fever bring again,
So she her Son, which she would save, hath slain:
But how came she so much out of her Wits?
Hor. Perhaps she's trou'led with *Religious* Fits.
Dam. Stertinius, that Eighth wise man, told me
This as a friend, that I might armed be,
When any man hereafter call'd me *mad*,
I in revenge might say, *he is as bad*;
And teach him to look back, that he might find
That unknown part o'th' *bag* which hangs behind.
Hor. After those losses which thou didst sustain,
May'st thou sell every thing for so much gain;
But prithee tell me, *Stoick*, to what kind
Of *madness* do'st thou think I am inclin'd,

(For

(For there are ſeveral ſorts) but I ſuppoſe,
That I am free from ev'ry one of thoſe.

Dam. When up and down the ſtreets *Agave* bore
Her poor *Childs* Head which ſhe cut off before,
Did ſhe conceive that ſhe was *mad*, (think you?)

Hor. Well, *I'm a fool*, I muſt confeſs, 'tis true;
Nay, I'm *mad* too; but (prithee) let me know
What kind of *madneſs* I'm addicted too.

Dam. I'le tell thee; Firſt, thou haſt a *building* brain,
Next, though thou'rt but an *Urchin*, thou would'ſt fain
Appear a *proper* Fellow: Thou laugh'ſt at
That little Fencer *Turbo*'s ſtrutting gate
When he's in Arms, with what a Spirit he goes,
And art not thou as much *ridiculous*?
Do'ſt thou conceive 'tis fit for thee to do
What e're *Macenas* power prompts him to?
Wilt thou who art ſo much below him, dare
With ſuch an *eminent* perſon to compare?

A careleſs *Calf* by chance did tread upon
A neſt of young Frogs, when the *old* was gon;
One that eſcap'd did to his *Dam* declare,
That by a huge great *beaſt* her *young* ones were
All trod upon and kill'd. *How big was he?*
Was he as big as I am now? (quoth ſhe:)
Then ſwell'd her ſelf. *Bigger by half* (repli'd
Frog *junior.*) *What thus much* —— *bigger* (cri'd
The Beldame Frog) and ſtill ſhe did ſwell on,
Until at laſt, *Oh, Mother!* (ſays the Son)
Forbear your ſwelling, for you cannot be
(Though you ſhould burſt your ſelf) as big as he:
This Picture very much reſembles you.
Add *Poetry* to all thy madneſs now,
Which mixt with other *Vices* is the ſame,
As if thou ſhould'ſt pour *Oil* into the flame:

Yet

Yet if a *Poet* had been ever known
To be a ſober fellow, thou art one;
I'le not ſpeak of thy horrid *cholerickneſs*——
Hor. Hold (prithee *Stoick*) hold.——
Dam. Nor of thy *dreſs*
That's ſo *phantaſtical*, and ſo above
Thy Purſe and Quality; nor of thy love
T'a thouſand *wenches* and a thouſand *boys:*
Hor. Good *Damaſippus* follow thine own toys.
And now for ſhame my *peccadilloes* ſpare,
Which no *proportion* with thy Vices bear.

SATYRE IV. By *T. F.* Eſq;

A Character of a Belly-god.

CATIUS and HORACE.

Hor.

W*Hence Brother* Catius, *and whither bound ſo faſt?*
Cat. *Oh, Sir, you muſt excuſe me, I'm in haſte,*
I dine with my Lord Maior, *and cann't allow*
Time for our eating Directory *now,*
Though I muſt needs confeſs I think my *Rules*
Would prove *Pythagoras* and *Plato* fools.
Hor. *Grave Sir, I muſt acknowledg 'tis a crime*
To interrupt at ſuch a nick of time;
Yet ſtay a little Sir, it is no ſin;
You're to ſay Grace e're Dinner can begin;
Since you at food ſuch Virtuoſo *are,*
Some Precepts *to an hungry* Poet *ſpare.*
Cat. I grant you Sir, next pleaſure ta'ne in eating
Is that (as we do call it) of *repeating;*

I ſtill

I ſtill have *Kitchin-Syſtems* in my mind,
And from my *Stomach*'s fumes a *brain* well lin'd.

Hor. *Whence, pray Sir, learnt you theſe ingenious arts,*
From one at home, or hir'd from foreign parts?

Cat. No names Sir, (I beſeech you) that's foul play,
We ne're name *Authors*, only what they ſay. (on,

1. "For *Eggs* chuſe long, the round are out of faſhi-
"Unſavory and diſtaſteful to the Nation,
"E're ſince the brooding *Rump* they're *addle* too,
"In the long Egg lies *Cock-a-doodle-do.*

2. "Chuſe *Coleworts* planted on a ſoil that's dry,
"Even they're worſe for th' wetting (verily!)

3. "If Friend from far ſhall come to viſit, then
"Say thou would'ſt treat the wight with mortal *Hen*,
"Don't thou forthwith pluck off the *cackling* head,
"And impale Corps on *Spit* aſſoon as dead;
"For ſo ſhe will be *tough* beyond all meaſure,
"And Friend ſhall make a trouble of a pleaſure;
"Steep't in good *wine* let her her life ſurrender,
"O then ſhe'l eat moſt admirably tender.

4. "*Muſhromes* that grow in Meadows are the beſt,
"For ought I know there's *poyſon* in the reſt.

5. "He that would many happy Summers ſee,
"Let him eat Mulberries freſh off the Tree,
"Gather'd before the Sun's too high, for theſe
"Shall hurt his Stomach leſs than *Cheſhire* Cheeſe.

6. "*Auſidius* (had you done ſo 't had undone ye)
"Sweetned his Mornings-draughts of *Sack* with *Honey*,
"But he did ill to empty veins to give
"Corroding *Potion* for a *Lenitive.*

7. "If any man to *drink* do thee inveigle in,
"Firſt whet thy *whiſtle* with ſome good *Metheglin.*

8. "If thou art *bound*, and in continual doubt
"Thou ſhalt get no more in till ſome get out,

"The

" The *Muſcle* or the *Cockle* will unlock
" Thy bodies *trunk*, and give a vent to *nock*;
" Some ſay that *Sorrel* ſteept in *Wine* will do,
" But to be ſure put in ſome *Aloes* too.

9. " All *Shell-fiſh* (with the growing *Moon* increaſe)
" Are ever when ſhe fills her *Orb* the beſt;
" But for brave *Oyſters*, Sir, exceeding rare,
" They are not to be met with every where;
" Your *Wall fleet Oyſter* no man will prefer
" Before the juicy Graſs-green *Colcheſter*;
" *Hungerford Crawfiſh* match me if you can,
" There's no ſuch *Crawlers* in the *Ocean*.

10. " Next for your Suppers, you (it may be) think
" There goes no more to't, but juſt *eat* and *drink*;
" But let me tell you Sir, and tell you plain,
" To dreſs 'um well requires a man of Brain;
" His *palat* muſt be quick, and ſmart, and ſtrong
" For Sauce, a very *Critick* in the tongue.

11. " He that pays dear for *Fiſh*, nay though the beſt,
" May pleaſe his *Fiſhmonger* more than his *Gueſt*,
" If he be ignorant what Sauce is proper,
" There's *Machiavel* in th' menage of a Supper.

12. " For *Swines-fleſh*, give me that of the *wild Boar*,
" Purſu'd and hunted all the Foreſt o're,
" He to the liberal *Oke* ne're quits his love,
" And when he finds no *Acorns*, grunts at *Jove*;
" The *Hamſhire* Hog with Peaſe and Whey that's fed
" Sti'd up, is neither good alive nor dead.

13. " The tendrels of the *Vine* are Sallads good,
" If when they are in ſeaſon underſtood.

14. " If Servant to thy Board a *Rabbet* bring,
" Be wiſe, and in the firſt place carve a wing.

15. " When Fiſh and Fowl are right, and at juſt age,
" A feeders *curioſity* t' aſſwage,

" If

" If any ask, Who found the Myſtery?
" Let him enquire no farther, I am he.
16. " Some fanſie *Bread* out of the *Oven* hot,
" Variety's the *Gluttons* happieſt lot.
17. " It's not enough the *Wine* you have be pure,
" But of your *Oil* as well you ought be ſure.
18. " If any fault be in thy *generous Wine*,
" Set it abroad all night, and 'twill refine,
" But never ſtrein't, nor let it paſs through *linen*,
" *Wine* will be worſe for that as well as Women.
19. " The *Vintner* that of *Malaga* and *Sherry*
" With damn'd ingredients patches up *Canary*,
" With *Segregative* things, as *Pigeons* Eggs
" Straight purifies, and takes away the dregs. (eaſe.
20. " An o're-charg'd ſtomach roaſted *Shrimps* will
" The cure by *Lettuce* is worſe than the diſeaſe.
21. " To quicken appetite it will behove ye
" To feed couragiouſly on good *Anchovie*.
22. " *Weſtphalia Ham*, and the *Bologna* Sawſage;
" For ſecond or third courſe will clear a paſſage,
" But *Lettuce* after meals! Fie on't! the Glutton
" Had better feed upon *Ram-alley-Mutton*. (rage,
23. " 'Twere worth ones while in Palace or in Cot-
" Right well to know the ſundry ſorts of *pottage*;
" There is your *French* Pottage, *Nativity* Broth,
" Yet that of *Fetter-lane* exceeds them both;
" About a limb of a departed *Tup*
" There may you ſee the green Herbs boiling up,
" And *fat* abundance o're the *furnace* float,
" Reſembling *Whale-Oil* in a *Greenland* Boat.
24. " The *Kentiſh* Pippin's beſt, I dare be bold,
" That ever Blue-cap *Coſtardmonger* ſold.
25. " Of *Grapes*, I like the *Raiſins of the Sun*;
" I was the firſt immortal Glory won,

" By

" By mincing *Pickle-Herrings* with theſe *Raiſons*
" And Apples: 'Twas I ſet the world a gazing,
" When once they taſted of this *Hogan* Fiſh,
" Pepper and Salt *Enamelling* the Diſh.
26. " 'Tis ill to purchaſe great Fiſh with great mat-(ter,
" And then to ſerve it up in ſcanty *Platter*;
" Nor is it leſs unſeemly ſome believe,
" From Boy with *greaſie* Fiſt *Drink* to receive;
" But the Cup foul within is enough to make
" A *ſqueamiſh* creature puke, and turn up *ſtomach*.
27. " Then *Brooms* and *Napkins*, and the *Flander* tyle,
" Theſe muſt be had too, or the Feaſt you ſpoil,
" Things little thought on, and not very dear,
" And yet how much they coſt one in a year!
28. " Would'ſt thou rub *Alabaſter* with hands ſable,
" Or ſpread a *Diaper* cloth on dirty *Table*?
" *More coſt, more worſhip*: Come, be *A-la-mode*,
" Embelliſh *Treat*, as thou would'ſt do an *Ode*.

Hor. *O learned, Sir, how greedily I hear*
This elegant Diatriba *of good cheer!*
Now by all that's good, by all provant *you love,*
By ſturdy Chine of Beef, *and mighty* Jove,
I do conjure thy gravity, *let me ſee*
The man that made thee this diſcovery;
For he that ſees th' Original's *more happy*
Than him that draws by an ill-favour'd Copy;
O bring me to the man I ſo admire!
The Flint *from whence brake forth theſe ſparks of fire,*
What ſatisfaction would the Viſion *bring?*
If ſweet the ſtream, much ſweeter is the ſpring.

SATYRE V. By *A. B.*

A way to grow Rich.

ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

Ul. TO all that thou haſt told me heretofore,
Prithee, *Tireſias*, add this one thing more;
By what deſigns and means may I now be
As *wealthy* as I have been formerly?
Why do'ſt thou laugh?

Tir. Is't not enough, that thou
(Thou crafty Fellow) art reſtored now
To *Ithaca*, and do'ſt thy *Gods* behold
Which thy *progenitors* ador'd of old?

Ul. Oh, thou *unerring* Prophet do but ſee
How naked I'm return'd, how beggerly,
(As thou fore-told'ſt) my *Cloſets* rifled all,
And that Eſtate which I my own could call,
Is all conſum'd by thoſe *Gallants* that lay
Courting my Wife, while I have been away;
" *An honeſt man, and of a Noble houſe,*
" *If poor, is no more valu'd than a Louſe.*

Tir. Well then, ſince *poverty* affrights thee ſo,
In brief I'le tell thee how thou rich ſhalt grow:
If any Friend ſend thee a brace of *Pheſants*,
Or any other rarities for *preſents*,
To thy next *wealthy* neighbour, if he's old,
Send them away, *ſo they're not given, but ſold*:
And if thy *Garden* or thy *Field* bring forth
Melons, or any other Fruits of worth,
Send to ſome *wealthy* man a taſte e're thou
Do'ſt any of it to thy *Lar* allow;

" *For*

" *For in this age our muck-admiring Elves*
" *Adore rich men more than the Gods themſelves.*

Though perjur'd Rogues, ignobly born and bred,
Murther'd their Brothers, and their Countrey fled,
Yet *wait* upon them when they do command,
And let them always have the *upper-hand.*

Ul. What? Shall I give the wall to ſuch a baſe
Inferior Raſcal as old *Damon* was?
At *Troy* I ever ſcorn'd it, there did I
Contend with Great ones.

Tir. Thou'lt a Beggar die.

Ul. This heart will ſtoutly bear ſuch things as theſe,
I have endur'd far greater in my days:
But prithee, learned Doctor, tell me how
I may get heaps of Gold and Silver now.

Tir. I've told thee, and I'le tell it thee again,
Thou art a *fellow* of a ſubtle Brain;
Enquire what old Rich men are like to die,
Obſerve their *humours*, keep them company,
Ply them with Preſents ſtill, that thou maiſt be
Nam'd in their *wills* an *heir*, or *legatee*;
And if perhaps one or two *ſubtle* men
Nible the bait, and ſtraight whip off again,
And ſcape thy hook, and thou art cheated ſo,
Do not deſpair, nor yet thy art forgo.
Next, if there be a *Law-ſuit* great or ſmall,
That ſide that's *rich*, and has no *child* at all
Be for, though *unretain'd*, and let thy Tongue
Beat down his Adverſary, right or wrong;
Be the man ne're ſo honeſt, and the ſuit
Never ſo juſt, or of ſo good repute,
If he has Children, or a Wife that may
Produce him Children, throw his Cauſe away.

But

But ſay to thy rich childleſs Client; *Sir,*
May't pleaſe your worſhip, or your honour! (for
"*Titles* of *Honour*, and ſuch terms as theſe,
"Do Mortals tender Ears moſt ſtrangely pleaſe.)
'Tis not your money, but your virtues have
Made me your friend, *your ſervant, nay your ſlave;*
I know the Riddles of the Law, and can
Manage *your* Suits: *and I'le give any man*
Leave to pluck out mine Eyes, if ever he
Can cheat *or* fool *you, leave your Cauſe to me;*
I'le take ſuch care that you ſhan't loſe a Groat,
Nor yet be laught at; bid him take no thought,
But away home to's Countrey-houſe, and there
His mind and body both repoſe and cheer!
Or elſe do thou thy ſelf turn Advocate,
And for thy *Client* never ceaſe to prate:
Endure the ſcorching heat, the piercing cold,
And then thou ſhalt the *gazing* Clown behold
Jogging with's *Elbow* thoſe that next him ſtand,
Look, look (ſays he) *how he endures it, and*
How eagerly he pleads there for his friends,
Sure he has all the Law at's Fingers ends:
The Fiſh will come in ſholes then to be caught,
And thou may'ſt fill thy Net at every draught.
Or if a *rich* man have an only Son
Lies dangerouſly ſick and drawing on,
Be n't too *officious* to th' old man, leſt he
Thy purpoſe through thy *diligence* ſhould ſee,
But gently *ſcrue* thy ſelf into him, and
Get thy ſelf writ down, *Heir at ſecond hand,*
That if to's Child any *diſtaſter* come,
Thou next in order may'ſt ſupply his room;
'Tis ten to one but this *deſign* will take,
And ſo his great Eſtate thine own thou'lt make.

If one desire thee to peruse his *Will*,
Seem to deny't, thrust it away, but still
So as to *glance* thine Eye on it, and see
What *Legacies*, and who's the *Legatee*;
Let thy quick eye run all the Paper o're,
Whether thou'rt *Heir* alone, or join'd with more.
Oftimes an o're-grown crafty Scrivener, which
By being in Offices grows wise and rich,
Cheats the next Kindred of th' expected pelf,
Leaves the right Heir out, and puts in himself,
Makes him both needy and ridiculous too,
(As *Æsops* Fox did serve the gaping Crow.)
Ul. Art thou inspir'd? or do'st thou go about
On purpose with these *ridling* words, to flout
And to delude me?——
Tir. No, *Laertes* Son!
Whate're I say, will, or will not be done;
For great *Apollo* hath bestow'd on me
This admirable *knack* of *Prophesie*.
Ul. If it be lawful then, prithee unfold
The meaning of this Fable which th' hast told. (he
Tir. The time shall come when our young *Emperor*,
Who does derive his Royal Pedigree
From the Divine *Æneas*, at whose beck
The sturdy *Parthians* shall submit their Neck,
And he shall grow so great by Sea and Land,
All *Princes* else shall stoop at his command:
Some crafty Courtier, as *Coranus* was,
Shall have a mind t' a handsom strapping Lass,
And wed that Dog *Nasica*'s Daughter, who
Will not a Groat on him with her bestow,
Nor yet will put her off at any rate,
Unless to one that has a vast Estate:

But

But here's the cheat, he bids th' old man read o're
His Will, which ſubtly was contriv'd before.
The griping *ſlave* thinking he has his end,
Denies to view the Will, and does pretend
He aim'd not at the Wealth, but to have one
Of Honour and of Merit to his *Son*.
What need I ſtand gazing on's Will (thinks he)
My Daughter muſt have all whate're it be:
But being much intreated, does peruſe
The Will at laſt, and after divers views,
Finds nothing is bequeath'd to him or his,
But even to hang himſelf, or mourn for this.
One thing more I would have thee mind; where e're,
Thou of an old rich *doating* man do'ſt hear,
Who's govern'd by his *Serving-man*, or by
His crafty *Wench*; join in ſociety
With thoſe, and praiſe them to their Maſter, ſo
To him behind thy back they'l praiſe thee too:
This trick will help thee much; but nothing can
Avail ſo much as working on th' old man.
If he writes *Verſes* ne're ſo like an Aſs,
Extol them to the skies; and if he has
A mind t' a *Wench*, ſend thy *Penelope*;
Do't of thine own accord; be ſure that he
Don't ask thee for her; freely her preſent,
And wiſh ſhe may to's Worſhip give content.
Ul. D' you think my Wife, who is ſo vertuous
And modeſt, who ſo ſtoutly did oppoſe
So many *ſuitors*, and continued chaſte,
Will be *ſeduc'd* to anothers *luſt* at laſt?
Tyr. They'd little Souls, and knew not how to treat,
Nor to preſent a *Lady* that's ſo great:
Theirs was but *Kitchin love*, they did deſire
To fill their *Bellies*, not to ſlake their fire;

So thy *Penelope* continued chaſte;
If ſhe of one old man but once ſhould taſte,
She'ld ſhare the gains with thee, and ceaſe no more
Then *dogs* from ſheep, when they've kill'd ſheep before.
Nay wonder not at this that I have told,
I found it all too true when I grew old.
A damn'd old *Hag* who did at *Thebes* die,
Order'd this *Funeral* ſolemnity
By her laſt Will; her body ſhe would have
Anointed o're with Oil, and to her Grave
She order'd him who was to be her *Heir*,
On's naked Shoulders her oil'd Corps to bear,
And if by th' ſlipprineſs he let her fall,
What e're ſhe left, he was to forfeit all:
He while ſhe liv'd, did (I believe) pretend
Great love to her, ſhe'ld have it without end.
Walk warily, and ſee thou be not found
Wanting in duty, nor too much abound;
To ſickly men, and ſuch as are moroſe,
A prating fellow is moſt tedious.
Yet *ſullen* ſilence affect not at all,
But *Davus*-like be ſomething *Comical*,
Thy Head on one ſide lean'd, as if he were
A man of whom thou ſtood'ſt in mighty fear:
Be very dutiful, and if the Air
Blow ne're ſo little, bid him have a care
Of his moſt precious *tender head*, and when
He's in a Croud, get him ſtraight out agen,
And with both ſhoulders thruſt aſide all thoſe
Who do his eaſie coming out oppoſe.
And when he falls to talking bow thine ear,
If his own praiſes he delights to hear,
Ply him with high *Encomiums*, and fill
Him Bladder-like with ſwelling words, until

He

He lifts both hands up to the very skies;
An honeſt ſervant! *'tis enough*, he cries.
And when at length thou by his death ſhalt be
From this great care and tedious ſervice free,
And being broad awak'd ſhalt hear it read,
Ulyſſes *quarter-heir to him that's dead*,
Then with a loud voice cry; *And is he gon,*
What? Have I loſt my dear Companion?
Where now ſhall I another Patron find,
Who's of ſo juſt and of ſo ſtout a mind?
Nay weep a little, if thou canſt; 'tis good
Thy inward joy ſhould not be underſtood.
And if th' *interment* ſhould be left to thee,
Be ſure thou do't with *pomp* and *decency*;
The *Neighbours* all about will celebrate
A *funeral* that's mang'd in great State.
If one of th' oldeſt *Coheirs* chance to be
Infirm in's body, or *cough* dangerouſly,
Apply thy ſelf to him, tell him he ſhall
Buy what to thy ſhare by the will does fall;
Whether 't be houſe or ground, tell him thy mind
Is more to money than to land inclin'd.
But *Proſerpine* recalls me to my Cell,
I muſt obey and go; *Live long*, farewel.

SATYRE VI. By Sir *R. F.*

He ſaith he lives content with what he hath, and wiſhes no more. Then compares the Commodities of the eaſe he injoys in the Countrey, with the diſcommodities of buſineſſes and troubles which accompany the City life.

THis was my wiſh, *A moderate ſcope of Land,*
A Garden with a plenteous Spring at hand:
And to crown theſe a plump of trees: Heaven gave
Better than this; 'Tis well, no more I crave
Good *Mercury*, make but theſe things endure;
If neither by ill ways I did *procure*,
Nor by ill ways ſhall *waſte* them: if I ſcape
Longings: *O that yon Nook, which doth miſhape*
My Field, were added! O that I might find
A pot of Gold! as (Hercules *to friend*)
He did, who hir'd to delve anothers ground,
Bought the ſame Land he digg'd with what he found:
If what I have pleaſe me; if thou incline,
When I pray, *Make my Flock, and all that's mine*
Fat, but my wit; and as th'aſt ever done,
Stand my great Guardian. Therefore (when being flown
Out of *Romes* Cage into the Woods, I put
Diſcourſes in rough Verſe, and horſe my Foot)
Nor Fevers kill me, nor Ambitions itch,
Nor ſickly Autumns making Sextons rich.
FATHER MATUTE: *or* Janus (*if that ſtyle*
Affect thee more) *from whom their births, and toil,*
According to the Julian *year men date,*
With thee I auſpicate my work. When ſtraight
Thou thy ſelf hurrieſt me away to *Rome*
To be a Surety: *Quick, leſt ſome one come*

Before,

Before, that's more officious; Rain, or Blow,
And though the Colds ſhrink day to nothing, go
I muſt: and *after*, wreſtle through a Croud,
And crack my Lungs, t'undo my ſelf aloud:
Injure who e're is ſlower. *Name of* Mars!
What mean you? whoſe Solicitor? (Thus curſe
Thoſe men, upon whoſe Corns I tread) *O! you*
Haſting to ſerve Mæcenas, *care not who*
You run o're. I'le ne're lie; this grieves me not:
'Tis Muſick. But anon, when I have got
Eſquilias miſty Top, thouſand affairs
Of other men flie buzzing in mine ears,
And ſting me back and ſides; *Roſcius requeſts*
To morrow, too, you'd help him i'th' Requeſts.
The Secretaries *pray you'd not forget*
A buſineſs that concerns the Publick, Great,
And new, to day: ſtay Quintus, *get this Bill*
Sign'd by Mæcenas: If I can I will.
Nay, thou can'ſt do't; and preſſes me. 'Tis now
A ſeven years paſt, *Mæcenas* doth allow
Me of his Family, only t' adviſe
Whom he ſhould take into his Coach in journeys,
To whom commit his Meddals: What's a Clock?
Which Fencer will beat (think'ſt thou) or which Cock?
'Tis a hard Froſt: Will't bear another Coat?
With ſuch like trifles as are ſafely put
In leaking ears. This Prentiſhip have I
Serv'd under *Envy*'s laſh, more and more daily.
Our Friend Bowl'd with Mæcenas *th'other day,*
I, and they ſate together at the Play: (ſtreet,
(*Some men have Fortune!*) Blows there through the
A bleak news from the *Change?* ſtraight all I meet;
Good man: (*for thou be near the Gods muſt know*)
Do'ſt hear ought of the Dacians? In ſooth, No.

Thou'lt ne're leave jearing. Hang me, if I do.
The Lands then which the Emperor promis'd to
The Souldiers in SICILIA, *ſhall they be*
Allotted to them, or in Italy?
Swearing, I nothing know: *Well, Go thy ways*
For a deep pit of ſecreſie! and gaze.
Mean while my Taper waſts: ſcarce time to pray:
O Fields, when ſhall I ſee you? O, when may
I, roul'd in Books, or lull'd in ſleep and eaſe,
Opium life's cares with ſweet forgetfulneſs?
When ſhall I taſte the *Pythagorean* Bean
With ſav'ry broth, and Bacon without lean?
O nights, and ſuppers of the Gods, which I
And mine, conſume in my own Family;
Where my Clowns, born within doors, tear the feaſt
I taſted to them; where the lawleſs gueſt
Dries the unequal Cups, as his Complexion
Asks ſoaking ſhowres, or moderate refection.
Then talk we not of buying Lands, nor ſchool
Other mens lives: nor whether *Ceſars* Fool
Dance well, or not: But things of more concern,
Are our diſcourſe, and which men ought to learn:
Whether to happineſs do more conduce
Vertue or wealth? if we our Friends ſhould chuſe
For ends, or honeſty. What's underſtood
Truly by Goods? and which is the chief good?
My Neighbour *Cervius*, interweaves his old
Fables, as thus: *Aurelius* wealth extoll'd,
(Forgetting with what cares it tortures him)
I'le tell you a Tale (quoth he;) *Once on a time,*
The Countrey Mouſe receiv'd in her poor houſe,
Her antient and good friend the City Mouſe;
A mighty Huſwife, and exceeding nigh,
Yet free in way of Hoſpitality.

In ſhort, the Chick-peaſe ſhe had laid for hoard,
And unthraſht Oats ſhe ſets upon the Board,
Brings ſcraps of Bacon in her mouth, and dry
Barley; deſiring with variety
(Had it been poſſible) to have o'recame
The ſtately niceneſs of the City-dame.
When the good wife her ſelf on her Straw-bed,
(Leaving the beſt) on Chaff and Acorns fed.
At length, her gueſt: Friend, how canſt thou indure
To live in this Rock-ſide, moapt and obſcure?
Wild Woods preferr'ſt Thou to a Town, and Men?
Come go with me. Since all ſhall die, and when
We go, our Mortal ſouls reſolve to duſt,
Live happy whil'ſt thou may'ſt, as one that muſt
Be nothing a while hence. *Drawn by this ſpell,*
The Countrey Mouſe skips lightly from her Cell,
And both their way unto the City keep,
Longing by night over the walls to creep:
And now 'twas mid-night, and her foot each ſets
In a rich houſe: where glittering Coverlets
Of Tyrian *Die, on Ivory-beds were paſt,*
And many Offals of a great feaſt paſt,
Lay in the Pantry heapt. Her Rural mate
Pray'd to repoſe under a Cloth of State;
The City Mouſe, like an officious Hoaſt,
Beſtirs her ſelf to fetch bak'd, boil'd, and roaſt,
And plays the Carver, taſting all ſhe brings,
She thinks the world well chang'd; and Heavens good things
Stretching, injoys; when ſtraight flies ope the room,
And toſſes both out of the wrought Couch plom,
Running like things diſtracted, but much more
When with Moloſſian *Dogs the high roofs roar.*
Then ſaid the Countrey Mouſe, No more of this,
Give me my Wood, my Cave, and Roots with peace.

The

The ſame by another Hand.

THis, this the ſum of all my *wiſhes* was,
In a ſmall *farm* my life obſcure to paſs,
Where I a *Garden* and a *Spring* might ſee,
A little *Grove*, or at the leaſt a *Tree*:
But here the *bounteous* Gods have given me more,
Than all my *largeſt* hopes *conceiv'd* before:
'Tis well, I'm *thankful*, and no more I wiſh,
But only that they ſhould *continue* this.
If by no *wretched* gain I ever yet
Made my ſelf *guilty*, that I might be *great*;
If by no *vitious* courſe, or *ſquandring* way,
I ſhall my life to *poverty* betray;
If I ſend up to Heaven no *prayer* like theſe,
" *O that kind Heaven would give me to poſſeſs*
" *That narrow ſpot of ground which near me lies,*
" *And o're my Garden walks too high doth riſe!*
" *Oh, that ſome luckie hit of* Fortune *won'd*
" *Bring to my hands ſuch* unexpected *good,*
" *As once ſhe did to a hir'd Plough-man, who*
" *While he with uſual hopes the* Field *did plough,*
" *He found of hidden treaſure ſo great ſtore,*
" *He bought the* Field *wherein he toil'd before.*
No, if my mind be *equal* in deſires,
And to no more than what I have aſpires,
Then let juſt *Heaven* keep my Eſtate from harm,
Keep my *Lambs* ſafe, that they may keep me *warm*:
Let me enjoy what's needful, and what's fit,
Have all things *fat* about me but my *wit*!
May the Gods be propitious ſtill to me,
And be my guardians as they uſe to be,

And

And now in this ſo cloſe and ſilent life,
Stole from the arts of *Court* and *Cities* ſtrife,
What ſhould I write but Humrous *Satyres* here?
Satyres the Woods inhabitants always were.
Here no *ambitious* Raptures heat my head,
Here no *infection* through the air is ſpread;
Here I in midſt of *tempeſts* am ſecure,
Nor fear the fall of *Chimneys* every hour;
Here all the ſtormy *winds* that chance to riſe,
Only bring ſounder *ſleeps* unto my eyes:
Or if ſometimes their fury they do ſpend
On ſome tall Oak, and it aſunder rend,
Their very *miſchief's* uſeful here, and by
Their rage my *wood-mans* labour they ſupply.
But hold, while I my ſelf thus flatter here,
Reck'ning before each *pleaſure* of the year,
I had forgot that I *ſubpena'd* was,
And up to *London* ſuddenly muſt paſs;
Away I muſt, and ride *through thick and thin*,
There to arrive before the *Term* begin;
To *Horſe* I muſt what ever wind doth blow,
Whether the days do long or ſhorter grow;
For all my *ſhrugging*, yet away I muſt;
Thither I come, and through the *croud* I thruſt:
Methinks the *ſtream* I do already feel;
As I paſs through, ſometimes I kick ones heel,
Sometimes anothers *Corns* I tread upon,
While they do curſe and cry, *whither d' you run?*
What ails you? why ſo faſt? do not you ſee
That we by thoſe before us hindred be?
To my *Mæcenas* Houſe I ſtill preſs through,
Remembring to what *company* there I go,
That, that indeed is ſweet to me; for there
Is pleaſant *company* and healthy *air*

To

To me, who from the Sea-coals and the noiſe
Eſcap'd, a while a *mouthful* there injoys;
But when I tired and puffing thither come,
A hundred ſtrangers buſineſs do *hum*
About my ears, a hundred trifles fall
Upon my head, back, ſhoulders, covering all.
Of my whole life the greateſt part I've ſpent,
Not with my *ſelf*, or to my own *content*,
But in that *pomp*, which I of all things hate,
Th' acquaintance of *chief Miniſters of State*,
Though all th' *imployment* I had with them was
Only to help ſome idle hours to paſs:
Sir, my Lord ſuch a one deſires that you
Would be at Weſtminſter *at two*:
There did a Merchant, *Sir, for you inquire,*
Your aid in ſome rich project to deſire:
I pray Sir get his Graces hand to this,
He knows me, and it reaſonable is.
And if I ſay I'le do my beſt in it,
Oh Sir (ſays he) if you but think it fit
To ſpeak a word, th' *event* I need not fear,
And then ſome *Bribe* they whiſper in my ear;
All's but for them to exerciſe their *pride*,
And all that wait for *buſineſs* to deride,
While we within in private ſhut the while,
With ſuch vain *tattle* do the time beguile:
What is the clock? 'tis very cold to day,
How do you like theſe Verſes, or that Play?
Such were the grave affairs of *State*, that we
Tranſacted in our envi'd *ſecreſie*;
Yet by this means, 'twas nois'd about the Town
That I a mighty *favourite* was grown:
D'ye hear the news? (ſays one) our *friend* did ride
Laſt night with my *Lord Chancellor* ſide by ſide;

He

He is a riſing man, and happy me,
I him to day at leaſt two hours did ſee
In private with his *Highneſs*, and his *Grace*
Gave him a Friendly *ſmile* as he did paſs.
When once the World hath taken this report,
Then all the *Mounſieurs* brisk about the *Court*,
Where e're I meet them kindly me ſalute,
Y' are well met Sir, you know without diſpute
How matters go (ſay they) *for now you are*
Acquainted with all States-mens ſecrets here.
And how? and how? and when d' ye expect the Fleet?
When will the King ſet forth the Queen to meet?
I know not. Come, you're ſuch another man!
Let all the *Gods* their judgments on me rain,
If I know any thing. *And what d' ye hear,*
When did the Portuguez *reſign* Tangier?
Is all in Ireland *quiet ſtill or no?*
When will my Lord Lieutenant *thither go?*
Which way are things accommodated there,
For the old Iriſh, *or the Purchaſer?*
Still I perſiſt that I do nothing know,
At my reſerv'dneſs they much wonder ſhow;
That I'm a cloſe and truſty man they ſwear,
Fit to be made a *Privy-counſellor.*
Thus I my time to ſuch vain *fopperies* give,
And only in my wiſhes truly live:
" *Oh, when ſhall I the Countrey ſee again,*
" *When in a meadow, or a ſhady plain,*
" *Shall I once more ſecurely read and ſleep,*
" *And no account of the days* motion *keep?*
" *But by a pleaſant thoughtful* idleneſs
" *Of humane life make the long* journey *leſs:*
" *Oh* Beans and Bacon! *O delicious meat!*
" *Such as the firſt and* innocent *men did eat,*

" *Of*

" *Of fruits, for which* Pythagoras *was wiſe,*
" *When he all other* dainties *did deſpiſe* ;
" *Oh nights and* ſuppers *fit for* Gods *to eat,*
" *For even the* Gods *have ſometimes lov'd* retreat.
There o're my merry Servants I am *King,*
Yet fear no Poiſon in what e're they bring.
There free from all the *gentle rudeneſs,* which
The Laws of *Drinking* in the City teach,
One takes a *Brimmer* up, another cries,
Hold, hold, pray not too much, that will ſuffice.
All drink what e're they pleaſe, and none by ſtealth
Need put this *Glaſs* by, or eſcape that *health.*
There no *diſcourſe* of other men comes in,
Nor who this *Race,* who did that *Cock-match* win,
Nor who commands the *faſhion* of the Town,
Who the beſt *Actor* is, *Lacy,* or *Mohune ?*
We talk of things that nearer us concern,
And which 'tis more *material* to learn,
What kind of life a prudent man ſhould chuſe,
Or to be *rich,* or to be *vertuous* ;
What into ſtrongeſt *friendſhip* men doth bind,
Profit and *intereſt,* or the Goods o'th' *mind* :
What of true *happineſs* the nature is,
What are its meaſures, properties, degrees.
C—— the while (for he too did the ſame)
Forſook the *world* with me, and thither came.
C—ſtill mingles things that are more gay,
Rough *Morals* with old *Stories* doth allay :
Yet not that all our talk ſhould *ſtories* be,
But only when they genuine come and free :
Then if ſome new arriv'd *half-witted* Gueſt,
(Half-witted ſure he needs muſt be at beſt,)
Admires the *City* and the *glories* there,
How ſplendidly theſe *Lords* or thoſe appear,

Againſt

Againſt him which ſuch *railery* diſputes,
And with a *Mouſes* Argument confutes.

By Mr. A. Cowley.

AT the large Foot of a fair *hollow* tree,
Cloſe by plow'd grounds, ſeated *commodiouſly*
His antient and *hereditary* houſe,
There dwelt a good *ſubſtantial* Countrey Mouſe,
Frugal and grave, and careful of the main,
Yet one who nobly once did entertain
A *City* Mouſe, well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, who loſt his way
Wantonly walking forth to take the air,
And *arriv'd early*, and *belighted* there
For a days *lodging*; the good hearty *Hoſt*
The antient plenty of his *Hall* to boaſt,
Did all the ſtores produce that might excite
With various taſte the *Courtiers* appetite,
Chitches and *beans*, *peaſon*, and *oats* and *wheat*,
And a large *Cheſnut*, the delicious meat
Which *Jove* himſelf were he a Mouſe would eat;
And for a *haut-gueſt* there was mixt with theſe
The *ſword* of *Bacon* and the *coat* of *cheeſe*,
The precious *relicks* which at Harveſt he
Had gather'd from the *Reapers* luxury:
Freely (ſaid he) fall on, and do not ſpare,
"*The bounteous* Gods *will for to morrow care.*
And thus at eaſe on Beds of *ſtraw* they lay
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day:
Yet the nice Gueſts mind
(Though breeding made him *civil* ſeem and kind)
Deſpis'd this *Countrey* Feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the *cakes* and *pies* of *London* wrought.

Your

Your *bounty* and *civility* (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpris'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind
Too noble for the fare which here you find:
Why ſhould a Soul ſo virtuous and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let Savage Beaſts lodge in a Countrey Den,
You ſhould ſee *Towns*, and *manners*, and know men,
And taſte the *generous luxury* of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort,
Where thouſand beauteous *ſhees* about you move,
And by high fare are *pliant* made to *love*.
" *We all ere long muſt render up our breath,*
" *No Cave or Hole can ſhelter us from Death;*
" *Since life is ſo uncertain and ſo ſhort,*
" *Let's ſpend it all in feaſting and in ſport.*
Come (worthy Sir) come with me and partake
All the great things that Mortals happy make.
" *Alas, what vertue has ſufficient arms*
" *T' oppoſe bright Honour and ſoft pleaſures charms?*
" *What* wiſdom *can their* Magick *force repel?*
It draws this Reverend *Hermit* from his Cell.
It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Tethys *boſom fell*,
She bluſht at firſt, and then put out her light,
And drew the modeſt Curtains *of the* night.
Plainly the truth to tell, the Sun was ſet,
And to the *town* the wearied *travellers* get
To a Lords houſe, as Lordly as can be,
Made for the uſe of *pride* and *luxury*
They come; the gentile *Courtier* at the door
Stopt, and will hardly enter in before.
But this, Sir, you command, and being ſo,
I'm ſworn t' *obedience*; and ſo in they go

Behind

Behind a *Hanging* in a ſpacious room,
The richeſt work of *Mortelacks* noble Loom,
They wait a while their wearied Limbs to reſt,
Till ſilence ſhould invite them to their *feaſt*,
About the hour that Cynthia's *ſilver light*
Had toucht the pale meridies *of night.*
At laſt the various Supper being done,
It hapned that the *company* was gone
Into a room remote, Servants and all,
To pleaſe their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our *Hoſt* leads forth his *ſtranger*, and does find
All fitted to the bounties of his mind:
Still on the *Tables* half fill'd Diſhes ſtood,
And with delicious *bits* the floor was ſtrew'd,
The courteous Mouſe preſents him with the beſt,
And both with fat *varieties* are bleſt:
The induſtrious *peaſant* every where does range,
And thanks the Gods for his lifes happy change;
Loe in the midſt of a well fraighted Pye
They both at laſt glutted and wanton lie:
When (ſee the ſad reverſe of proſperous fate,)
And what fierce ſtorms on mortal glories wait,
With hideous noiſe down the rude Servants come,
Six Dogs before run barking into th' room,
The wretched *Gluttons* fly with wild affright,
And hate their *fulneſs* which retards their *flight.*
Our trembling *Peaſant* wiſhes now in vain,
That *rocks* and *mountains* cover'd him again:
Oh, how the change of his poor life he curſt,
This of all lives (ſaid he) is ſure the worſt.
Give me again ye Gods my Cave and Wood,
With peace let *tares* and *acorns* be my food!

SATYRE VII. By *A. B.*

HORACE and *DAVUS.*

The miseries of a Debaucked Life.

Dav. I'Ve over-heard you, and a mind I have (Slave,
To speak a word t' you, but being but your
I am afraid.——
Hor. —— Who art thou, *Davus?*
Dav. —— Yes,
Davus, who always to his Patron is,
A Slave so loving, and so true, that he
Deserves at length that you should make him free.
Hor. Go on, and use *Decembers* freedom now,
(Because our *Ancestors* did that allow)
Speak what thou hast a mind.
Dav.——Most men delight
In Vice continually, and with all their might
Pursue their lewd designs: Many there be
Float up and down with much *inconstancie.*
Now they will lead a virtuous life, but then
They quickly tumble into *vice* agen.
How fickle *Priscus* is! sometimes he'l be
With neere a Ring on's hand, sometimes with three:
And every hour he'l vainly change his *Gown*;
Sometimes he'l lodge i'th' noblest house in Town,
Straight in the meanest Cottage he will lie,
And thence come forth looking so nastily.
Now he at *Athens* studies hard, but straight
Away he comes to *Rome* to fornicate.
So various in his life, as if he'd been
Born in all shapes *Vertumnus* e're was in.

That

That Gameſter *Volanerius*, when the *Gout*
Had rack'd and ſhrunk up all his joints throughout,
A Fellow by the day he hir'd and fed
To take the *Dice*, and throw them in his ſtead.
" *How much more* conſtant *men in Vices be,*
" *So much the eaſier is their miſery:*
" *'Tis better far to keep an equal pace,*
" *Then ſometimes ſlack and ſometimes ſtretch the Trace.*
Hor. Yet all this while thou tell'ſt not to what end
(Thou fleering Knave) theſe ſullen words do tend.
Dav. They're meant of you.——
Hor. Why ſo (you *Rogue?*)
Dav. —— You praiſe
Mens fate and ways who liv'd in former days,
And yet if any *God* move you to uſe
The like your ſelf, you obſtinately refuſe,
Either becauſe you don't conceive what you
Your ſelf affirm thereof is right and true;
Or elſe the *truth* you faintly do defend,
And are not ſuch a man as you pretend;
And when you ſtick ſo faſt, you do deſire
In vain to pluck your feet out of the mire.
The Countrey you admire when you are at *Rome*,
But when into the *Countrey* you are come,
A *City* life you above all things prize,
And *Rome* you vainly do extol to th' skies.
When you are not invited forth to ſup,
Your own ſafe *Diet* you do ſo cry up,
Pretending if you e're go forth, 'tis ſtill
To pleaſe your Friend, but ſore againſt your will:
And you're ſo pleas'd, and count your ſelf ſo bleſt,
When you are not invited out to feaſt.
But if *Mæcenas* ſend for you to come,
How all the houſe rings with your noiſe at home!

What, not the Barber come yet? —Jack! —*who's there?*
Where are these Rogues, my Servants? does none hear?
And then away you post t' your Patrons feast,
Where *Milvius* that Parasite, and the rest
Which feed upon him, curse and rail, and speak
Base words of you, when they away must sneak.
One (I confess) did tell me to my face,
You did your pleasure in your Belly place;
And call'd you *smell-feast, feeble, sluggard, sot,*
What they could think, as *Glutton*, and *Toss-pot.*
Now since you are as bad as I can be,
Nay perhaps worse, why should you rail at me,
As if you're better? when you but disguise
With vertuous names the foulness of your vice.
When you were with anothers wife in bed,
And simply by his Slave discovered,
Trapan'd and apprehended, were not you
A verier *fool* than I? —— Nay, never go
To fright me with your surly countenance;
Bridle you passion, don't your *fist* advance,
While I impartially declare unt' you
That which *Crispinus* Slave reveal'd to me.
You're for a *married* woman, while your poor
Slave *Davus* is content with a poor ——
Which of our crimes are greater, yours or mine?
When heat of blood does me to th' flesh incline,
I take a *common wench*, with whom I do
Such things as humane Nature prompts me to;
And having done, I presently depart,
My *name* not blemish'd by it, nor my heart
Solicitous, where those who next there lie,
Be handsomer or richer men than I.
But when you lay your *Ornaments* aside,
And sneak along for fear you should be spi'd:

Art

Are you not what you ſeem, when you become
Inſtead of a grave *Senator* a *Groom?*
And are into anothers Lodgings led,
With an old Cap to hide your powdred head;
'Twixt luſt and fear ſuch a conteſt is in you,
Your fleſh and bones ſtill trembling do continue.
What difference is't if you are bound for hire
To be deſtroy'd, whether by Sword or Fire?
Or to be thruſt into a naſty Cheſt
With head and heels contracted to your breaſt,
Where by the Maid you have ſecured bin,
The *Baud* that's privy to her Miſtreſs ſin.
Has not th' abuſed Husband then juſt power,
Both o're his wife, and o're her Paramour?
More juſt o're the *Adulterer*, yet ſhe
Nor place nor habit ſhifts, nor *publickly*
Commits the ſin; the woman is in fear,
And believes not your promis'd love to her:
But you're a voluntary *Slave* t' your luſt,
And with that raging *Tyrant* do intruſt
All your eſtate; your *ſafety*, *liberty*,
Repute and *life*, things which ſo precious be.
And when you have eſcap'd from all thoſe Snares,
A man would think you ſhould be full of fears,
And would by this take *warning* now, but you
Seek how to ſin, and to be plagu'd anew.
Oh! you that make your ſelf ſo oft a Slave,
What *brute Beaſts* are ſo mad, that when they have
Made their eſcape by breaking off the chain,
Will to the ſnares expoſe themſelves again?
You ſay, you are no *Adulterer*, nor I
A *Thief*, becauſe I warily paſs by
Your *plate*; but were the puniſhment away,
You to Adultery, I to Theft ſhould ſtray.

Are you my *Maſter*, and ſo much a *Slave*,
To thoſe ill powers which Dominion have
O're men and things? and have ſo often been
Freed from your ſlavery, yet again get in?
Add this thing to the reſt, which ſeems to me
An *Argument* of great validity,
If he that does a *Slave* ſerve and obey,
Is a Slaves *Vicar* (as you Scholars ſay)
Or but his Fellow-ſlave, pray tell me then
What muſt I be to you? for even when
You rule o're me you are a wretched *Slave*,
To other powers, and no true motion have,
But are like wooden Puppets mov'd about,
Not by your Nerves within, but Wires without.
Hor. "*Who then is free?*
Dav. "*He that is wiſe, and can*
"*Govern himſelf, that, that's the true Free-man;*
"*Whom priſons, want, nay Death, cann't terrifie,*
"*Who quells his vain deſires, and valiantly*
"*Contemns the froth of popular applauſe,*
"*And ſquares his actions all by virtues laws:*
"*No outward thing can alter him at all,*
"*And* Fortune's *baffled if on him ſhe fall.*
Can you pick a deſcription out of this,
Which may expreſs your ſelf? — Your high *Miſtreſs*
Demands a hundred pound a time of you,
And if not given her, pouts and looks askew,
And in a *pet* ſhe thruſts you out of door,
Flings water on you to affront you more:
Then in another mood ſhe calls you back;
And are you free? Come, come, withdraw your neck
Out of this ſhameful Yoke, and ſay I'm free,
Which you in this condition ne're can be;

For

For you've a *Maſter* rigid and ſevere,
Does o're your mind and body domineer;
And though you're tir'd, and able ſcarce to ſtir,
He cruelly rides on with *ſwitch and ſpur.*
Pray Sir, when you ſo many hours lie lazing,
On ſome rare piece of Painting vainly gazing,
Wherefore are you more innocent than I,
When on a *Battel* I do caſt mine eye,
With *Char-coal* or *Red-oker* rudely done,
And ſee the *Fencers* nimbly ſtrike and ſhun
Each others blows, in various poſtures, ſo
As if the Fight were real, not a Show:
I muſt be call'd a loytering Rogue, but you
In antient Painting for a Critick go.
If I purſue a hot well-ſented Cake,
I am call'd Raſcal; but when you do make
Your ſumptuous Banquets with all luxury,
You muſt a noble perſon counted be:
Pray wherefore ſhould my petty luxurie
Be far more prejudicial to me,
Then yours that's greater is to you? if I
Indulge my Belly, I'm laſh'd preſently:
And are not you puniſh'd as much as that,
Who on your Belly ſpend your whole Eſtate?
Feaſts to perpetual Feaſters odious are,
And Drunkards feet refuſe their paunch to bear.
If a poor Boy ſell his ſtoln Comb to buy
A bunch of Grapes, we blame him preſently;
And yet that Belly-ſlave goes blameleſs, that
To gratifie his paunch ſells his Eſtate.
Beſides all this, you are not the ſame man
For two hours ſpace together, neither can
You tell which way to paſs your time away.
As you ought, when you have a leiſure day,

But Vagrant-like you from your ſelf do flie,
Sometimes with wine or ſleep you vainly try
To eaſe your mind, but whereſoe're you go
Your guilty Conſcience dogs and pricks you too.
Hor. Where's e're a ſtone? ——
Dav. —— At whom Sir would you throw,
If you could find a ſtone? ——
Hor. 'S death! where's my Bow?
Dav. Alas! my Maſter's grown ſtark raging mad,
Or elſe makes Verſes, which is full as bad!
Hor. Get hence, or to my Farm elſe, where I have
Sent eight already, I'le ſend thee th' ninth Slave.

SATYRE VIII. By *J. W.* Eſq;

A deſcription of an unhandſom Treat.

HORACE and FUNDANUS.

Hor. *HOw lik'd ye wealthy* Naſidenus *feaſt?*
For yeſterday, intending you my gueſt,
'Twas told me you were there, and from noon too.
Fund. Troth we were never merrier. (Hor.) *As how?*
(*And if it ben't too* troubleſom) *declare*
How he receiv'd you; what your bill of fare.
Fund. Our firſt encounter was a *Lucan Bore,*
Kill'd, the wind *South,* for ſo the *Maſter* ſwore;
About the Diſh lay *Lettuce, Radiſh, Beets,*
And ſuch as whet the ſqueaſie appetites,
As *Skirworts, Pickled Herrings,* and next theſe,
A poynant *ſauce* made of the *Coan* Lees:
This took away, two pretty Striplings come,
One wip'd the *Table,* t'other ſwept the Room;

And,

And, as you have ſeen an *Attick* Virgin go
To *Ceres* Sacrifice; ſtraight other two,
A *Black* the one, brought each his *basket* in,
This full of *Cæcub*, that of *Chian* wine:
When ſtraight mine *Hoſt*; *Mæcenas!* if you like
A fullier bodi'd, or a greener, ſpeak;
I have 'um both. (Hor.) *Poor wealth! — But prithee ſay,*
What were your company? (*Fund.*) On the firſt bed lay
My ſelf, next me *Thurinus*, and below
Was *Varius*; On the ſecond, *Balatro*,
With him *Vibidius*, both *Macena's* gueſts;
On the third, lay the *Maſter of the Feaſts*
'Twixt *Nomentan*, and Buffoon *Portius*,
That ſwoops whole *Cuſtards*, e're ye ſay, *what's this*;
For his ſake, t'other came, who underſtood
The way of eating, and with his Finger cou'd
Point out each *ſawce*, and what was in't; while we
Eat Fiſh and Fowl, and ſuch like *trumpery*;
Though yet, the beſt in ſeaſon, as the *Plaiſe*,
And *Turbats* Belly which he carv'd me, was.
Next, came the bluſhing *Apples*, gathered
The *Moon* encreaſing; how they differed
From others, he can tell you beſt; when thus
To *Balatro* began *Vibidius*;
We've fed our ſelves top full, and now muſt die
Quite unreveng'd, unleſs we drink him dry;
And calls for bigger Glaſſes; at which word
Mine *Hoſt* lookt as he'd have ſunk under board;
So went and came his colour, dreaming leaſt
T' have met with ſuch ſtiff *Drinkers*, or a jeſt
So home, but rather thought, t'ave ſeen his Wine
Deaded their *palats*, for 'twas hardly *fine*;
But to ſmall purpoſe, for the *Rundlet* now
Was ſet a *tilt*, and round the *brimmers* go;

Only

Only ſome one or two of the *prime* Gueſts
Made little ſpoil: ——But ſee! A ſecond Feaſt;
A *Lamprey* ſtretcht at length, ſwimming as 'twere
Amidſt a ſhole of *ſhrimps*; On which, *Mine Heer*
Cries *note, This Fiſh was big with young when caught,*
Or otherwiſe, 't'ad not been worth a Groat;
Then, for the rare *Potage!* But taſte it pray!
The *Oil* in it is right *Campania*,
'Thas more *ingredients*, as *Caviare*,
The beſt *white Pepper*, *Lesbian Vinegar*,
Italian Wine. (But this, I dare be bold)
Not a drop of 't was leſs than five years old;
All this was in the boiling (that once done
Pour that of *Chios* in, or better none:)
I was the firſt e're boil'd *Elecampane*,
And '*Ringoes* in it; from *Curtillus*, came,
Salt-water-craw-fiſh pickled, better far
Than ſuch as brought us from beyond Sea are:
While thus mine *Hoſt*, a piece of *Tapſtry*'s fall
Rais'd ſuch a duſt, it ſpic'd us, Diſh and all;
We thought at firſt, 't had been the *houſe*, but when
We ſaw there was no danger, *chear'd* agen;
But he (poor man) hung down his head, and cri'd
As if his Son had at that inſtant dy'd;
Nor gave he ov'r, till *Nomentanus*, *thus*,
Fortune our Foe, thou art a ſcurvy Puſs!
Ah what a cruel Vixen th'art! ah how
Do'ſt thou delight to mock us here below!
'Twas even as much as *Varius*'s Towel could do
To keep his laughter in, when *Balatro*
Gib'd on, *And ſince the courſe of life is ſuch,*
We cann't (quoth he) *admire your pains too much*;
Is't fit, to make me handſomly receiv'd,
You ſhould diſquiet your ſelf, and thus be griev'd,

For

For fear the Bread be burnt, or the Potage
Ill ſeaſon'd, to be ſure that every Page
Perform his office right: add to all this
What other accidents may fall amiſs;
As this o'th' Hangings was, or that a Clown
Should ſtumble in, and run the Cup-board down;
But (General-like) *Maſters of Feaſts reveal*
That temper by croſs hits, the good conceal:
At which, mine *Hoſt*, *Gods bleſſing on your heart!*
So good a man, and boon Companion th'art;
And with it clapt his Sandals on; when ſtraight
There went a *whiſper* round the beds. Hor. *But what?*
What laught y'at next? Fund. *Vibidius* cries, *I think*
The Bottle's broke, that we can get no drink;
And while they laught at what was paſt, quoth he,
Balatro *ſeconding*, *Mine Hoſt for me!*
How lively he returns! he looks as pert,
As if he'd help our late miſchance by art:
Which ſaid, his Boys brought in a *Charger* fill'd
With ſeveral things; a *Crane* cut up, and grill'd
With Salt and Flower; and fed with *figs* (to chuſe)
The well grown *Liver* of a Milk white *Gooſe*,
The Shoulders of ſome *Hares*, by much the beſt
Of all the body, *a broil'd Black-birds* breaſt:
Ring-doves, their thighs cut off; things excellent
Had he not run ſo Damn'd a *Lecture* on't;
As the cauſe why, drawn from their Nature too:
But we reveng'd our ſelves, I'le tell ye how;
We did not taſte one bit, but fled it more,
Than if a *Witch* had ſhook her *Kercher* o're.

The End of the Second Book of Satyres.

EPISTLES.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I. By Sir *R. F.*

To MÆCENAS.

He ſays he diſmiſſes his trifling ſtudies, and embraces thoſe that tend to vertue: yet ſo as not to ſwear to any Maſters words. And that theſe ſtudies are ſuch, that there is none but may be better'd by them, if he but lend a patient ear thereunto. In the end he reprehends the depraved judgment of men placing vertue after wealth and honours, and caring more for the things of the Body than the things of the Mind.

MÆcenas mention'd in my Odes, to be (me
Mention'd in all I write; thou would'ſt have
(Enough ſeen, and applauded on the Stage)
To the old ſport; I have not the ſame age,

Nor

Nor the ſame mind. Upon *Alcides* poſt
His Arms hung up, e're his won Fame be loſt;
The *Fencer* that is wiſe, retires. I hear
A voice ſound daily in my cleanſed ear,
Free an old Horſe, leſt he (derided) lag,
And broken-winded, in the laſt act flag.
Therefore Love-ſongs, and all thoſe toys adieu,
My work is now to ſearch what's *good*, what's *true*:
I lay in Precepts, which I ſtraight may draw
Out for my uſe. If thou demand, *whoſe Law*,
What Guide I follow: Sworn to no mans words,
To this and that ſide I make Tacks and Bords.
Now plung'd in billows of the *active* life,
At vertues Anchor ride contemplatife;
With ARISTIPPUS now yield to the ſtream,
More ſtudying to *get* wealth, than to *contemn*.
As *nights* are long to them their Miſtreſs fails:
To Hirelings, *days*: To curb'd Wards *years* are Snails:
So *ſlow* and ſo *unpleaſant* my Time flows,
Till ſeriouſly I *act*, as I *propoſe*;
That which alike boots *rich* and *poor*, if done,
A like hurts *young* and *old*, if let alone.
It reſts, theſe rules I to my ſelf apply.
Thy eyes will never pierce like *Lynceus* eye,
Scorn not to noint them though if ſore they are:
Nor, of a Wreſtlers ſtrength, if thou deſpair,
Neglect to ſalve the knotted Gowt. If more
'S deni'd, 'tis ſomething to have gone thus far.
Revenge and Avarice boil in thy heart:
There's words and ſounds will cut off a great part
Of thy diſeaſe. Swell'ſt thou with love of praiſe?
There is a Charm too which this Devil lays;
Reading a good Book thrice devoutly over,
The Envious, Wrathful, Sluggiſh, Drunkard, Lover:

No

No Beast so wild, but may be tam'd, if he
Will unto Precepts listen patiently.
'Tis Vertue to flie Vice: and the first Stair
Of Wisdom, to want Folly. With what Care
Of Mind, and toil of Body, we *avoid*
Mean wealth, and honours *hunt* (Ambition's God!)
Th' unwearied Merchant runs to fartheſt *Ind*,
Through Fire, through horrid Rocks, Riches to find:
What thou thus fondly doat'ſt on, to deſpiſe,
Sit, learn, and hear from thoſe that are more wiſe.
Whoſe Sword hath won him honour in *true* Fights,
Duſty *Olympick* Lawrels, that man ſlights,
(Above thoſe toys, and in his own ſelf rowld.)
Gold excels Silver, Vertue *excels Gold*.
O *Romans*, *Romans*, firſt ſeek *money*; then
Vertue. This drops from every Scriv'ners Pen.
This is the Doctrine old and young men preach,
Carrying a black Box danging at their Breech.
If of *Seſterces* fourty thouſand lack
Six or ſeven thouſand only, though you make
It up in Virtues, Coutage, Eloquence,
Faith, and the like; you're a *Plebelan*, Hence.
But playing in the ſtreets, the children ſing
Another Song: *He that does well's a King.*
Be this a wall of Braſs, to have within
No black accuſer, harbour no pale ſin.
Now (ſadly) which is better, *Otho*'s Law,
Or the Boys Song, which gives a Regal awe
To him does well? A Song oft ſung of old
By manly *Curii*, and *Camilli* bold.
Counſels he better, that ſay, MONEY GET,
If thou canſt, well. but if not, get it yet,
That thou ſome piteous Play may'ſt neerer ſee?
Or he that bids thee, *Brave, erect, and free,*

To

To face proud Fortune? If ROME's people now
Object, *Why plac't on our Bench vot'ſt not Thou*
The ſame with us? abhorr'ſt not what we hate?
Affect'ſt not what we love? My anſwer's, That
The ſlie Fox once to the ſick Lion made:
The foot-ſteps that way all make me afraid,
And from thy Den that I perceive no treads.
The People, 'Tis a Beaſt with many heads.
What, or *whom* ſhould I follow? ſome buy places:
Some for rich Widows trade with Beads and Glaſſes,
And feed old men with Gifts, like Fiſh with Bread,
That they on them may afterwards be fed.
Many grow fat with Uſury. But well,
Let *ſev'ral men have ſev'ral minds.* Now tell,
How long will any in the ſame mind ſtay?
Baiæ? The World hath not a ſweeter Bay,
The *Rich man* cries: when ſtraight the Sea and Lake
The joy of their arriving Lord partake.
Who, if an ominous Hare (forſooth) come thwart
To morrow; *Smiths unto the* THEANUM *Cart*
The Iron work. Has he at home a wife?
No life (he ſays) *like to the ſingle life.*
If not, *None bleſt* (he ſwears) *but married men.*
What knot can hold this changing *Proteus?* Then
The poor man (laugh) alters his eating room,
His Barber, Bed, and Bath: and ſick of *Rome*
As much as rich men that keep Barks, to float
Upon the water, goes and hires a Boat.
If thou meet one, by an ill Barber nocht,
Thou laugh'ſt: If one in Scarlet breeches bocht
With Frize, *thou laugh'ſt.* But what if my *mind* fight
With it ſelf? *Seek* that which it *ſlighted, ſlight*
That which it *ſought?* all Rules of Life confound?
Turn like the Tide, build, raze, change *ſquare* to *round?*

Thou

Thou think'ſt me mad in *faſhion*, and *laugh'ſt not*,
Nor that I need to have a Doctor got,
And to be plac't in *Bedlam* by the Maior:
Though thou'rt my Patron, and conſum'd with care
At the leaſt fingers aking of thy friend
That honours thee, and doth on thee depend.
In ſum, *a wiſe man's only leſs than* Jove,
Rich, free, fair, noble; laſt a King, above
The common rate of Kings: But chiefly ſound,
That is to ſay, Unleſs his Spleen abound.

EPISTLE II. By Sir *R. F.*

To LOLLIO.

He ſays Homer *in his Poems teaches fuller and better what is honeſt, than ſome* Philoſophers; *bringing arguments to prove the ſame. That in the Iliad, what are the incentives of war to fooliſh Kings and Nations, is deſcribed: and in the Odyſſes, by* Ulyſſes *example, what vertue and wiſdom can do, is ſhown. Then exhorts to the ſtudy of wiſdom, as that which will heal the diſeaſes of the mind, which he reckons up. But teaches withal, that men muſt from their tender age accuſtom themſelves to ſuch like Precepts.*

WHil'ſt thou (Great *Lollio*) in *Rome* do'ſt plead,
I, in *Præneſte*, have all HOMER read,
Who, what's our *good*, what not; what *brave*, what *baſe*,
Fuller than *Crantor*, and *Chryſippus* ſays.

Why

Why I think thus (unleſs thou'rt buſie) hear.
The Lines, that tell how *Greeks* and *Trojans* were
Involv'd in a long War for *Paris* love,
Raſh Kings and Nations fooliſhly reprove.
Antenors counſel was, to ſend the Cauſe
Of the War back. PARIS ſays, *No*: *What Laws*
Compel Kings to be ſafe? NESTOR, to piece
The difference, runs, betwixt the Kings of *Greece*
And *Tethy*'s ſon: *One* boiling with Love's flame,
With anger *both*. The PRINCES, *They*'re to blame,
And the poor PEOPLE ſmart for't. Miſchief, Strife,
Fraud, rage, and luſt in *Town*, and *Leaguer* rife.
Again what *vertue* and what *wiſdom* can,
He ſhews us in th' example of the * Man * *Ulyſſes.*
Of *Ithaca*: who (*Troy* in aſhes laid)
The Towns and Manners prudently ſurvay'd
Of many Lands; and through the *Ocean* vaſt,
Returning home with his Companions, paſt
Many ſharp Brunts, not to be ſunk with ſtorms
Of adverſe Chance. Thou know'ſt the *Sirens* charms,
And *Circe*'s Cups: which had he greedily
And fondly taſted with his Fellows, he
Had ſerv'd a Whoriſh Dame, and liv'd a Dog
On his own vomit, or mire-wallowing Hog.
The Suitors of *Penelope* were meer
Puppets made only to devour good Cheer:
Raskals, who minded nothing but their skin,
And, that perfum'd and ſleek, to ſleep therein
Till it was Noon: then thought it brave, to wake
With the ſame Lutes with which they reſt did take.
Do Thieves ſit up all night to kill and ſteal,
And cannot we riſe to intend our Weal?
But if in health thou wilt not ſtir about,
Hereafter thou ſhalt run (though with the Gout)

To a Phyſician: and unleſs thou knock
For Candle, and a Book, with the firſt Cock:
Unleſs to ſtudies, and to honeſt things
Thou bend thy mind; with Love's or Envy's ſtings
Thou'lt lie awake tormented. If a Fly
Get in thy Eye, 'tis pull'd out *inſtantly*:
But if thy *Minds* Ey's hurt, day after day
That Cure's deferr'd. Set forth, thou'rt half thy way.
Dare to be wiſe: Begin. He that to rule
And ſquare his life, prolongs, is like the Fool
Who ſtaid to have the River firſt paſs by,
Which rowls and rowls to all Eternity.
Money is ſought, and a rich wife for brood,
And a ſharp Culter tames the ſavage Wood.
Let him that has enough, deſire no more.
Not Houſe and Land, nor Gold and Silver Ore,
The Body's ſickneſs, or the Mind's diſpel.
To relliſh wealth, the palat muſt be well.
Who fears, or covets: Houſe to him and Ground,
Are Pictures to blind men, Incentives bound
About a gouty Limb, Muſick t' an ear
Dam'd up with filth. A veſſel not ſincere
Sowres whatſoe're you put into't. Abſtain
From pleaſures: Pleaſure hurts, that's bought with pain.
The Cov'tous always want: your pray'rs deſign
To ſome fixt mark. The envious man doth pine
To ſee another fat: Envy's a Rack;
Worſe, no *Sicilian* Tyrant e're did make.
Who cannot temper wrath, will wiſh undone
What, in his haſte, he may have done to one,
To whom he (poſſibly) would be moſt kind.
Anger is a ſhort madneſs: Rule thy mind:
Which reigns, if it obeys not: fetter it
With chains, reſtrain it with an Iron bit.

The

The Quiry moulds the Horſes *tender* mouth
T'his Riders will. The Beagle from his *Youth*
Is train'd up to the woods, being taught to baul
(A *Whelp*) at the Bucks heads nail'd in the Hall.
Now Boy, in the *white* Paper of thy breaſt
Write VERTUE: Now ſuck precepts from the beſt.
A pot well ſeaſon'd, holds the primitive taſte
A long time after. If thou make no haſte,
Or ſpur to over-run me, I am One
For none will ſtay, and will contend with none.

The ſame by Dr. W.

WHile you at *Rome* (my honour'd *Lollius* plead,
I *Homer* at *Praneſte* once more read.
Aquinas ne're ſo well, nor *Lumbard* taught
So fully yet, *what's fair, or fit, or naught.*
My reaſon's this (if y' have no buſie hours)
The ſtory that relates *Paris* amours,
And *Greece* ſpent with the tedious *Trojan* Leager,
Shews us how ſilly *Princes* are, how eager
The giddy *Rout.* That ſhould be mov'd which ſeems
The cauſe o'th' war, *Antenor* wiſely deems.
But *Paris* to enjoy his ſtoln delight,
Thinks ſcorn to yield. *Neſtor* to ſet things right
'Twixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* ſtrives;
While *Love* the One, and both their *paſſion* drives.
"The *Officers* are mad, and ſtill the ſmart
"Lights on the *Commons*; ſtill they have the art,

What with their *mutinies*, their plots, their ſin,
To loſe as much without, as thoſe within.
But then, what vertue and good *conduct* can
Perform you'l ſee; *Ulyſſes* is the man
Troy wiſely gain'd, he many *Cities* next
Views and their various *Laws*, is oft perplext
In hazards, ſtorms, himſelf and his he ſaves,
Not to be drown'd in *Fortunes* rougheſt waves.
The *Sirens* charms you know, and *Circe*'s bowl
Which had he quaft with's Drunken-train, his ſoul
H'had loſt, a brutiſh ſervant to the *whore*,
A *Shag-tail Cur* h'had been, or miry *Bore*.
We are that *rout*, methinks, thoſe Idle Knaves
Made to be cramm'd, *Penelope*'s lewd *braves*,
Riſing at Noon to waſh, and powder hair,
And then with noiſe of *Fidlers* lull our care.
Will you not wake? *Felons* are only ſtirring
For *miſchief*; for your ſafety you're *demurring*.
You'l eaſier now, then with a *Dropſie* run,
Call for a *Book* and Light before the Sun.
Your early thoughts in Vertue unimploy'd,
Will be with *Love* or fretting *Envy* cloy'd.
You'l move an *Eye-ſore* ſtreight; and is it ſenſe,
To let the *Mind* be cur'd a *Twelve-month* hence?
Begin: 'tis half the work: aſſume the power
To live: expect not for a fairer hour.
So ſtays the Clown till th' haſty *Brook* be dri'd,
But th' everlaſting ſtreams ſtill ſtill do glide.
We gripe for *money* ſtill, marry for Goods,
(Such *Wives* are fruitful) grub and fill our *woods*.
Who hath enough, why ſhould he wiſh for more?
Did ever goodly *ſeat*, or Farms, or Store,
The ſickly *Landlord* of his *Quartan* eaſe,

Or

Or of his cares? the *Owner* muſt have health,
Who reaps a ſatisfaction from his wealth.
The carking Heart's not eas'd by bags or land,
(No more then *Bleared-eye* by *Titians* hand,
Or *Gout* by *pultis*, or the *Ear* in pains
With *Rheum*, by *Feraboſco*'s melting ſtrains;)
But what it holds, like muſty Bottle ſpoils.
"*Pleaſures ill bargains are, if bought with toils,*
"*Deſires are endleſs, till you fix the end,*
"*Envy conſumes for fatneſs of a friend;*
"*Envy the worſt of Plagues, the Tyrants ſcourge,*
"*Anger let looſe, th' unwary mind doth urge*
"*To actuate revengeful thoughts, in haſte,*
"*Which afterward in cold bloud you'l diſtaſte.*
"*Anger's a ſhorter phrenſie. Paſſion reigns*
"*If 't be n't enſlav'd, but curb it in with chains.*
The manag'd *Colt* is by the Horſeman taught
T' obſerve the *Riders* check: the *Whelp* is brought
(Since firſt he trail'd the *Buck-skin* in the Hall)
To hunt abroad the *Stag* unto his fall.
Now (hopeful *Boy!*) counſels that wholſom are
Take early next thy heart: the ſeaſon'd *Jar*
Will hold his ſcent: now run, I'le but give aim,
I'le neither ſtop the *ſwift*, nor help the *lame*.

Epistle III. By *A. B.*

To Julius Florus.

Advice to follow his Studies.

IN what part of the World *Claudius* fights now,
(My *Julius Florus*) I desire to know:
Claudius our great *Augustus* Son in Law,
Whether to *Thrace* his Army's march'd away,
Or whether Icy *Heber* them detain,
If on the *Hellespont* they still remain;
Or fruitful *Asian* hills and plains, or what
The learned troop of *Drusus* will be at.
These things I mind too, and what eminent *wit*
Will to *posterity* dare to transmit
Those mighty things, which done by *Cæsar* are,
How *wisely* he makes Peace, how *stoutly* War:
What exc'llent *piece* will learned *Titius* write,
The *Roman* admiration and delight;
He that so bravely dares transfer the flame
Unto us *Romans*, which from *Pindar* came,
That scorns to *dabble* in the vulgar *lakes*,
And into the *Ocean* a brave Voyage makes:
How does he do? What does he say of me?
By his propitious *Muses* aid will he
Translate the Verses writ with *Theban* fire,
And tune them smoothly to the *Roman* Lyre.
Or with a *tragick buskin* does he rage,
And with high stately *language* fill the *Stage*?
And (prithee) how does *Celsus* deal by me?
That most incorrigible *Plagiarie*,

Who

Who has been warn'd ſo oft, and muſt be more,
To ſearch for *wit* and *ſenſe* from his own ſtore;
And leave off *pilfering* out of Books that be
By others writ, and plac'd i'th' *Library*.
" *Leſt all the plunder'd Birds ſhould flock together,*
" *And from his gaudy back pluck each his feather;*
" *And he of his ſtoln colours like the Chough,*
" *Stand ſtript, and make all the Spectators laugh.*
But what art thou about? With what rare ſtuff
Does thy *Muſe* load her thighs? th' haſt wit enough,
And that well *poliſht*, not abſurdly rough.
If thou wilt *Orator* or *Lawyer* be,
Or fall'ſt upon delightſom *Poetry*,
Thy wit away the *Laurel* juſtly bears;
" *But if thou canſt ſhake off thoſe ſeeds of cares,*
" *Where e're* Cœleſtial *wiſdom draws thou'lt go,*
" *This work, this ſtudy, great and mean men too*
" *Should ſet upon, if we deſign to be*
" *Dear to our ſelves, and to Poſterity.*
I prithee ſend me word, whether or no
Thou do'ſt ſuch kindneſs to *Munatius* ſhew,
As betwixt Friends and Brothers ought to be;
Or is your *breach* ſince you did diſagree
So ill *patcht* up, that it will never cloſe,
But every foot to it's old rancour grows;
Yet whether height of *blood*, or want of *wit*,
Inflam'd your untam'd ſpirits, 'tis not fit,
That your *fraternal* knot ſhould be unti'd,
In what part of the world ſo e're you 'bide;
I've a fat *Heifer*, which I'le gladly burn
In *ſacrifice* for your deſir'd return.

Epistle IV. By *A. B.*

To TIBULLUS.

That he ſhould live comfortably, and without Cares.

TEll me *Tibullus*, thou that do'ſt ſo far
Indulge ſuch trifles as my *Satyres* are,
What ſhall I tell my friends that thou doſt do
Now in that *Countrey* thou'rt retir'd into?
Writing whole *Volumes*: or haſt thou thy mind
Wholly to th' healthy *woods* and *walks* confin'd?
Conſidering only to enjoy and do
Things which become a wiſe and good man too.
Thou art no thick-skull'd *block-head*; for wiſe Heav'n
To thee an underſtanding Soul has giv'n.
And with a fair *Revenue* does thee bleſs,
Which thou know'ſt how t'*enjoy* as well's *poſſeſs*.
" *What could a* Nurſe *for her dear* Child *beſeech*,
" *More then right underſtanding, and plain ſpeech?*
" *To live belov'd in honour and in health,*
" *T' eat wholeſom* Diet, *and to want no wealth?*
" *When thou'rt toſt up and down 'twixt hope and care,*
" *Inflam'd with anger and ſhrunk up with fear:*
" *As ſoon as ſuch a day is overpaſt,*
" *Comfort thy ſelf, that that's to be the laſt:*
" *When an hour comes that brings thee joy and bliſs,*
" *If unexpected, Oh! how grateful 'tis!*
And when thou'rt minded to laugh heartily
At a right *Hog* of *Epicurus* Sty,
Come ſee me, thou ſhalt find me *plump* and fair,
I, of this *Corps* of mine, take ſpecial care.

EPISTLE V. By Sir *R. F.*

To TORQUATUS.

He invites Torquatus *to ſupper, which he ſays will be a frugal one. Exhorts him (bidding farewel to Cares, and the deſire of Riches) to give himſelf to Mirth; and (ſeeming a little light-headed with the joy of* Auguſtus *his birth-day) laſhes out into the praiſes of drinking. Names three things whereof he is ſtudious in his entertainment, and the firſt of theſe, Cleanlineſs.*

IF thou (a Gueſt) on a joyn'd-ſtool canſt ſup,
And in a ſmall Meſs all the broth ſup up:
I ſhall at home expect thee by Sun-ſet.
Wine thou ſhalt drink of middle age, and wet
Minturnæ's growth hard by. If thou haſt ought
That better is, command it to be brought,
And treat thy Hoſt. Already the Logs burn,
And the ſcowr'd Pans ſhine, on thy ſcore. Adjourn
Light hopes, and Riches ſtrife, and *Moſco*'s Cauſe
To morrow; CÆSAR's birth-day gives a Pauſe
To toil, and leave to ſleep. Without offence
We may ſpin out with chatting Eloquence
The Summer night. What do I care for wealth,
Unleſs to uſe? 'Tis a mad kind of ſtealth,
For one to rob himſelf, t' enrich his Heir.
I'le quaffe, and ſprinkle Roſes, and not care
Though I'm thought wild for this. The rare effects
Of Wine! Love, hid in Bluſhes, it detects:
Hopes it enſures: it makes the Coward fight:
Learned the Ignorant: the ſad heart light.

Whom

Whom have not flowing Cups eloquent made?
Whoſe debts (though ne're ſo great) have they not paid?
I am the Man: and my charge I will make it,
(Willing, and not unfit to undertake it)
To have the Forms clean rubb'd: the Napkins ſuch
As may not curl our Noſes up to touch:
That in the Platters thou maiſt ſee thy face:
That no falſe brother carry from the place
Ought that is ſpoke: that all of a Suit be,
Septimius? Brutus? Sure Cards, theſe. Let's ſee:
Then (if not taken up with better chear,
Or by his Girl) *Sabinus* ſhall be here.
Each Gueſt may bring his ſhadow. But the ſweat
Will be offenſive, if too cloſe we ſet.
Thy number, write: and (all things laid aſide)
Thy Clients bobb'd, out at the back door glide.

EPISTLE VI. By *A. B.*

To *NUMICIUS.*

Not to trouble himſelf with worldly matters.

Numicius to admire nothing at all,
Which in this world to *Mortals* may befal,
Is *one*, if not the *only* thing, which can
Make and *continue* thee a *happy* man.
Philoſophy renders ſome men ſo bold,
They're not *affrighted* when they do behold
The *Sun* and *Stars* ſo *variouſly* appear,
In all the *different ſeaſons* of the year:

Or

Or in unuſal *motions*, why ſhould'ſt thou
Be more *tranſported* with the things below?
Why ſhould'ſt thou mind the *treaſures* of the earth,
Thoſe *Gums* to which *Arabia* gives birth?
Or *Silver*, *Gold*, and *pretious Gems*, with which
Both *Indies* do the reſt o'th' world enrich?
Pleaſure or *Honour*, or thoſe *gifts* which come
From the ſelf-ended Citizens of *Rome*,
With what a *mind* and *look* ſhould theſe things be
Poſſeſs'd, or but *reflected* on by thee?
He that the contrary to this does *fear*,
His *paſſions* like th' *Admirers* paſſions are.
A mind diſturb'd, which way ſoe're it come,
On one ſide and the other is *troubleſome*;
And ſudden *apprehenſion* of all things,
To thoſe that *fear* or *love* much terror brings.
What is it to the purpoſe, whether we
Deſire and *fear*, and ſad or joyful be?
Who when a thing befals him, bad or good,
If more, or other, then he thought it wou'd
Doth preſently look blank upon't, and grow
Aſtoniſh'd both in mind and body too.
The *wiſeman* is an *Aſs*, the *juſt man* grows
Unjuſt, if they would be too *virtuous*.
Go now, and gaze upon thy maſſie *plate*,
Thy Braſs and Marble *pillars* made for *State*;
Thy coſtly *Hangings* of rich *Tapeſtry*,
And coſtly Garments of the *Tyrian* Die,
And hug thy ſelf when thou ſhalt *thouſands* ſee,
While thou art making *ſpeeches*, gaze on thee.
Riſe early in the *morn*, away to th' *Hall*,
And till 'tis late at *night* there *tug* and *bawl*,
Leſt *Mutius* grow rich before thee, he,
Who is by *birth* inferiour much to thee.

Shall

Shall ſuch a *ſneaking* fellow, as he is,
Be thy *example*, when thou ſhould'ſt be his?
" *What e're is hidden time will bring to light,*
" *And that will vaniſh, which now ſhines ſo bright,*
" *Nay thou, who on th' Exchange and at the* Hall
" *Art ſo well known, and honour'd too by all,*
" *Forſaking all theſe things, muſt go at laſt*
" *Where our Fore-fathers are, whoſe days are paſt.*
If thou do'ſt any ſharp *diſeaſe* indure,
Uſe all thy Wits to get a *preſent* cure.
" Wilt thou live well? who would not? *Virtue is*
" *The only way to gain true happineſs.*
And therefore all thy vanities thrown by,
To it *couragiouſly* thy mind apply.
" Make that thy *buſineſs*, and *do not ſuppoſe*
" *That to talk much is to be virtuous.*
That *words* together put will *vertue* prove,
As *Trees* together put will make a *Grove.*
But if *wealth* be thy aim, purſue thy Trade,
Take heed no other *Merchant* do invade
Thoſe Ports thou traffick'ſt to, and take from thee
Thy *buſineſſes* which now ſo *gainful* be.
Heap up a *thouſand talents*, then one more,
Add a third thouſand, and then make 'um four.
" *This mighty Monarch* Money *to us ſends*
" *Fair Wives, great Portions, Reputation, Friends,*
" *This makes us Noble, though our Birth be baſe,*
" *And gives our perſons comelineſs and grace;*
" *That man who has his pockets lin'd with Chink,*
" *All men ingenious and handſom think.*
The *Cappadocian* King, though he had ſtore
Of *Slaves*, was in's Exchequer very poor:
But be not thou like that unhappy *King*,
T' *abound* in one, and not in every thing.

Lucul-

Lucullus was desir'd (the story says)
To lend a hundred Cloaks for some new Plays.
Where should I have so many Cloaks (said he)
But yet I'le look, and what I have send t'ye.
A little after this he sends them word,
That he 5000 Garments could afford,
Which in his house lay by unknown to him,
And that they might have part or all of them.
That house is much unfurnish'd where there are
Not many things superfluous, and to spare;
Goods which the *Owner* knows not of, but may
Be unconcern'd when they are stoln away.
If (as *Mimnermus* said) nothing can be
Delightsom without love and jollity:
Then live in love and jollity; farewel:
If thou of any better Rules can'st tell
Then these, impart them to me candidly;
If not, I pray, make use of these with me.

The same by J. W. *Esq*;

IF then, *wealth* only makes, and keeps man blest,
Make that thy first of *works*, and leave it last:
If publick *Honour*; buy some progging *Slave*,
May point thee who goes by, what *names* they have;
Pluck thee by th' *sleeve*, and tell thee such or such
Are worth your hand, you can't reach't out too much:
His *interest* lies here, and t'others there,
Make 'um your friends, and you are *Consul* clear.
Thus putting on a *pleasant* face to all,
As their years are, this *son*, him *father* call.
If *eating* be the business, let's away
In order to't; we stay too long, 'tis day;

Rouse

Rouſe our dull Servants, make one take the *Nets*,
Another hunting *Poles*, a third the *Spear*,
And ſo returning through the gaping *Fair*,
Lead a tall *Mule* home laden with a *Boar*,
Not *kill'd* (as they ſuppoſe) but bought before.
Let's *bathe* on a full ſtomach, as forgot
Whether convenient for our *health*, or not.
Right *Cerites*, lawleſs; very *Greeks* that think
Their Countrey far of leſs eſteem than *drink*.
If (as *Mimnermus*) nothing's to be done
That has not *Love*, and *Pleaſure* in't, Let one
Live, and fare well; And if you've better chear,
Impart it pray, if not, be merry here.

EPISTLE VII. By *A. B.*

To MÆCENAS.

That Liberty is more acceptable to a Friend, than coſtly Entertainment.

I Promis'd when I left you laſt, 'tis true,
Within five days to come again to you
Into the Countrey, and you look'd for me
All *Auguſt* long, to come accordingly;
Yet I have *fail'd* you: now I'll tell you why;
Not that I ſlight ſuch *worthy* company;
But your hard *drinking* kills me. I profeſs,
"*You'ld love me* better, *if you'ld love me* leſs.
If you'ld have me live *long* and *healthfully*,
Give me now I am *well* that *liberty*
Which were I *ſick*, I'm ſure you would allow,
For I fear *ſickneſs*, though I'm *healthy* now.

In

In theſe hot *Dog-days*, when each little thing
That ſtirs the *bloud*, does *mortal* ſickneſs bring.
Autumn the *Sextons* harveſt, when we meet
Mourners and *funerals* in every ſtreet:
When Women ſend their *Children* out, for fear
They ſhould be ſtifled by the *City* air.
The *Lawyers* venting *mercenary* breath,
Brings *Fevers* and (a happy riddance!) *death*.
But when the *Winter* comes, and Heav'n beſtrews
The *ſhabbed* ground with frequent *froſts* and *ſnows*;
Then comes your *Poet* to the waters ſide,
Where he t' *indulge* his body will abide,
And *ſtudy* very little. And (if you
Will give me leave) I'll wait upon you too
When gentle Zephyr' *blows* (as Poets ſing)
And the firſt Swallow uſhers in the Spring.
Your favours do *inrich* me, not like thoſe
Which the *Calabrian* Inn-keeper beſtows;
Who with crabb'd choaky *Pears* his gueſts did treat,
And *rudely* over-preſſed them to eat.
Eat (if you love me) all theſe Pears, ſays he;
No (ſays the gueſt) *I thank you heartily*,
I've eat enough already. Put up, pray,
Thoſe you cann't eat, and carry them away,
(Says the free Hoſt:) *No* (replies the Gueſt)
You are too liberal to me in your Feaſt.
Nay fill your pockets, (quoth the Hoſt) *theſe toys*
Are grateful preſents to your Girls and Boys.
I'm as much oblig'd t' you (ſays his friend)
As if with Pears you me home loaden ſend.
Do as you pleaſe (ſays the Hoſt) *but what you leave*,
I've Hogs which will be ready to receive.
" Thus *Prodigals* and *fools* are free of that
" Which theſe do *vain ſlight*, thoſe vainly *hate*:

Such

Such roots *ingratitude* do always bear,
And will yield only that from year to year;
Whilſt he that is both *good* and *wiſe* declares,
That he for *worthy* men himſelf prepares;
And can diſcern *good* men from *bad*, as well
As he can *ſilver* from *braſs-money* tell.
'Tis my deſign to anſwer th' expectation
Of all the *worthy* perſons in the Nation.
But if you'ld have me never leave you more,
My former *ſtrength* of body, pray reſtore;
My black curl'd *locks*, which on my *forehead* grew,
And my bewitching nimble *tongue* renew.
Revive my witty merry *ſprightly* vain,
And in my *Cups* my amorous *flames* again;
Oh! make me weep, or run ſtark mad, nay die
For Love, if my coy *Miſtreſs* ſhould deny.
A little Fox with hunger ſlender worn,
Crept through a crevice int' a hutch of Corn,
And, having fill'd his paunch, ſtrugled in vain,
With his great belly, to get out again:
A Weezle ſpi'd him tugging at the chink,
Gave him this good advice, Friend if you think
E're to creep out, you muſt become as thin
As you were when you did at firſt creep in.
I will apply this Fable, and *reſtore*
To you what e're you gave me heretofore.
I love not to be *cram'd*, for I deſpiſe
Thoſe drowſie *Banquets* which the *Vulgar* prize:
Not for *Arabian* wealth would I deſtroy
That *eaſe* and *freedom* which I now enjoy.
You've often prais'd me for my *modeſtie*,
And I've declar'd that you have been to me
A *Father*, nay a *King*, both to your face,
Nor ſaid I leſs when you were not in place.

Try

Try me, if I can *cheerfully* reſign
All thoſe rich things your *bounty* has made mine.
'Twas not ill ſaid by young *Telemachus*,
Son of *Ulyſſes*, who did anſwer thus
To *Menelaus*, proffering to beſtow
A Horſe upon him, *Sir, I do not know*
What to do with your Horſe; for Ithaca
Is an ill place to keep a Horſe in; Hay
And Graſs are very ſcarce there, and there's no
Plains or Campaigne for Horſe to gallop through:
Therefore pray keep your Preſents, for they be
Fitter by half for you, than th' are for me.
Mean things become mean men. I now do not
Admire *Romes* ſtately Palaces a jot,
But quiet *Tybur* and *Tarentum* be
My aim to live in for my *privacie*.
Philippus, a great *Lawyer*, when he came
From pleading home at night, grown old and lame,
Complain'd much, that the *Court* too diſtant was
From the *Carina's* that's his dwelling place.
The ſtory ſays, that he by chance eſpy'd
One trim'd, that did i'th' *Barbers* ſhop abide,
Paring his nails with's *Penknife*; calls to's boy
(A *Lad* that was ingenious to obey
And quick t' obſerve his *Maſters* mind) ſays he,
Demetrius, Go, ask and bring word to me
What yonder idle perſon is, and who,
And what Patron he is related to;
Where he was born, and what eſtate he has,
What his name is, and who his Father was.
The *Boy* went, ask'd, and told him preſently,
Volteius Mena was his name, and he
A *Cryer* by profeſſion, of a ſmall
Eſtate, but he giv'n to no *vice* at all;

Sometimes he up and down did *trade* to get
Money, then ſtay'd at home and liv'd on it;
Play'd with his little *Children* when alone,
And in a ſmall houſe liv'd, but 'twas his own;
Follow'd his buſineſs, but his leiſure days
Spent at th' *Artillery* ground, or ſeeing *Plays*.
From his own mouth (ſays he) *I long to know*
Whether all this which thou relat'ſt be ſo.
Therefore go tell him that his company
I much deſire, pray him come ſup with me.
The *Lad* goes, comes, and tells his Maſter, *Sir*,
I told the Gentleman, but he'll not ſtir,
Neither indeed would he believe that you
Invited him, or what I ſaid was true.
But wondring with himſelf, 'tis ſtrange! ſays he,
What! an old, rich, great Lawyer, and ſo free!
But he was civil, and put off his hat,
Thank'd you, as who ſhould ſay—here's this for that.
Did he deny me? —*Yes perverſly too,*
And ſlights, or elſe ſtands much in fear of you.
Next day the *Lawyer* in his ſight appears,
As he ſold *Fripery* to the *Waſtcoateers*:
Gives him the firſt *ſalute*; ſurpris'd hereat,
The baſhful *Merchant* lowly doffs his hat,
And goes t' excuſe the *meanneſs* of his trade,
Complains that he thereto a *ſlave* was made;
Begs *Philips* pardon, that he did not come
To *Supper*, when he was invited home;
But that which did ſeem to *afflict* him worſt,
Was that he did not viſit *Philip* firſt.
Come (ſays *Philippus*) *you've no other way*
For pardon, but to ſup with me to day.
I'll wait upon you, noble Sir, ſays he.
The Lawyer tells him, *that the hour was three*,

Bids

Bids him i'th' interim mind his *calling* ſo,
That he by *trading* might the richer grow.
He talk'd at *Supper* what e're came in's way,
Said what he *ſhould*, and what he *ſhould* not ſay:
At length he takes his leave, and hies him home
To Bed. Next morning he does thither come,
And is obſerv'd ſo often there to wait,
And nibble at the *Lawyers* dangerous bait,
That he became his *Client*, after that
He every day at *Philips* table ſate,
And on the *Holy-days*, when there were no
Pleadings, to *Philips* Countrey-houſe they go
In his brave gilded *Coach* together, where
Volteius prais'd the *Sabin* fields and air:
Which when the *Lawyer* found, it pleas'd him much:
Says he, *My bodies conſtitution's ſuch,*
That hither I'll for good and all retire,
And live at eaſe here; only I deſire
The company *of ſuch a friend as you,*
That is ſo prudent and ſo cheerful too.
And if you'll purchaſe ſomething in this Town,
One hundred pieces I will give you down,
And I will lend another hundred t' ye,
Meerly t' enjoy your pleaſant company.
So (not to make more words on't then I ought)
A ſmall *Farm* there, at length the *Merchant* bought.
Now he that was ſo ſpruce a *Citizen*,
Became one of the herd of Countrey men;
Of *Sheep* and *Oxen's* all his talk, and how
To plant young *Trees*, and go to *Cart* and *Plough*.
To all his *Studies* now he puts an end,
And to grow *rich* his mind does wholly bend.
But when his *Kids* were ſtolen, and *Sheep* did rot,
His *Oxen* kill'd at plough, his fields did not

Bring forth according to his expectation,
Griev'd with these heavy losses, in a *passion*,
He takes his Horse at *Midnight* and away
To th' *Lawyers* house, whom when the *Lawyer* saw
With such a *rustick* discontented look,
You look (says he) *my friend, as if you took*
Overmuch care and pains. Truly, says he
My honour'd *Patron*, if you would call me
By any *name* that fits me, let it be
A miserable wretch; and I intreat
You, by the *Gods* and all that's *good* or *great*,
By all that's *dear* to you, that you'll *restore*
Me to that *life* which I enjoy'd before.
As soon as *Philip* had considered, what
Difference there was 'twixt what he would be at,
And what he so *declin'd*, *Let him* (says he)
Return to what he has been formerly.
What fits us best is best; 'tis *good and meet*,
To make our shooes according to our feet.

The same by S. W.

I Promis'd but five days from you to stay,
And now all *August* I have been away;
But (dear *Mæcenas*) if you'd have me live
Lusty and strong, that *freedom* to me give,
(Now I fear *sickness*) as you would allow,
And bid me take, if I indeed were so.
Excuse your friend till sickly *Autumn's* o're,
Autumn that is in *funerals* never poor;
When *the fond Mother* for her child looks pale,
And a full *term*, and business crouds the *Hall*;

Where,

Where, whilſt the drudg *Sollicitor* attends,
A *Fever* haſtes his will, and Law-ſuit ends.
But if ſharp *Winter* cloaths the fields with ſnow,
Your *Poet* down to your Country-houſe will go,
And living there obſcure, himſelf will ſpare,
And only for his *book* and *health* take care:
With hopes to viſit you again at *Spring*,
And the firſt tidings of it with him bring.
Not as my Country *Hoſt* his *Pears* does force,
Have you return'd me full; *Our fare's but coarſe*,
Yet feed (he ſays) *I thank you I've done well*,
Do better then, theſe fruits we never ſell:
Your Servant Sir. Nay thoſe you ſhall take home,
You will more welcome to your children come.
I am oblig'd, as much as if I did.
Take what you pleaſe; but I ſhould thus be rid
Of that, with which I muſt to th' Hogs be kind,
Who ſtrait ſhall have, what ere you leave behind.
"So Fools and Prodigals no gifts beſtow
"But what they hate, or what they do not know.
Yet this rank ſoyl a *thankleſs* crop does bear,
Nor will it better yield another year;
But a *wiſe* man, though he the difference knows
Twixt *gold*, and *trifles*, when he theſe beſtows,
"For worthy hands, ſays he, they were deſign'd;
"Nor me leſs worthy, ſay I, ſhall you find.
But if I muſt always with you remain,
Let me my *youth* and *beauty* have again;
My luſty *back*, ſmooth forehead, and black *hairs*
Now all impair'd, or chang'd, by *age* and *cares*;
Return my mirth and *raillery* again,
And *Cynare*, whoſe loſs I grieve in vain.
Once on a time, through a very little hole,
A hungry Fox into an Hen-rooſt ſtole,

And glutted there with Poultry, *all about,*
But all in vain, ſought where he might get out:
The hole too ſtrait was grown, his paunch too wide,
Which, at a diſtance, when the Weezel ſpy'd,
" *Sir Reynard ſaid ſhe, you muſt be as thin*
" *If you'd get out as when you firſt came in.*
Urge me but thus, I'll quickly all reſign,
Yet not ſo *fooliſh* am I to repine,
And a Swains ſleep, before full tables chuſe,
Though for both *Indies* I'd no freedom loſe.
My Modeſty you heretofore have prais'd,
Nor have I leſs your worth with titles rais'd;
Father and *King* were the worſt names I gave,
My ſelf in every place I ſtil'd your *ſlave*;
And judg you now if I can well reſtore,
Or unſay what ſo oft has been ſaid o're.
Telemachus was wiſer to refuſe
Great *Menelaus* proffer; " *I've no uſe*
" *For Courſers*, ſaid he, *nor have we good feed,*
" *Or running with us, for ſo high a breed.*
" *Rather, great* Atreus *Son, thy gifts retain,*
" *And let them, where they better ſuit, remain.*
A little does a little man content,
Give me no *Palace*, but a *Tenement*;
A Cottage at *Tarentum* will ſuffice,
And *Rome* compar'd with *Tybur* I'll deſpiſe.
Philip the famous *Oratour*, one day
As from the Bar he came, and thought the way
To him grown *old*, and wearied with the throng,
Thence to his *Chamber*, ne're ſeem'd half ſo long,
Seeing i'th' ſhade, cloſe by a *Barbers* door,
One newly trim'd, that with light knife ran o're
Each ſingle nail, and pair'd it with ſuch grace
As if he ſtudied to out trim his face;

"*Go* (ſaid he to his boy) *inquire his Name,*
"*What Father, whoſe Retainer, whence he came?*
"*He's call'd* Volteius Mena (ſays the boy)
"*A Cryer, that does little wealth enjoy,*
"*But a good Name,* (*that to th' whole world is known;*)
"*Who ſometimes buſineſs has, and ſometimes none.*
"*Juſt enough for a livelyhood, which yet*
"*He does as freely ſpend* (*he ſays*) *as get.*
"*Of mean acquaintance, but a houſe of's own,*
"*And when he's either tir'd, or work quite done,*
"*Can to a play or wreſtling wager go.*
"All this I from himſelf deſire to know,
"(Replies the Sage) bid him to ſupper come
"This night, whilſt I before walk ſoftly home.
"How now! *An't pleaſe you Sir he'd ſcarce believe*
"*I came from you, and wondring did receive*
"*The invitation.* What elſe? *And by me*
"*Returns his thanks.* Deny'd then muſt I be?
"*I think ſo, and he you does ſcorn, or fear,*
"*Or elſe invited thus, would ſcarce forbear.*
Philip next morning, as to Court he went,
Menas Good morrow did with his prevent,
And greeting gave the day, and eaſe from cares,
As to the *People* he expos'd his Wares.
Volteius to excuſe himſelf began,
His pedling trade, and mercenary *Chain*,
That his commands he had not ſought at home,
Nor was ſo happy as to ſee him come;
"*All this I'll pardon* (ſaid the Counſeller)
"*But on condition you no more defer*
"*Your coming to me, whom I now invite*
"*The ſecond time, to ſup with me this night.*
"*You ſhall command me,* (*Mena* ſaid;) *Let three*
"(*Philip* return'd) *the lateſt minute be;*

"*Till then your buſineſs mind*——But Supper's come;
Where when they'd freely talkt, my *Gueſt* goes home.
Yet like a *Fiſh* that nibbles at the paſt
So long, that by the gills he's caught at laſt;
By often *viſits* he becomes more bold,
Turns *Client*, and unbid a room does hold
At every Feaſt; By *Philip* is deſir'd,
To go where i'th' *Vacation* he retir'd:
And out they ride. *Mena* commends the air,
And *Sabine* fields, with fruits all gay and fair.
Which *Philip* hears and ſmiles; but *mirth* and *eaſe*,
What may himſelf, or new *retainer* pleaſe,
Being his care, he gives him fifty pounds,
And lends him fifty more to buy ſuch grounds;
Which done (for I'll make all the haſte I can)
My *City Cryer* is turn'd *Countrey-man*:
Prunes his grown *Vines*, can ſtoutly hold the Plough,
Climb a tall Elm, and trim its higheſt bough;
Dies at his labour, and with *care* grows old,
And equals nothing to fat land, but *Gold*,
But when his Goats by Thieves, Sheep fell by th' rot,
The field his hopes and charges anſwer'd not,
His *Cattel* dy'd, his *Ox* at plough was ſlain,
Himſelf no longer able to reſtrain,
At midnight up he gets, and in a rage
Rode poſt to *Philips* houſe, his furtheſt ſtage;
Whom as the *Lawyer* ſaw all rough with hair,
And never ſhav'd ſince they together were;
"*Volteius* ſaid he, *you too thoughtful look*,
"*As if more care than what is fit, you took.*
"*Undone good Patron*, ſaid he, *I'me undone*,
"*And by the name of* Wretch *muſt hence be known.*
"*By your ſelf therefore, and the Gods y' adore*,
"*Your own good Genius, I your help implore*,

"*That*

" *That but this once you'd eaſe me of my pain,*
" *And turn me to my former life again.*
He whoſe paſt ſtate the preſent doth excell,
Let him take quickly up if he'd do well.
Return in time; For reaſon this requires,
That a mans own foot meaſure his deſires.

EPISTLE VIII. By *A. B.*

To CELSUS.

That preferment ſhould not tranſport him.

GO when I bid thee Muſe, and wiſh my friend
Celſus, who now on *Claudius* does attend
As *Secretary* and *companion* too;
Much health bid him, *Live merrily, and do*
His buſineſs prudently, and if he doubt
What kind of buſineſs I am now about;
Tell him I promiſe *exc'llent* things, but I
At preſent live not well, nor pleaſantly.
Not 'cauſe the *Hail-ſtorm* broke our *Vines*, nor yet
Becauſe our *Olives* by the immoderate heat
Are *ſhrivel'd* up, nor cauſe my Flocks that lie
In Fields remote are ſick, but becauſe I
Am *ſick* in mind more then in body; for
I can't endure to hear what men ſay, nor
To learn a *Phyſical receipt* that may
My great *diſtemper* cure or but allay.
My learn'd and true *Phyſician* me offends,
And I do *peeviſhly* rail at my friends,
Becauſe they offer to deliver me
Out of my much bewitching *Lethargie*;
" *Thoſe things which hurt me moſt I moſt purſue,*
" *And what is good for me I ſtill eſchew.* " *At*

" *At* Rome *I* Tybur *love, and when I'm come*
" *To* Tybur, *I am mad to be at* Rome.
After all this ask how he does, and know
How he proceeds, and how all matters go.
Ask him how he does *Claudius* pleaſe, and how
He and the *Regiment* do *cotton* now:
If he ſays, Well; tell him, I'm glad to hear
That happy News; then whiſper in his ear
This truth; " *In this promotion*, Celſus, *we*
" *As thou demean'ſt thy ſelf, will value thee.*

EPISTLE IX. By *A. B.*

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

On behalf of a Friend.

GReat Sir, *Septimius* underſtands how vaſt
That *Princely* love is which on me you caſt,
And by entreaties hath prevail'd with me,
That I ſhould *praiſe* him and *preſent* him t'ye
As a man worthy every where to be
Receiv'd into your *breaſt* and Family,
Who only worthy men and things elect.
He thinks I'm honour'd with that great reſpect
To be your *boſom friend*, he knows my power
Better then I my ſelf, for till this hour
I never tri'd it on you, and I us'd
What *arguments* I could to be excus'd:
But fearing leſt I might too far diſown
Thoſe *Princely* favours you on me have thrown,
And ſo be thought ſuch a *diſſembling Elf*,
That's only beneficial to my ſelf,

There-

Therefore that I may not be thought to be
Ingrateful (that's the worſt of infamy)
I've put on *ſuburb-brows*, and if you can
Once pardon a *neceſſitated* man,
Who waves his *modeſty* to ſerve his friend,
Accept this perſon which I recommend
Into your Houſhold, and take this from me,
A ſtouter, better man you ne're did ſee.

EPISTLE X. By Sir *R. F.*

To FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

He praiſes to Fuſcus Ariſtius (*a lover of the City*) *the Countrey life, with which himſelf was delighted, and recounts the ſeveral Commodities thereof. Withal deters him from ambition, which accompanies the City life, not that of the Countrey.*

TO *Fuſcus*, the *Towns* Lover, health I wiſh,
That love the *Countrey*: differing much in *this*,
In all *elſe* twins. Both like, diſlike, what *either*:
A pair of old Doves bred of Eggs together.
Thou keep'ſt the Neſt: I love to flie abroad,
To haunt ſweet Brooks, the moſſie Grot, and Wood.
What would'ſt thou have? I live and reign, when I
Have ſhun'd thoſe things *thou* praiſeſt to the ſky,
And like a Comfit-makers Prentice fled,
Cloi'd with *Preſerves*, am better pleas'd with *bread*.
If one would live with all conveniencies,
And firſt in building the foundation is,
Where doth frank Nature thruſt out ſuch a breaſt
As in the Countrey, with all good things bleſt?

Where

Where is it that the Winter's warmer? where
To cool the Dog-ſtars bite, is freſher air,
And the fierce Lyon's rage, when all his heat
Th' exalted Sun pours in, to make it great?
Where does leſs envious care our ſleeps diſpel?
Do Floors of *Parian* Marble look or ſmell,
Like Flowers? The water when it heaves to burſt
The leaden Pipes with which in ſtreets 'tis forc't,
Runs it ſo pure, as when melodiouſly
It quavers in the Rivers Falls? Ev'n He
Affects t' have Trees, who in the *City* builds,
And that his houſe ſhould but ſurvey the fields.
Drive Nature with a Pitch-fork out, ſhee'l back
Victorious (ſpite of *State*) by a ſecret Track.
He that wants skill right Scarlet to deſcry
From counterfeit, will not more certainly
Be couzen'd in a Shop, then he ſhall be
That knows not true from falſe Felicity.
Him, whom a proſp'rous State did too much pleaſe;
Chang'd, it will ſhake. What thou admir'dſt with eaſe
Thou canſt not quit. Fly great things: In a Cell,
Kings, and the Friends of Kings, thy Life may excel.
The *Stag* ſuperiour both in Arms and Force,
Out of the Common Paſture drove the *Horſe*:
Until the vanquiſh'd after a long fight
Pray'd *Man's* aſſiſtance, and receiv'd the *Bit*:
But, having beat the Victor, could not now
Bit from his *Mouth*, nor *Man* from his *Back* throw.
So He that fearing *Poverty*, hath ſold
Away his *Liberty*; better then Gold,
Shall carry a proud Lord upon his back,
And ſerve for ever, 'cauſe he could not lack.
Who fits not his Mind to it, *his* Eſtate
If *little*, pinches him: throws him, if *great*.

Wiſely

Wiſely (ARISTIUS) thou wilt like *thy* lot,
And wilt chide Me if *mine* content *Me* not:
If more I cark for, or if more I crave.
Who ere has Money, either 'tis his Slave,
Or 'tis his Maſter, as when two men tug
At a Ropes ends: W' are dragg'd unleſs we drag.
Giv'n in Vacation, at that * *Goddeſs Cell.*
Save that I have not Thee, perfectly well.

* The *Romans* adored *Vacation* as a *Goddeſs*, by the Name of *Vacuna*.

EPISTLE XI. By *S. W.*

To BULLATIUS.

That Felicity conſiſts not in any Place or Condition, but in tranquillity of the Mind.

NOw you have *Lesbos*, and fair *Samos* ſeen,
At *Sardis*, *Colophon*, and *Smyrna* been,
What think'ſt thou, good *Bullatius*, is all true
That fame reports? (for ſhe knows leſs then you.)
Do they exceed the Common voyce, or are
Their fields, with ours, unworthy to compare?
Is not our *Tyber* better then their Seas?
Or which o'th' *Aſiatique* Cities pleaſe?
Does *Lebedus*, becauſe you reſted there,
And found that eaſe, you elſe ſought every where?
'Tis a poor place indeed to *Gabii*,
Yet there I'de chooſe to live retir'd and die;
(*Forgetting all, of all my friends forgot*)
Whom though they *pity*, yet they *envy* not.

Where

Where from the ſhore I might behold the *Main*,
And rate my pleaſures by anothers pain.
Yet neither he, that does from *Capua* come,
Wet to the skin, and on his way to *Rome*,
Would take an *Inn* for home, or think a fire
Or *Stove*, though numb'd with cold, his chief deſire;
And ſeek no further, but his kind ſtars bleſs,
As one arriv'd to perfect *happineſs*:
Nor for a ſtorm ſhould you *forſwear* the Sea,
And ſell your *Barque*, that you reveng'd might be.
To one that's ſafe *Mit'lene* and *Rhodes* are fair,
But as Furs in Summer, Silks in Winter are:
As *Tiber* is to ſwim in when it ſnows,
And as a fire i'th' midſt of *Auguſt* ſhows.
While Fortune ſmiles, let *Rhodes* be prais'd at *Rome*,
Chios and *Samos* faireſt are at home.
Uſe the ſweet Intervals *the Gods allow*,
Nor till next year put off what may be Now.
That every *place* alike may ſeem to thee,
And thou alike *content* in any be.
If prudent *Reaſon* ſets no bound to *Care*,
Nor can thoſe Lands that bounds to th' *Ocean* are:
And he that reaches them too late, ſhall find
The place is only chang'd, and not his Mind.
And yet we ride, and ſail, and journeys make,
Or happineſs to find, or to o'retake;
That which thou ſeek'ſt is ready at thy hand,
And *Ulubræ* may be the *happy land*;
For (friend) *an even Soul can make it there,*
And what we no where find, have every where.

Epistle VII. By *A. B.*

To ICCIUS.

That the use of Estates makes men rich.

WHy dost thou murmur *Iccius*, and repine,
Because *Agrippa*'s wealth is more then thine?
Thou art his *Steward* if thou rightly use
Those fruits which his *Sicilian* lands produce;
Jove himself can't give thee a greater store,
Therefore leave off complaining that thou'rt poor:
" *For he's not poor, whom fortune does produce*
" *What e're is necessary for his use.*
" *If thou canst get good Diet, and warm Cloaths,*
" Cæsars *Estate can't give thee more than those.*
" *If at a Table stor'd with various meat,*
" *Thou canst abstemiously a Salad eat,*
" *Thou by that vertue wilt as wealthy be,*
" *As if kind fortune had showr'd Gold on thee;*
" *For thy firm soul will above money soar,*
" *And thou wilt think all things inferiour*
" *To amiable Vertue, which alone,*
" *To good men, is guide and companion.*
Men wondred at *Democritus* when he
Sate in his *Study*, and his *Hogs* did see
Root up his Corn-field, and his *Garden* spoil,
And he sate studying *unconcern'd* the while;
His thoughts were set on higher things, and thou
Wilt be as great an *admiration* now,
Who in this scabbed *avaritious* time,
Mind'st nothing *mean*, but aim'st at things *sublime.*

What bounds the Sea, *what makes it ebb and flow,*
What makes the year round ſo exactly go;
Whether the Planets move by their own power,
Or do obey ſome cauſe Superiour;
From whence th' Eclipſes of the Moon proceed,
And how ſhe's from her obſcuration free'd.
What means the jarring ſympathy of things;
And whether good or evil from it ſprings;
Whether Empedocles *deſerve our faith,*
Or that be righter which the Stoick *ſaith.*
But whether thou delight'ſt to feed on Fiſh,
Or only Leeks and Onions be thy diſh;
Receive my good friend *Groſphus* courteouſly,
And grant him freely what he asks of thee;
" *For he has ſo much modeſty and wit,*
" *That he'l ask nothing but what's juſt and fit:*
" *Friendſhip doth come to a low market when*
" *Any thing's lack'd by good and worthy men.*
But 'cauſe perhaps you have a mind to know,
How all affairs here in our *City* go;
Agrippa's valour has *Cantabria* won,
Th' *Armenians* too by *Nero* are o'rethrown.
Phraates does great *Cæſars* laws obey,
And on his knees ſubmit to th' *Roman* ſway:
Beſides this ſeaſonable harveſt yields
A plenteous crop in our *Italian* fields.

Epistle XIII. By *A. B.*

To VINIUS ASELLA.

Instructions for presenting his Poems to Augustus.

AS I have oftentimes, and long since too,
Instructed thee; when thou to *Court* dost go,
(Dear *Vinius*) I'ld have my *Poems* be
Presented to *Augustus* seal'd by thee,
When he is well, and of a *cheerful* mind,
And when to *read* them he is well inclin'd.
Do not by much *Officiousness* offend,
Or hurt me, whom thou studi'st to *befriend*:
Nor yet make men my Poems to contemn,
Because thou *importunely* proffer'st them.
But if the *Volume* of my book should be
So *cumbersom*, that it should weary thee,
I'd rather thou should'st throw them quite away,
Than on thy *shoulders* them like *Dorsers* lay:
And so make thy paternal name, because
'Tis *Asina*, to signifie an *Ass*:
And make thy self a *Table-talk*, and be
Ridiculous to all posterity.
Set all thy strength to't; pass through thick and thin,
And when th'hast had thy will, and entred in
To *Cæsar*'s presence, use the matters so,
That prying *Courtiers* may not come to know,
That thou a load of *Poetry* dost bear
Under thy arm, as if a *Rustick* were
Carrying a *Lamb*, or drunken *Pyrrhia*
Carryed the stoln *Quills* of Yarn away:

Or as a *Tenant* when he gets a *Rowſe*,
Carries his Cap and Shooes from's *Landlord's* houſe.
Nor tell the Vulgar that thou ſweat'ſt to bear
Lines which will pleaſe both *Cæſars* eye and ear.
And though th' art courted ne're ſo much, preſs on,
Shew no body a line.—— *Well* get thee gon,
Farewel, be careful that thou err'ſt not, and
If thou e're lov'ſt me, break not my command.

EPISTLE XIV. By *R. T.*

To his BAILIFF.

The difference betwixt a Country life, and a City life.

THou *Bailiff* of my Woods and pleaſant Field,
Which ſerv'd five dwellers once, and us'd to yield
Five *Burgeſſes* for *Baria*, by thee now
Contemn'd, let's try who *weeds* beſt, I or you;
Whether my *mind* or *ground* be better till'd,
Which is the better, *Horace* or his *field*.
Though *Lamias* pity mourning th' haſty fate
Of's Brother raviſht from him do create
Occaſion for my longer ſtay at *Rome*
Then ordinary, yet my heart's at home.
That ſtrives to break all *ſtops*, for I prefer
The *Country*, thou the *Town* as happier.
Who likes anothers fortune, hates his own,
He is a fool that does accuſe the Town
Or Country either, and does falſly find
Fault with the place, when all the fault's in's mind,

Which

Which never flies its self; when you were ſlave
To th' *Baths*, and liv'd in *Town*; you us'd to crave
With ſilent Prayer to be remov'd to go
To be a *Country* man; now being ſo
You covet *Baths*, *Plays*, and the *Town*; you ſee
I'me conſtant, and when buſineſs urges me
(Which I of all things hate) to *Rome* I part
From thence, ſad and afflicted at my heart.
Our *fancies* don't agree: what you *deſpiſe*
He *likes* that is of my mind, and *decries*
What you *commend*; to ſuch a ſtrange degree
Are *odds* at preſent brought 'twixt thee and me.
A jolly *Whore*, and Unctious Sack does move
(I ſee it well) thee to this earneſt love
Of th' *City*, and becauſe my ground yields quicker
Pepper and *Frankincenſe*, then *Grapes* for liquor:
Beſides another grievance is, you lack
A Neighbouring *Tavern* to afford you *Sack*.
And a ſhe *Minſtrel* that you to her ſound
May dance or'e the preſt Earth ſome *blundering* round;
And yet thou *till'ſt* the ground, which lately Spades
Ne're touch't, and feed'ſt with care th' unharneſs'd *Jades*.
By thee the *River* too in time of need
By Damms is taught to ſpare the Sunny *Mead*:
Now, go to, and what thus divides us hear;
Me who ſoft Robes and Powder'd hair did wear,
And us'd with ſparkling *Cynara* to ſport
Freely, and drink till *midnight*; now a ſhort
Supper contents, and ſleep upon the Graſs
On a Bank-ſide, by which ſome ſtream does paſs;
Nor do I yet believe it is a ſhame
Once to be wild, but never to be tame.
No body there does look askew with ſpite,
Or with black hatred poiſon or back-bite

Me when I thrive, none envies there my gains,
My Neighbours joy with me when I take pains;
The *City* fare with Servants you do long
To eat, and crowd your ſelf into the throng.
The ſubtle *ſlave* that waits, and's call'd all hours,
Envies thy uſe of *Cattel*, Wood and Flowers:
The Ox *would be for th' Saddle, th' Horſe for Plow,*
Let all (ſay I) uſe well the Art they know.

EPISTLE XV. By *R. N.* Gent.

To VALA.

The pleaſure of Travelling.

PRethee, good *Vala*, write, what kind of Air,
What ſort of *Men*, and what their *Manners* are
At *Velia* and *Salernum*; For I ſee
The *Baian* Waters are not good for me;
And ſo *Antonius* tells me. And 'tis this
That makes the *Baians* take it much amiſs,
That in the Winter I cold Waters uſe:
Truly their *Myrtle Groves* thus to refuſe,
Thus ſlight their *Baths*, ſo talk't of all about,
For being rare in curing of the *Gout*,
Muſt make them grumble. But theſe men, that will
Cure a weak *Stomach*, or a *Head* that's ill,
With colder ſprings, to *Gabii* muſt repair,
Where colder Waters are, and colder Air.
But I'm adviſ'd to change, and when my Horſe
Goes towards *Baia*, I divert his Courſe,
And tell him 'tis not thither I muſt go;
And then inrag'd I curb him in, and ſo

Make

Make him to underſtand me; For, in truth,
A *Horſes* Ears are in his bridled Mouth.
I prethee write which of the two excells
In *Bread*; and whether I out of the *Wells*,
Or out of *Ciſterns* muſt the waters take.
I come not for their *Wines*, but Waters ſake.
In th' *Country* any *Dyet* doth me pleaſe;
I love good *Wine*, when I go near the Seas.
Wine, that will drive away all *Cares*, and will
With ſwelling *Hopes* through Veins and Soul diſtill.
Wine that will make my Tongue with words to flow,
And make me Brisk when to a Girl I go.
Write me which place moſt *Hares* and *Bores* doth feed,
Whoſe *Rivers* greateſt ſtore of Fiſhes breed;
That thence I may both Fat and Fair come home;
For thee to write, and me beleive's all one.
When *Mævius* had his *Patrimony* ſpent
Profuſely, then to live by's Wits he meant,
And turn'd a *Jeſter*, roving to and fro,
And made no difference 'twixt Friend or Foe,
But jeer'd at all. One that would ſwallow more
Down his wide *Throat*, then would a Common-Shore,
What e're he got went down his *Guts*, and when
He miſt of better Fare abroad, he then
Would feed on *Guts* and *Garbage*, and eat up
Of that more then three *Rav'nous Bears* would ſup.
When pincht with want, hee'ld ſay each *Gluttons* Gut
Was to be fear'd; But when hee'd got a glut
Of better fare, and all conſum'd, hee'ld ſay
No wonder if Eſtates are ſpent this way,
For there's no pleaſure underneath the Sun
Like *Feaſting*, and a *Belly* like a *Tun*.
So I in *want* commend the thrifty Fare,
And eat ſuch Victuals as the coarſeſt are.

But when I light on better food, I then
Say those are *wise*, and those the *happy* men
That live in *plenty* where they can behold
Houses and *Lordships* purchas'd with their *Gold*.

EPISTLE XVI. By *R. T.*

To QUINTIUS.

"A Description of a Good Man.

ASk me no more my *Quintius*, whether I
Can in my Farm grow rich by Husbandry,
By the retail of Apples, Oyl, or Wine:
View but the *Model* of what I call mine.
An intire Mountain, sever'd by a low
Vale, yet it is not altogether so
Obscure, but that the morning Sun looks on,
The Evening airs it, e're he will begon.
You can't but praise the *Climate*: Come, what though
My Quicksets are not *Blackberry*, or *Sloe*,
The *Kernel* does as well, if I can please,
And fat my stock with *Acorns*, take mine ease
Under a shady Oak, you must confess
To this, *Tarentum* is a Wilderness.
Water'd besides with such a *Spring*, it may
Adopt a River, *Hebrus* it self, nay,
Thrace cannot equal it, approv'd for all
Head maladies: 'tis a Purge natural.
In *Autumn* 'tis this sweet retirement pleases,
This keeps me proof (believ't) against Diseases.
Rome says, yes boasts, you only happy are:
All is not true men say: Indeed I fear

They

They know more than your ſelf does: He that wou'd
Be ſo, muſt be not only wiſe, but good.
If at your *Dinner* you ſhould have a fit
Of a chill *Ague* ſhake you, would you ſit
(Becauſe your *Gueſts* ſay you look well) and eat
Until you can no longer hold your meat?
He is a modeſt Fool that won't diſcloſe
He has a clap *before it reach his Noſe.*
If one ſhould tell you of a *Victory*
You lately had on Land, others by Sea,
Buzzing into your ears, that it is known
To *Jove*, you ſought *Romes* ſafety, not you own:
You know this is the great *Auguſtus*'s Due.
If when they call you *Virtuoſo*, do
You make anſwer to the name, or can
You ſay I am that learned *Gentleman?*
I do believe there's hardly one of us
But may be ſometimes ſtil'd *ingenuous*;
Yet he that ſaid ſo, can you know unſay
To *Morrow* all that e're he ſaid to day:
As a brib'd *Juſtice* muſt if *Caſar* pleaſe,
Give up his Patent, take his *Writ of Eaſe.*
If the Unconſtant Crowd ſhall ſay, Let go,
You aren't the men we prais'd: it muſt be ſo.
What if I'me follow'd with a *Hue and cry*,
Stop *Thief*, he has committed *Burglary*;
Or if my *Pious* Neighbours ſhould preſent
Me, a Looſe Liver or incontinent.
Nay what if at the Seſſions I am try'd
By a Nice *Jury* for a *Parricide*;
If I am ſure, and know my Conſcience clear,
Shall I then Bluſh, or elſe look Pale for fear?
Falſe Honour pleaſes, but falſe Infamy
Affrights: Whom? Thoſe that love to hear a Ly.

I wonder who 'tis you call Good; Your fine
And learned Barriſter that can untwine
Statutes, quote *Reports*, Books of Entires, pare
The *Law*, and ſplit out *Juſtice* to a hair;
He that can knowingly give *Evidence*,
And ſmooth both Parties to a Reference!
Yet there is ſcarce one Houſe in the whole Town,
But whiſpers this man *Knave*, for all his Gown.
If my man tell me thus; Sir, I ne're lay
One night from home, or wrong'd you: muſt I ſay
Be gon? I'le never trouble thee; If he
Says he never committed *Felonie*:
Muſt I not proſecute, but ſay, Be free,
'Tis pity thou ſhould'ſt e're be hang'd by me;
I am a Godly, Pious, Sober man?
Yes, yes; but do you think *Sabellus* can
Believe all this? The *Wolf* the trap eſchews,
The *Hawk* and *Kite* fly the ſuſpected nooze.
Good Men will hate all Wickedneſs, becauſe
They Vertue love more than they fear the Laws.
You if you think you can *cheat* handſomly,
All's one, whether Clergy or Laity.
Although it is a ſmall loſs, if you nimn
But one Bean from a Quarter, 'tis a ſin.
He's only counted honeſt now adays
That the whole Pariſh looks upon, he prays
And cries *Amen* ſo loud at *Church*, although
Sometimes if you hearken cloſe, he's as low
Whiſpering; Prithee *ſweet Devil give me leave*
To cheat *Devoutly*, but let none perceive.
Give me a Cloak for all my Knavery;
What's this man more than a Servant? or why
D' ye call a *Miſer*, Freeman? I have ſeen
A Boy make both ſtoop for a *Groat* of Tin.

He

He that ſtill covets, ſtill fears: I don't ſee
What ground you have to ſay this man is free,
H'as fled his Colours, forſook the Field, which
Flies to turmoil in buſ'neſs and be rich.
If you can ſell your Priſ'ner, never kill,
But let him ſerve you; let the Hardy till
The Earth, turn Saylor, weather't out at Sea,
Import *Biſket*; 'twill help the *Granarie*.
He that is truly wiſe will dare thus to
A Judge; Come Sir, let's hear the worſt you'l do:
Why I'le ſeize upon your Goods, take away
Your Money, Plate, nay all you're worth: You may:
You ſhall be kept cloſe priſ'ner: No, I'le have
Death bail me, I can never be a Slave:
That touches him, ('twould any man) Do, Dy
Firſt, *Death is the laſt Scene of Miſery.*

EPISTLE XVII. By *R. N.*

To SCÆVA.

The way to get Great Mens Favour.

SCæva, though thou art wiſe enough to tell
How to make uſe of thy *Super'ours* well;
Yet learn of thy *unskilful* Friend; and though
He that is *blind* may undertake to ſhew
The way; yet mark, perhaps I may make known
Something thou wilt deſire to make thine own.
If thou wilt hug thy ſelf with welcome *Eaſe*,
If Sleep till next days Sun ariſe doth pleaſe,
If thou'rt diſturb'd with th' *Hurry*, and the Noiſe
Of *Carts*, and *Coaches*, and of *Dam me-Boys*,

I pre-

I prethee to thy *Country-houſe* repair;
For 'tis not Rich men only happy are;
Nor lives he ill, that lives and dies unknown:
But if thou'lt profit thine, and be more boon
Unto thy ſelf, though poor, yet come unto
The *Rich* mans more delicious fare. 'Tis true
The *Cynick* ſaid, that *Ariſtippus* would
Refuſe the fare of *Princes*, if he could
Dine patiently on *Sallads*; He again
Said, that the *Cynick* would his *Herbs* diſdain,
Did he but know what 'twas by *Kings* to be
Feaſted. The *Synick's* ſaying points at me.
But thou, my Friend, chooſe, and approve, and teach
Either of both their doings and their ſpeech;
Or as thou art a young man yet, mark well
Why *Ariſtippus* bore away the Bell;
For he (as I by many oft have heard)
That ſame moroſe *Diogenes* thus jeer'd,
I jeſt for Kings, but to my profit; Thou
Only for th' empty *noiſe* o'th' *People*; Now
That's the more *Noble*. I to ride the Kings
Great *Horſe* deſire, Thou aim'ſt at baſer things.
But thou wilt ſay, Thou know'ſt no *Poverty*;
Yet poorer art, then he that gives to thee.
All ſorts of life did *Ariſtippus* bleſs,
Aiming at great things, yet content with leſs;
But to thee none, whoſe only *Robes* and Fence
Were nought but *Rags* and helpleſs *Patience*.
If ſuch a *courſe* of Life, ſo *Traverſtee*
Can any man become, 'tis ſtrange to me.
Though *Ariſtippus* ne're deſire to be
Array'd in Robes of *Purple* made, yet he
Could wear them; yea he could in comely ſort
In *Cloaths*, or good, or bad himſelf deport.

To

To thee a *Scarlet* Cloak did more abhor,
And rather fly it then a *Snake*, or *Cur*.
Give him his Cloaths, elſe he with *cold* will dye,
And thine, then let the *Fool* his Fortune try.
T'atchieve great things, and *Conquer*, looks like *Jove*,
It ſhews a *reach* at things that are above.
'Tis no diſgrace for *Subjects* to comply
With gen'rous *Kings*: all have not wealth laid by.
Fear of Succeſs makes *Cowards*, be it ſo;
But he's the Man, that thorough ſtitch doth go;
He is the Man, or none. One fears to ask
A *Princes* favour, 'tis too great a task
For his too narrow Soul. Another He
Begs boldly, and obtains. If Vertue be
Still Vertue, doubt not, but that man is wiſe
Who asks ſo, that he gains both *Praiſe* and *Prize*.
Poor men, if modeſt, will with ſome obtain,
While others ſawcily ſhall ask in vain;
Here's then the diff'rence, whether your favours be
Humbly receiv'd, or ſnatcht immodeſtly.
The ſum of all we aim at then here ends,
Be meek and modeſt with thy *Richer* Friends.
I have a Siſter wants a Portion, and
A *Mother* poor, a *Farm* lies on my hand
That can't maintain me; He that thus doth ſay,
Doth in effect beg *Alms*: another may
Cant out his *wants* aloud, and keep a ſtir
And cry, *Give me one piece of Bread good Sir*:
A *Crow*, whilſt feeding, if he would not Gar,
Would have leſs *trouble* and more *Meat* by far.
One that is expert in the *High-way* Strains,
That of the bitter cold, and ſtorms complains,
That cries his Pocket's pickt, and his ſmall ſtore
Of Money ſtoln, *Juggles* but like a *Whore*,

Who

Who weeps for her loſt *Chain*, or cries ah me!
My *Garter's* raviſh'd from beneath my knee:
Such common *Cheats* as theſe take all belief
From real *Loſſes*, and from real *Grief*.
He that is once thus *chous'd*, will ſoon beware
Of helping ſuch as feigned *Cripples* are,
And though a *Canting Cripple* begs with tears
To be helpt up, and by *Oſiris* ſwears,
And ſays, I'm lame, I do not mock, and then
Cries out; *O help, help me hard-hearted men!*
The Neighbours rayl at him, and cry *be gon*
Get help (you raſcal) where you are not known.

EPISTLE XVIII. By *A. B.*

To LOLLIUS.

How to be a good Companion.

MY blunt friend *Lollius*, if I know thee right,
Thou doſt abhor to play the *Paraſite*,
Where thou profeſſeſt *friendſhip*; for ſo far
Differs a *friend* from a baſe *flatterer*,
As a grave *Matron* from a *Strumpet*, who
Differ in *mind*, in *look*, and *geſture* too.
But there's another vice as great as this,
That is a rough-hew'd clowniſh *ſurlineſs*,
When men unmannerly, unpleaſant, rude,
Themſelves on others ſaucily obtrude;
And indiſcreetly *blurt* out words which be
Unfit, and call't *Vertue* and *Liberty*.
"*Vertue's the mean betwixt two Vices, and*
"*From Vices is fenc'd in on every hand.*

Some

Some being *obſequious* more then does befit,
Jeer ſuch as at the low'r end of Table ſit;
But when a great man *nods*, will tremble, and
What e're he ſays repeat at ſecond hand;
As a poor *School-boy* ſays his leſſon o're,
Which his harſh *Maſter* dictated before.
Or as the *Mimick* ecchoes back what e're
Verſes or words by th' *Actors* ſpoken were.
Others *diſpute* for trifles without end,
And for *Straw-matters* tooth and nail contend,
They'll rather loſe their ſhare in Heav'n then they
Won't be believ'd in whatſoe're they ſay;
Or not ſpeak freely what comes in their brain,
And that as *impudently* to maintain.
But what's the *Queſtion* makes all this ado?
Which was the better *Fencer* of the two,
Caſtor or *Docilis*; whether *Appium*,
Or *Numicus* lead to *Brunduſium*;
Who's out of his Eſtate by *gaming* run.
Who by expenſive *Wenching* is undone,
And what *fantaſtick* Fool goes at a rate,
In habit far above his mean eſtate.
On whom th' inſatiate appetite of *Gold*
And Silver has got a perpetual hold;
Or elſe of ſome vain-glorious fellow, which
Makes it his bus'neſs to be counted *rich*.
The wealthy *Patron* who is ten times more
Skill'd in all Vices then he can that's poor,
Hates ſuch *concerning* talk, and does abhor it,
And either hates the *Blab*, or checks him for it.
Like a good *Mother* to her Daughters, he
Deſires that meaner men ſhould wiſer be
Then he himſelf is, and more *vertuous* too,
And tells you things that are perhaps too true,

Strive

Strive not with me (ſays he) I've an *Eſtate*,
And that in me will *folly* tolerate;
You're a mean Fellow, and your *Coat* muſt be
Cut as your Cloth is: Don't compare with me.
Eutrapelus to whom he did intend
A miſchief, he would coſtly *habit* ſend,
That ſo *tranſported* with that goodly hew,
He might take up ſtrange hopes and counſels new,
Sleep all the day, mind nothing but his Whore,
Run into debt, and grow at laſt ſo poor,
He muſt turn *Fencer*, and for bread ſell's blood,
Or drive *Pack-Horſes* for a livelyhood.
Other mens *ſecrets* never care to know;
But if a *friend* into thy boſom throw
A ſecret, and deſire thee to conceal it,
Do not, though ne're ſo *drunk* or *mad*, reveal it.
Thy own peculiar *Studies* ne're commend,
Nor what thy friend does fancy *reprehend*;
And if to *hunt* thy *Patron* minded be,
Don't thou lie puzling with thy *Poetry*.
'Twixt *Zethus* and *Amphion*, both twins, hence
There did ariſe a *peeviſh* difference;
Zethus, a Countrey Gentleman, inclin'd
To *Hounds* and *Hawks*; *Amphion*, gave his mind
Wholly to's *Harp*, but laid it quite aſide
Until his brothers heat was pacifi'd.
" *In ſmall things, 'tis good prudence to reſign*
" *Thy will to his whoſe pow'r is more than thine.*
And when he brings into the *Champain* ground
His hunting properties, Horns, Horſes, Hound,
Lay by th' *unſociable Muſes* then
As *recreations* for old *lazy* men.
Go hunt with him, then ſup and take thy ſhare.
Of what your ſports produc'd, be't *Boar*, or *Hare*:

Among

Among the *Romans* 'tis a Recreation,
Which is much us'd, and in great Reputation.
Beſides 'twill make thee healthy, and live long,
Eſpecially ſince thou art ſound and ſtrong,
To keep in with the *Dogs*, and with the *Bore*,
By thy own ſtrength to graple and o'repow'r;
Beſides 'tis known that there's not any man
For feats of *Arms* like thee, or dares, or can.
When thou didſt *fence* or *wreſtle*, oh! how loud
Rang thy *Applauſes* from th' admiring *Crowd*!
When but a boy the *Souldiers* duty thou
In the *Cantabrian* battel didſt paſs through,
Under that *General*, whoſe conquering Sword
The *Parthians* hath to *Italy* reſtor'd;
And in their *Temples* hath ſet up again
Thoſe *Enſigns* which had been from *Craſſus* tane.
Do not withdraw thy ſelf without a juſt
Excuſe, nor lie ſtill that thy parts may ruſt.
Although in all thy actions thou tak'ſt care
They ſhould be done *exactly* by the ſquare;
Sometimes i'th' Country, thou deſcend'ſt to toys,
Acting a Sea-fight with the little boys:
Two formal *Navies* thou doſt then *equip*,
And armed Boys in both of them doſt ſhip;
On one ſide for *Mark Anthony*, thy Brother,
Was *Admiral*; for *Cæſar* thou on t'other.
Your Fathers little Lake was made by thee
For this great Fight the *Adriatick* Sea,
Where you the *Actian* battel acted o're,
And ne're gave off till one was *Conquerour*.
And if thy wealthy *Patron* does once find
Thee love thoſe things to which he gives his mind,
Tickled with that he will extol to th' skies
This very *Play*, and think thy *folly* wiſe.

I would

I would adviſe thee furthermore (if thou
Didſt ſtand in need of an *adviſer* now.)
" *When thou doſt talk of any man, take care*
" *Of whom, to whom, and what thy ſpeeches are.*
" *Shun him that is inquiſitive, for he*
" *Will be as guilty of Garrulitie.*
" *And his ſtill gaping ears itch to reveal*
" *What e're his friend intruſts him to conceal.*
" *And 'tis impoſſible e're to recall*
" *One ſyllable which we have once let fall.*
And if thy Patron has a mind to toy
With a fair *Lady*, or a pretty *Boy*,
To his great Houſe you muſt ſuch reverence bear,
As not to fall in love with either there:
Leſt he that keeps them ſhould prove ſo unkind
As to deny, and thou diſturb thy mind;
Or (which is worſt) ſhould grant thee thy requeſt,
And thou *popt* off with theſe, content muſt reſt.
" *At firſt ſight ne're commend a man, leſt thou*
" *Hereafter bluſh for him thou praiſeſt now*;
For we are ſoon deceiv'd, and to a Friend
We oft unworthy men and things commend;
And therefore if one, whom thou didſt ſuppoſe,
Was a good perſon, ſhould prove *vitious*,
And thou be ſo deceiv'd, praiſe him no more,
Say thou'rt miſtaken, and ſo give him o're.
But if a *friend* that to thee's throughly known
Behind his back's *traduc'd* by any one,
Stick to him bravely; *for our names depend*
" *In abſence on the courage of a friend*;
Ne're let him careleſly endure a wrong
From any *Cowardly* reproachful tongue.
" *For is't not plain, that who maliciouſlie*
" *Backbites thy friend, will do the ſame by thee?*

" *When*

" *When thy next neighbours houſe is all on fire,*
" *'Tis thy concern to make his flames expire;*
" *For fire will gather ſtrength if let alone,*
" *And with thy neighbours houſe burn down thine own.*

By unexperienc'd men 'tis thought to be,
To wait on *Great* men great felicity;
But ſuch as know what 'tis, care not to come
Among Great men, but count them *troubleſom.*

For thy part now into the World th' art got,
Make it thy buſineſs to go on, and not
Permit thy *Veſſel* to ſail back again,
What e're contrary *Winds* diſturb the *Main.*

" *A merry man abhors a man that's ſad,*
" *And ſad men hate all merry men as bad.*
" *A dull man hates an active man, and ſo*
" *A ſprightly perſon ſcorns a man that's ſlow.*

The *fudling* fellows, who paſt midnight drink,
Hate ſuch as from their proffer'd *glaſſes* ſhrink:
Though thoſe that do refuſe them truly ſwear
Wine *vapours* in the night *pernicious* are.

Look *cheerfully* in company; for he
That's *ſhamefac't*'s generally thought to be
A fellow of mean birth and ſpirit, and all
Thoſe that ſit ſilent men do *dogged* call.

But above all converſe with *wiſe* men ſtill,
And read good *Books*, and learn from thoſe the skill
How thou mayſt eaſily paſs through this *World*,
And not be vex'd and up and down be *hurld*
By an *inſatiate* deſire, vain fear,
Or hopes of things that of ſmall moment are.
Conſider whether *Vertue* be produc'd
By *learning*, or by *nature* be infus'd;
What *leſſens* cares; what makes a man to be
A friend t' himſelf; whence pure *tranquillity*

Proceeds, from Honour, or beloved wealth,
Or from a Life led (as it were) by ſtealth.
When I do to my *Country* Farm retreat,
By thoſe cool ſtreams which me refreſh in heat,
What doſt thou think I think upon? or what
Believ'ſt thou, if I could, I would be at?
I only pray that ſmall *Eſtate*, which I
Now have, may tarry with me till I die.
And thoſe few days which I have yet to live,
(If Heav'n to me any more days will give)
I may enjoy my ſelf; of *Books* have ſtore, and
Have neceſſaries for a year before-hand;
That I may never float 'twixt Hope and Doubt,
What an *uncertain* Hour may bring about.
" *But 'tis enough to pray thoſe heav'nly Powers*
" *Who give and take at Will what we call Ours.*
If I but live, and have my Pockets lin'd,
Let me alone to get a quiet Mind.

EPISTLE XIX. By *A. B.*

To MECÆNAS.

A Diſcourſe of Poetry.

LEarned *Mecænas*, if you'll credit give
To old *Cratinus*, not a Verſe can live,
Nor long be pleaſant to us, which is writ
By ſuch as from meer *water* ſuck their *wit*.
Since *Liber* has been pleas'd to rank all ſuch
As have of *Rapture* a tranſcendent touch,
'Mong *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, the delightſom *Nine*
Did almoſt every morning ſmell of *Wine*.

And

And *Homers* praiſing Wine, made *Poets* think
The good old Man did much delight in drink.
Hence Father *Ennius* would not write a Line,
Till he had firſt got a good *doſe* of Wine.
The *Politicks* and great Affairs at *Bar*
We leave to thoſe that grave and *ſober* are,
But we'll withhold from ſuch *ſowr* ſouls as theirs,
The high *Prerogative* of writing *Verſe*.
As ſoon as this was publickly declar'd,
All *Poets* up the brimful *Goblet* rear'd;
And for the *Laurel* all night long they drunk,
And the next day of Wine all *Poets* ſtunk.
But was this *Poetry*? Shall every one
That with a *ſurly* look, and ſhabbed *Gown*
Walks without ſhoos and ſtockins through the *Town*,
As repreſenting learned *Cato*, ſtraight
His *virtues* and good *manners* imitate?
When *Hyarbita* aim'd to gain the glory
Of rare *Timagenes* for *Oratory*,
Striving to ſpeak with Eloquence and Wit,
He ſtrain'd his Voice, ſo that his Lungs were ſplit:
"*A pattern does delude a man when 'tis*
"*Only purſu'd in that which is amiſs.*
Should I by chance look pale; Poets would fall
To drinking *Cummin*-ſeeds to look ſo all.
Oh ſervile herd of *Imitators*, who
Make me both angry with, and laugh at you,
And the baſe *Drudgery* which you're forc'd to do!
'Twas I firſt ſet my *daring* foot, where none
Had ever trod a ſtep, but I alone.
"*Who on's own natural fancy does rely,*
"*Leads as a Captain does his Company.*
'Twas I that firſt the *Romans* did inſpire
With skill to write *Iambicks* for their Lyre.

The *numbers* and the *ſpirit* I purſu'd
Of old *Archilochus*, but I eſchew'd
His railing matter and *invective* way,
Which made poor old *Lycambe* to deſtroy
His daughter and himſelf; yet I hope you
Think not the *Laurel* is to me leſs due,
Becauſe I have been fearful to invert
The very mode of *Verſes*, and the Art.
The Maſc'line *Sappho* did that muſe allay,
Which was harſh in *Archilochus* his way.
So did *Alcæus* too, but different far
In matter and in method their lines are.
They ſought no father in law to *rhime* to death,
Nor made enraged wives reſign their breath.
I being *muſical*, him firſt did take,
And fit to th' *Roman* lyre his numbers make.
Which never any durſt attempt till then,
And 'tis my glory that ingenious men
Such things as mine may come at and peruſe,
As ne're were touch'd by any other *Muſe*.
Now if you would the reaſon know why ſome
Ungrateful Readers will cry up at home,
And hug my verſes, but to all abroad
Baſely *contemn* thoſe lines they ſo *applaud*;
I'm none of thoſe who *ſneakingly* will court
The windy *ſuffrage* of the Vulgar ſort
With my caſt cloaths, nor with a coſtly *Treat*.
I, that have heard the nobleſt *wits* repeat,
And judg'd their Verſes too, ſcorn to comply
With formal *pædagogues* to teach their *Fry*
My Verſes, nor am I fondly delighted,
When they in publick *Pulpits* are recited.
Hence ſprings my miſery! and now if I
Should ſay (which I can ſay ingeniouſly)

I am

I am aſham'd *Comedians* ſhould reherſe
My worthleſs lines in crowded *Theaters*,
And by their tone and action make thoſe ſeem
Ingenious, which have no wit in them;
Some envious fellow will ſay, *Horace*, this
Only a copy of thy countenance is,
Thou doſt preſerve thy *Poems* only for
The Princely ears of our great *Emperor*;
Preſuming that none other but thy *Muſe*
(Vain-glorious *Fop*) good Poems can produce.
I dare not laugh at this, leſt I ſhould be
More wounded by my *ſtruggling* enemy.
I'm fain to cry out, I don't like the place,
And as my right demand a *breathing* ſpace.
Fooling in jeſt oft fearful *ſtrife* begets,
And ſtrife for *victory* produceth pets;
From ſudden *pets* do deadly *fewds* proceed,
And deadly *fewds* deſtructive *wars* do breed.

EPISTLE XX. By *A. B.*

To his BOOK.

A Character of himſelf.

WEll *Book*, thou on the *Stationers* ſtall wilt lie,
Bound neatly to allure the *gazers* eye;
Thou hat'ſt to be *ſeal'd* up, or elſe *confin'd*,
Which are things *grateful* to a *modeſt* mind.
'Tis grievous to thee to be ſhewn to *few*,
All thy *ambition* is for *publick* view.
Thy *father* has not bred nor taught thee ſo;
But get thee gone, ſince thou'ſt a *mind* to go.

When once thou'rt *gone*, thou'lt ne're return agen;
When thou'rt abus'd by the *half-witted* men,
Thou'lt ſay; alas! wherein am I to blame?
What have I done, or ſaid, that miſ-became?
Thou wilt *repent*, what thou haſt raſhly done,
And what *attempt* thy *pride* threw thee upon.
When thou ſhalt find the *Reader* who admir'd
Thee ſo at firſt, become both *cloy'd* and *tyr'd*,
And *roul* thee up, and lay thee quite *aſide*.
But if I'm not with anger *Stupifi'd*,
At this *offence* of thine, I can *foretell*
Thou wilt at *Rome* be entertain'd full well,
While thou art *new*, but when thou'rt *ſullied* grown
By vulgar *Thumbs*, thou wilt be let alone
For the dull *moths*, or ſent to foreign parts,
To cover *Letters*, or put under *Tarts*.
Then I who unbeliev'd, *admoniſh'd* thee
Of all theſe things, ſhall *laugh* as heartilie
At thy *misfortune*, as he who did paſs
O're a ſteep *cliff* with an unruly *Aſs*,
Who playing reſty *tricks* ſo ſtirr'd the *Gall*
Of's *Maſter*, that he let him looſe to fall;
Nay thruſt him down the *Rocks*, *for who will ſtay*
(Quoth he) *what's minded to be gone away?*
This will befall thee too, thou wilt at laſt
Among old doating *Schoolmaſters* be caſt,
Who in ſmall *Villages* and far remote
When the warm *Sun* has a full *audience* brought,
Will read thee to their *boys*, then thou may'ſt ſay,
I'm ſon of one who was a *ſlave* made free,
Born to a mean *Eſtate*, but have increaſt
It ſo, my *wings* are greater than my *neſt*.
What from my *Anceſtors* thou tak'ſt away
Of fame, thou to my *Induſtry* muſt pay.

I was

I was *companion* to the beſt o'th' Town,
Whether they were for *Arms*, or for the *Gown*.
Of a ſmall *ſtature*, *gray* before my time,
And much delighted with a warmer *clime*.
Soon *angry*, and ſoon *pleas'd*; if any do,
How old I am, of thee deſire to know;
Tell them I'm 44 years old this year,
When *Lepidus* and *Lollius* Conſuls are.

EPISTLES.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I. By Sir *W. P.*

To AUGUSTUS.

A Diſcourſe of Poetry.

WHen you alone ſo many and ſo great
Affairs diſpatch, of War and Peace do treat,
Still thinking how to ſave the *State* from harms
By wholſom *Laws*, good *Manners*, and juſt *Arms*;
I ſhould the *Publick* wrong, and croſs that end
With tedious talk your precious time to ſpend.
Romulus that founded *Rome*, and *Bacchus* who
Invented *Wine*, whereby *Men great* things do,
Though they were after death receiv'd among
The *Gods*, yet living did complain of wrong;
For though the *ground* from weeds and bryers they freed,
Taught and made men on *delicates* to feed,
Compos'd that common *War* and *Scramble*, which
Made men like *Beaſts*; To each mans *own*, did pitch

Juſt

Juſt bounds, did plant the Earth with *Flowers* & *Fruits*;
Yea built men Cities: yet the World, like *Brutes*,
Ne're knew, or found their *worth*, till 'twas too late,
Till thoſe brave ſouls had paſs'd the *Common fate*.
Nor he, that cruſht the *Hydra*, and ſubdued
Prodigious Monſters, when for reward he ſued,
Could ever it or eaſe obtain; for ſtill
Envy would ſay's exploits were *mean* or *ill*.
So he, who doth with new or nobler Arts
Aſſiſt the world, ſhall never win their hearts;
But him alive they'll laugh at and deſpiſe,
Whom when he's dead they will extol to th' skies.
Yet Sir to you, (though living) men allow
Honours divine, by you they'll ſwear, they'll vow
Upon your Altars, and confeſs that *never*
So *great* a thing appear'd, nor ſhall do *ever*.
Now though the world be very juſt and wiſe
In this one point, that in their *critick* eyes
You do excel all *Greek* and *Roman* Kings,
Yet they don't juſtly *judge* of other things,
But loath or envy every thing but what
Is dead or gone, or which cannot be got.
So Lovers of *Antiquity* do praiſe
The *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* of forgotten days,
Applaud thoſe Articles and that antient deed
To which the *Sabines* and *Gabii* agreed;
Admire the *Liturgies* and *Rituals*
Found in the Ruines of old *Abby* walls.
Becauſe the Writings of the *Greeks* we deem
So much the better as they older ſeem:
If we ſhould judge the ſame of what is *here*
But *lately* writ, we might as well infer
That *Olives* have no ſtones, nor Nuts no ſhell;
For how one follows t'other I can't tell.

We're

We're now at *Rome* arrived to the height,
As well's the *Greeks*; We paint, and ſing, and fight.
If age do better *Verſe*, like *Wine*, how long
Muſt Verſes lie before they're ſmart and ſtrong?
A Poet dy'd an hundred years ago,
Shall he be reckon'd as new *Muſt* or no?
Or for old wholſom Wine? Well! let him paſs.
Another wants a year, or leſs: Alas
Shall he loſe therefore all? Let him paſs too:
Another wants a little more; Let's do
The like for him; The whole Horſe-tail we may
Thus hair by hair at length pluck quite away.
He that conſults the *Annals*, or counts Years,
To try if Verſe be good, T' whom nought appears
Exc'llent, but what has paſs'd the *Grave*, may ſee
How wiſe and mighty *Ennius*, (even he
Who's call'd another *Homer*) did not care
How ill his Promiſes performed were.
Nævius is got by heart and dearly ſold;
" *So ſacred are his Works becauſe they're old.*
Which of theſe two is beſt, Men cannot tell;
For *Learning* old *Pacuvius* bears the bell.
Accius high ſtrains are praiſed, *Afranius* Pen
Makes us believe *Menander* wrote agen.
Plautus reſembles *Epicharmus*; weight
Commends *Cæcilius*, *Terence* gentle flight.
Their Plays do *throng* the Stage, from *Livies* days
Down to our times, Theſe Men have worn the Bays.
" *Sometime the* Vulgus *hit*, *ſometime they miſs*,
For when they ſay, That nothing *Modern* is
Equal to what is *old*, much leſs preferr'd,
I boldly ſay, The *Vulgar* then have err'd.
But if they'll yield, That Ancients *Wits* have uſed
Words obſolete or harſh, and have amuſed

Men

Men with their *careleſs* Thoughts, my hand and heart
Shall joyn with them, and *Jove* ſhall take our part.
I'ld not explode, or ſcorn poor *Livy*'s Verſe,
Nor yet what *School-boys* ſometimes may reherſe.
But would n't have't admir'd, becauſe by chance
Some ſingle *Phraſe* proves good, or that a glance
Of wit does *twinkle* through the clowdy sky
Of *vaprous* or *tempeſtuous* Poetry.
I take it ill, That Men find fault, becauſe
A thing was lately writ, not for its *flaws*,
Or *botches*; Yea, methinks I could lament,
That Doters on ſtale ſtuff are not content
With pardon and connivence at ſome lines
Scap't from the Ancients, but cry, *bays and ſhrines!*
If one but doubts, Whether the Stage ſhould be
Strew'd o're with *Flowers* and *Saffron*, when we ſee
Atta's things play'd, Our *Gray-beards* in a fume
Cry Modeſty is gone: If one preſume
To hint, that *Roſcius* ever fail'd a tittle,
They're angry too, becauſe they value little
But what they valued young, or elſe becauſe
They ſcorn from younger men to take new laws.
Now he that ſays th' old *Saliar* Verſe was high,
Seeming to know, who knows no more than I,
Does not applaud the *Authors* of thoſe Songs,
But by his *envy*, us and our *Wits* wrongs.
If the old *Greeks* like us, would not allow
Ought that was new, what ſhall be ancient now?
Upon whoſe Works might we now ſafely look
To read and con them as a *claſſick* Book?
When War was paſt in *Greece*, when Wealth and Eaſe
Diſpos'd men there to ſtudy, what did pleaſe?
Sometimes to *Fence*, or *Vault*, or th' *Horſe* to ride;
Sometimes to *carving* they their minds apply'd;

Or

Or elſe to *Painting*, where they'd nicely ſee
How Ordnance draught and Colours did agree.
Sometimes 'twas *Dancing*, *Muſick*, *Scenes* and *Stage*,
That prov'd the pleaſures of that wanton Age:
So does a *Child* cry to his Nurſe for *toys*,
That are contemned by the bigger boys.
" *For, which of all the things we hate, or love,*
" *Don't change? Or which are fortunes power above?*
" *Thus from a proſperous State and plenty ſprings*
" Variety *that gives all* Guſt *to things.*
At *Rome* 'twas heretofore a credit, and
A *Mode* in ones Office or Shop to ſtand
Waiting for Cuſtomers and Clients, all
The morning, to let out money, to call
On young men to be thrifty, and to hear
Old mens advice, thus went about the year:
But now the world is chang'd, one humor runs
Through ev'ry vein; the *Lawyers* write *Lamprons*,
Merchants Burleſque, the only Trade's for *Bays*,
Your Gouty *Stateſman* too vent'rous at *Plays*:
Ev'n I that have renounc'd all *Poetrie*,
Sick of the ſelf-ſame *Itch* of writing lie.
For before day, when one can't ſee to ſcrawl,
Do I ſcarce wak'd for Pen and Paper call.
" *He that was ne're at Sea, wiſely refuſes*
" *To ſail a Ship; He likewiſe that ne're uſes*
" *To practiſe* Phyſick, *dares not to diſpenſe*
" *Strong Purges, nor what* ſtupifies *the Senſe.*
" *Smiths do make* Locks, *and only* Taylors *clothes*;
" *But they write* Verſe, *that never could write* Proſe.
Now let's conſider, What good this *humor* works;
Why firſt of all no covetous *Canker* lurks
Within a *Poet*; nought can his ſoul intrude,
But how to fancy finely, and t' allude:

When

When goods are *loſt*, when *ſervants* run away,
When *tax* is paid, when *floods* the banks deſtroy,
He cares n't, plots no trick to *cheat* his friend
Or to devour his *Ward*; for to what end
Should men do ſo, who can eat Bread and Cheeſe,
Wear footed Stockings, and be warm in *frieze*?
Poets in Peace conſiderable are,
Though they are uſeleſs in the times of war.
Now if you'll grant that ſmall things may improve
Greateſt affairs, we muſt our *Poets* love.
For firſt they teach our children how to ſpeak
Plain and diſtinct, from telling lyes 'em break,
Chide 'em for calling *Names*, Curſing and Oaths;
Make them ſay Prayers, and keep clean their Clothes.
Poets write Story, and by example teach,
They comforts to the ſick and needy preach.
When Boys and Girls do in Proceſſion ſing
Anthems and *Hymns*, that God would bleſs the King,
Send *Rain* or *Harveſt-weather*, ſave the fruit,
Stop Plagues, and grant 'em any other ſuit,
I'ſt not the *Poet* that makes thoſe heavenly charms,
And does more by 'em, than by Martial Arms?
Old Husbandmen and *Worthies*, ſuch as could
Be happy with a little, heretofore would
(After their Corn was houſed, or Sheep were ſhorn,
With Wife and Barns, and others who had born
Part in thoſe labours) make an Holy-day,
Kill a fat Pig, eat Cream, drink Wine and play,
Give Sacrifice, and ſing to th' heavenly Powers
What *Poets* compos'd at their inſpir'd Hours.
Feſcennine freedom by this means did grow,
Such whoſe each *diſtich*, ſome courſe *flouts* did throw;
This freedom for a while paſt well enough,
Until at length it grew ſo tart and rough,

So

So dirty and down-right, not ſparing any,
Though ne're ſo worthy men: At length when many
Had been abus'd, the few that had ſcap'd free
Took care thence forward, that no more ſhould be
Making a penal *Law*, by which good men
Grew ſafe from th' poyſon of *Satyrick* Pen.
Thus *Rhimers* were reduc'd for fear of drubbing
When no *Scab* was, quite to refrain from rubbing.
Greece being taken by the *Romans*, took
Its Conquerours; from thence came *Art* and *Book*
Into rude *Italy*, thenceforth the Rhimes
That were in uſe in the *Saturnine* Times,
Were *obſolete*; and as we grew more rich
In *Things* and *Thoughts*, ſo was improv'd our *Speech*.
'Twas a great while before our minds we bent
To read *Greek* Authors, and learn what they meant;
Till being in Peace, then when the *Punick* War
Was well compos'd, the *Romans* waded far
In *Soph'cles*, *Theſpis*, and *Æſchylus* too,
Trying what they could in *Tranſlating* do.
They did *ſucceed*; their ſmart and lofty *Wit*
The *Tragick* vein with *grace* enough did hit.
Com'dy they thought (becauſe it's ſubject was
Trivial and mean) was eaſie; But alas!
They did not dream how little pardon's giv'n
To the poor *Comick*: How hard was *Plautus* driv'n;
The am'rous Young mans humor to make good,
And his *churmudging* Fathers underſtood:
And paint the plotting *Pimp*? *Perſennas* Pen
Deſcrib'd with pains the flatt'ring *Trencher-men*.
How ſlightly are perform'd ſome other parts
By thoſe that nothing elſe lay to their hearts,
But to get Money? Let their *Box* to th' brim
Be fill'd, they care not, if th' *Play* ſink or ſwim.

Him

Him that *Vain-glory* ſtirs to write a Play,
How doth *Spectators* negligence diſmay,
As when they gaze and gape, and give no heed?
But then, What joy does good *attention* breed?
"*So ſlight and ſmall a matter quells or raiſes*
"*Minds that too much affect the peoples praiſes.*
Adieu all writing Plays, if ſo be that
I pine when *hiſs'd*, or when I'm *humm'd* grow fat.
Bold and ſound *Poets* ſometimes are caſt down,
Ev'n when the ſcoundrel *Rabble* of the Town,
Sailers and *Butchers* being quickly full
And glutted with ſtrong Senſe, call for the *Bull*;
Or (in the middle of an *Act*) the *Bears*
Or *Fencers* ſet together by the Ears:
Though when the better ſort, and men of skill
Grow weary too, the Play 'tis like was ill.
When men have ſate a good while at the *Play*,
And in *diſguſt* ſhall flock apace away,
Then is brought forth a pinnion'd *King*, and ſhown
Wagons of captive Dames, *Corinth* o'rethrown
In paſtboard models: *Democritus* would ſneer
At ſuch poor *tricks*, if he again were here;
He'd laugh to ſee a ſpotted *Dromedary*,
Spectators eyes off from the Play to carry;
In marking them he would more pleaſure find,
So pleaſing 'tis t' obſerve the peoples mind.
Moreover he conſidering what a din,
Noiſe and confuſion all the ſtage is in,
Might think the ſlighted Poet did reherſe
Unto deaf *Aſſes* his elab'rate Verſe.
For when the Actors firſt appear well clad
In *Perſian* Silk, the People all like mad
Hum and clap hands, not for their exc'llent ſaying,
But for their Clothes and Purple gay arraying.

Now

Now leſt you think, that I diſparage what
I cannot underſtand, or reliſh not;
I grant, that ſuch a *Poet* may climb a Steeple
Up by a ſmall ſlack rope, who can the people
Anger, appeaſe, make laugh, or weep, or fear;
Whisk 'em to *Athens*, or *Thebes*, or keep them here;
Who by meer Words, can thus command mens fancy,
Is maſter in Poetick *Necromancy*.
Such men incourage, and withal thoſe who
Can the ſame thing without *Dramaticks* do;
For theſe you muſt provide, if you deſire
To blow ſtrong flames out of *Poetick* fire;
Or if youl'd ſharpen *Wit*, and make collection
Of pieces neereſt to divine perfection.
We *Poets* wrong our ſelves, (and I offend
As oft as others) when we Books commend
Into your hands, when you perhaps are tired,
Or in the *Bogs* of ſome diſaſter mired.
Then, when we vex that any though our friend,
Should but one Verſe ev'n gently reprehend;
Or when we reading our own Verſe, repeat
As *Cud* to be rechew'd what's *taſteleſs* meat:
When full of our own ſenſe, we do complain
That no man throughly weighs our skill and pain;
And when we think, that you great Sir as ſoon
As e're we write, are bound to give a Boon,
That you ſhould bid us write the *Second Part*,
And ſay reward ſhall equal our Deſert;
How e're 'tis good to know, with whom to truſt
Great deeds, and who can ſave 'm from the duſt.
Chœrilus ſo well did *Alexander* pleaſe
With Verſes not quite worth ſo many *Peaſe*,
As that the fort'nate *Bard*, Medals and Coins
Of precious Gold got for his Leaden lines.

Some

Some Poets foul more with their dirty Pen,
Then can be clean'd again by better Men.
That *Prod'gal Prince* who bought thoſe ſimple Rhimes
At ſuch a rate, was wiſe at other times,
Forbidding all but great *Apelles* hand
To draw his Picture; Nay he did command
That none ſhould mold the figure of his face
Except *Lyſippe*, who did it with grace.
Had this *vain* Prince no more skill in diſcerning
The hands of *Artiſts*, then the men of Learning,
One might have call'd him *Thick-skul*, and have ſworn,
That in ſome *foggy* air he had been born.
But you are not abus'd in any ſort
By th' Gifts and *Character* and fair Report
Beſtow'd on *Virgil* and on *Varius*, then
Whom are not better, either *Wits* or *Men*.
The ſhapes of famous men are not ſo clear
In graven Braſs, as do their minds appear
In well-pen'd Words: for my part I had choſe
(Rather than broken Rhimes, reſembling Proſe)
To write *heroick* Verſe, and thoſe on you,
That all the world might your *atchievements* know;
I would deſcribe the *Caſtles* you have won,
And winding *Rivers* that below 'em run.
I would thoſe *barb'rous* Kingdoms repreſent,
The peace which you have forc'd where e're you went:
Then *Janus* Temple I'de expoſe to view,
And *Rome* by th' *Parthians* fear'd, whilſt rul'd by you.
But Sir, *low* Verſe cannot your *Highneſs* grace,
Wherefore t' attempt it I have not the face.
For me to be *pragmatical* might prove
Your trouble, not my duty and my love:
Beſides, if I fell ſhort to do you right,
My faults would be remembred out of ſpight:

For Readers ſo malicious now are grown,
What's bad they'll con, what's good they let alone.
I hate ſuch kindneſs as offends, and his
That draws my Picture uglier than it is.
Though gayly dreſt, I value not a ruſh
The gawdy praiſes that muſt make me bluſh,
And dread to have my Name bedawb'd on Papers
Fit but to light Tobacco-pipes and Tapers;
Or elſe to wrap up wares of little price
In Chandlers Shops, at beſt but Plums and Spice.

EPISTLE ult. By *J. D.*

To JULIUS FLORUS.

Another Diſcourſe of Poetry.

BRave *Nero*'s Favourite, My *Julius*
(I anſwer your complaining letter thus)
Suppoſe one had to ſell, and you would buy
A *Boy* at *Tibur* born, or *Gabii*,
The owner plainly tells you; *Sir you ſee,*
He's ſmooth, and fair, of perfect Symmetrie
In all his parts; and without more diſcourſe,
Give me but ſo much money, he is yours.
This I dare vouch, he's apt, and quick to ſpie
The ſmalleſt motions of your hand, or eye.
He hath a little Greek, and being young
May yet improve, he's pretty good at ſong:
"*But* earneſt praiſing *Merchants* oft declare
"Their *craft*, more than the goodneſs of their *Ware.*
I have no need to ſell, my ſtock's but ſmall,
Yet what ſmall ſtock I have, my own I call.

I'le

I'le tell you therefore all the worſt I know,
Which I believe, none of the trade would do.
The truth is, once he play'd the idle Boy,
And fearing to be beaten ran away;
Now take, or Leave; May he not ſafely now
Receive his money, having told you ſo?
Why ſhould you ſue, or call him *cheat*, when as
He told you what an Idle *Rogue* it was?
Yet ſo you deal in chiding me; you know,
I told you likewiſe e're you went, how ſlow
I am in writing *Letters*, that as ſoon
You might almoſt make any *Cripple* run;
But yet you ſtill *complain* of me, and chide
Becauſe I do not *write*; Nay, and beſide
You ſay I promis'd *Verſes*; But for that,
Pray hear a ſtory that I ſhall relate.
One of *Lucullus* ſouldiers went abroad
To *forage*, and dearly having earn'd his load,
In very pleaſant manner, down he lies,
And *ſnores* all night; But e're he thought to riſe,
All his *Provant* was gone; With that as keen
As a ſhe *Wolf*, he falls to Rave, and Grin,
Mad with himſelf, no leſs than with his foes,
And careleſs which ſhould die for't, out he goes
Gnathing his teeth, and whoſoe're he met,
He lookt as fierce, as though he would him eat.
In this high *Rage*, he ſtorm'd a *Fort* himſelf
That was well fortifi'd, and ſtor'd with wealth,
And laid about him with ſuch force, they ſay,
As made the *Guards* give place, and run away;
For which *exploit* his very name was fear'd,
And *Thouſands* giv'n him as a juſt Reward.
Soon after this, the *Prætors* mind being bent
To take a certain *Caſtle*, ſtraight he ſent

To this great famous *Souldier*, and began
T' *exhort* him by the name of *gallant man*,
Us'd all the *Arguments*, apt to excite
With Words, enough to make a *Coward* fight.
The *Clown* wiser than so, cries; *Pray Sir hold*,
Such work becomes poor fellows, I have Gold.
(Now to apply this) I at *Rome* was bred,
And for some time the *Poets* there I read;
At *Athens* next, where I learnt to descry
The *Truth* from falshood by *Philosophy*;
But the unhappy times hinder'd my stay
In that sweet place, and hurry'd me away
From *Books* to *Arms*, and then I was engag'd
I'th' *Wars* which *Brutus* with *Augustus* wag'd.
But e're long *Brutus* being overcome,
I narrowly scap'd from *Philippi* home,
Stript, and as poor as possible, and then
Having no way to live, but by my *Pen*,
Straight I betook my self to *versifie*,
Instructed by *Ingenious Povertie*.
But now grown past all needs (to pore on sad
Dull *Poetry*, would not men think me mad?)
I'm of the *Souldiers* mind, I'le sleep and feed,
Why should I not? *let them take pains that need.*
I find I'm growing *old*, and every year
Steals somewhat from me; *Venus*, *Mirth*, and *Chear*,
Begin to lose their *Gust*; My *Wits* decline,
And my *Poetick* vein grows dry with time.
What e're I have been, I am scarce the same,
And will you have me dance now I am lame?
But if I did my faculty retain,
All would not like it; you the *Lyrick* strain
Do best affect: a second he commends
Hopping *Iambicks*, and a third contends

That

That nothing's good but what's *Satyrical*;
And how is't poſſible to pleaſe you all?
Juſt ſo, as though I ſhould three *friends* invite,
And each one of a different *appetite*;
Sir, Shall I help you here? No; I'm for this.
And, *What think you?* I'm for the other diſh.
Are you ſo too? No *Sir, I thank you, I*
Like the firſt beſt: So 'tis in *Poetry*.
Beſides all this, I wonder, you can gueſs
Amidſt the labours and diſturbances
Of this baſe buſie *Town*, I ſhould have reſt
To write a word. One comes and makes requeſt,
I would be *ſurety* for him; After this
I'm call'd to hear the *Poets* Exerciſe;
I've friends to viſit too; one in the *Quirine*,
Th' other (a fair diſtance) in the *Aventine*.
But yet you'll ſay, the *ſtreets* are fine, and ſtill,
And one may walk, and think of what he will.
(*Oh mighty quiet, fit for th' ears of Kings!*
Theſe Carts and Coaches are ſuch ſilent things.)
Here one comes with his *Mules*, all in a ſweat,
Who us'd to bring home Carriages with meat;
There creaks an *Engine*, which the *Builder* uſes
To wind up *Timber* to the tops of houſes.
Here goes a *Funeral*, and there a *Dray*
Standing athwart the ſtreet blocks up their way.
Now a *mad Dog* directly at me makes;
Anon, I meet a *Sow* out of a *Jakes*,
(And muſt give her the wall) midſt all this *din*,
Is't not a ſweet place to make *Verſes* in?
" *Poets true* Bacchus *Tribe, like him rejoyce*
" *To ſleep in ſhades, far from the Cities noiſe.*
And would you have me do, as they have done,
Although I live in this lewd *bauling* Town?

'Tis no rare thing to ſee ſome that have ſpent
Seven years at *Athens*, in their ſtudies pent,
Reading their eyes almoſt out; who yet after
Return dumb objects of the peoples *laughter*,
(And neither ſay nor write) here I am toſt,
And in a *ſtorm* of trouble well nigh loſt:
How can I grant, or you of me deſire,
To ſing ſweet *Lyricks* to the joyful *Lyre*?
At *Rome*, two Brothers were; this ſtudied *Law*,
That was a *Rhetor*; both ſo given to claw
Each other, that their whole diſcourſe was *lies*
In praiſe of one anothers *faculties*;
That call'd this *Gracchus*, He him *Mutius*.
Do not we *Poets* play the fool juſt thus?
I merry *Lyricks* write, Another he
Being more grave, delights in *Elegie*:
Yet both, as though undoubtedly inſpir'd
With all the *Nine*, expect to be admir'd.
Do but obſerve, with what a ſtately *grace*
We ſtalk, and look round the *reciting place*.
But what great matter bring we, that ſhould raiſe
Our *Expectations* to be crown'd with Bays?
The *Samnites* us, and we the *Samnites* waſt,
And yet we made the *Samnites* yield at laſt.
O rare! now he proteſts I ſhall no more
Be *Horace*, but *Alcæus*; I adore
Him as *Callimachus*, but that's too little,
Then he's *Mimnermus*, or ſome greater title.
Theſe *waſpiſh Poets* thus I'm faign to pleaſe,
When I write, that I may gain their *Suffrages*.
But I'le be *plagu'd* no more; I'le neither write
Henceforth my ſelf, nor hear when they recite.
Verſes indeed if bad, there's nothing worſe,
No more ridiculous, yet ſome fools of courſe

Love

Love to be *ſcribling*, and themſelves extoll,
For that at which all others laugh and droll.
He that would have his Poems take, muſt ſit
Judge of his own language, as well as wit,
Like a grave *Cenſor*; words of no *weight* nor *ſhew*
He muſt *degrade*, though they are loth to go,
And plead *preſcription*. To recruit his ſtore
With choice and good, *old* words he muſt reſtore,
Though th'ave lain long rejected and deſpis'd,
And take in *new*, what uſe hath naturaliz'd.
And as a *River* that runs clear and ſtrong,
The ſoil inricheth, as it glides along:
So muſt his language be; it muſt not want,
But neither muſt it be *luxuriant*.
With ſmoother phraſe he poliſhes what's rough,
And throws out all the flat *inſipid* ſtuff.
And as a skilful *Actor*, he muſt ſtrive,
To imitate each *Humor* to the life.
For my part, I had rather far be thought
A trifling *Poetaſter*, if that ought
I do pleaſes my ſelf, be't ne're ſo vain,
Than to write well, and to endure the pain
Of being vext with *Cenſures*. There was one
At *Argos*, who did uſe to ſit alone
I'th' *Theatre*, fancying himſelf to be
Preſent at ſome ingenious *Tragedie*:
Hearkned and *humm'd*, till he thought all was ended,
Then *clapt*, and cry'd, *'Tis never to be mended*:
'Bate only this, in others matters He
Was as *diſcreet* as any one could be;
He was a right good *Neighbour*; none more free
To treat his *Friends* with all civilitie:
Good to his Family; if he came nigh
A *Rock* or *Lake*, would heed how he paſt by:

Could not be charg'd with any *deſperate* folly,
The worſt was, he was highly *Melancholy*;
For this a luſty *doſe* of *Hellebore*
He took, which did him to himſelf reſtore;
But being cur'd, he cry'd, and ſaid, *Alas!*
Such an unhappy Remedy ne're was;
For now by this unfortunate Occaſion,
I've loſt the pleaſure of Imagination.
'Tis time I ſhould grow wiſe, and leave ſuch toys
As *Songs* and *Verſes*, proper ſports for *Boys*.
Not weighing words, nor meas'ring out of ſounds,
But ſcanning life, and tracing Virtues bounds.
Now thus I'le ſpend my thoughts; If you or I
Had ſuch a *thirſt*, that we were always dry,
How much ſo e're we drink, we ſhould be ſure
To tell the *Doctor* of't, and ask the cure.
Now you are rich, yet covet ſtill to gain
More wealth, Is not this caſe the very ſame?
If one ſhould ſay, ſuch *Herbs*, or ſuch a *Courſe*,
Will cure your wound, if ſtill your wound grew worſe,
Would you not ceaſe to follow his *Advice?*
So you have heard, that he muſt needs be wiſe
To whom the Gods give Riches, yet you find
The Goods of *Fortune* have not chang'd your mind.
And will you ſtill believe it, ſince you know,
By ſad experience, that it is not ſo?
If to be *Rich*, could make one wiſe indeed,
And you were ſure by that means to be freed
From hurtful Paſſions; then I would allow,
That none ſhould be more *Covetous* than you;
But ſince it can no ſuch *effect* produce,
Let that ſuffice that ſerves for preſent uſe.
If what I have though ſmall, be mine, (as 'tis)
And what one *uſes*, in ſome ſort is his:

(As

(As the *Civilians* teach) then *Orbus* field,
And whatſoever fruit the ſame doth yield,
Is mine; nay and his *ſervants* too, and all
He hath, may truly me their *Maſter* call.
I give a little *money*, and receive
Grapes, Poultry, Wine, and what I pleaſe to have.
The difference is, I with a ſmall expence
Buy what he purchas'd with vaſt *Sums* long ſince.
The *Purchaſer* of all thoſe fields that lie
About *Aricia*, and old *Veii*,
Hath not a Sallet of his own in troth,
Nor one ſmall ſtick to warm his ſtale-kept broth,
But what is bought; only he calls it His
As far as lies within ſuch *Boundaries*.
Fond man! how canſt thou call that ſubſtance thine
Which varies like thy ſhadow? One hour's time,
One flitting hour, alters the property,
And either death, ſale, force or flattery
Makes it another mans. For Heirs come on
As faſt as waves, one e're the other's gone.
And ſince 'tis ſo, to what intent ſhould I
Great *Farms* or *Mannors* ſtrive to multiply?
Or make new purchaſes? when as, *Alas!*
Death and the Grave mow down all fleſh like Graſs;
Sparing nor high, nor low, nor young, nor old,
Untouch't with Pity, uncorrupt with Gold.
And while we live, we may live, if we pleaſe,
Happy and well, without ſuch things as theſe,
Gems, Ivory, Marble, Pictures, Plate, rare Cuts,
Garments like thoſe in which the *Sophy* ſtruts.
All that make bodies gay, or houſes brave,
Some have them not, others don't care to have.
So of two *Brothers*, one delights to *play*
And *drink*; the other from the break of day

Till

Till it be dark night, ſpends himſelf with toil,
Beating and burning the hard barren ſoil.
The only Reaſon that they differ thus,
Proceedeth from a different *Genius*;
Which is as 'twere a little Deitie,
Preſcribing *how* to live, and *when* to die.
To ſome *unluckie*, to ſome *Fortunate*,
So conſtituting good or evil *Fate*.
For my part, I'm reſolv'd that little *wealth*
I have, to uſe, and not to *ſtarve* my ſelf.
I will be *moderate*, yet I'le not forbear
Expence, leſt I ſhould grieve my greedy *Heir*,
Or make my *Executor* think much, to ſee
My *Inventory* ſpent in *Legacie*.
There is *diſcretion* to be us'd, for he
Is juſtly tax'd with *Prodigalitie*,
That vainly waſtes his *Fortune*; and no leſs
Is he to be accus'd of *Greedineſs*,
Who ſpares his *Purſe*, more than his *Reputation*,
And will not ſpend upon a *juſt* occaſion.
But he that hath *enough*, and thinks it ſo,
Toils not for more, nor *pines* to ſee that go;
That ſometimes makes a *feſtival*, and ſpares
A day for mirth to looſe the bonds of cares:
That doth no *wrong*, and is *diſcreetly* free,
That man's indu'd with *Liberalitie*.
Bleſs me from *Poverty* and *Sordidneſs*!
And then be my enjoyments more or leſs,
I'm ſtill the ſame: To me it matters not,
Whether I'm carried in a bigger *Boat*,
Or in a leſs; *The middle ſtate's the beſt*.
And mine is ſuch, I neither am oppreſt
With *ſtorms*, nor flat at all with *calms*; my Sails
Are fill'd with equal and *Indifferent* Gales:

For

For health, wit, vertue, honour, wealth, I'm plac't
Short of the *foremoſt*, but before the *laſt*.
Yet though a man be freed from *Avarice*,
That's not enough, if any other *Vice*
Be ſuffer'd to bear ſway. What? art thou free
From pride, and empty *Popularity*?
Art free from raging anger, and the fear
Of cruel *death*, that dreadful *Meſſenger*?
Canſt laugh at *ſuperſtitious* fond conceits
Of Sprights, Dreams, *Omens*, all thoſe vulgar *cheats*?
Art thankful for thy age that's paſt and gone,
And being older, Art thou *better* grown?
For as it cannot mitigate ones pain,
To draw one *Thorn*, whilſt twenty more remain:
"*To hate one Vice is nothing, whilſt the mind*
"*Indulges Vices of another kind.*
"*Until thou canſt thy life exactly frame*
"*To Virtue's pattern, don't uſurp the name.*
But having play'd, and eat, and drunk thy ſhare,
Get home, leſt taking more than thou canſt bear,
Th' art mock't and bob'd, and juſtled for thy *folly*,
By th' Lads whoſe priviledg is to be *jolly*.

HORACE

HORACE,

His ART of

POETRY.

By *B. J.*

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
Set a Horſe-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limb, ta'en from a ſeveral creature,
Preſenting upwards a fair female feature,
Which in ſome ſwarthy fiſh uncomely ends:
Admitted to the ſight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
This piece my *Piſo*'s, and that book agree,
Whoſe ſhapes, like ſick-mens dreams, are fain'd ſo vain,
As neither head, nor foot, one form retain.
But equal power, to Painter, and to Poet,
Of daring all, hath ſtill been given; we know it:
And both do crave, and give again, this leave.
Yet not as therefore wild, and tame ſhould cleave
Together: not that we ſhould Serpents ſee
With Doves; or Lambs, with Tygers coupled be.

In

In grave beginnings, and great things profeſt,
Ye have oft-times, that may o're-ſhine the reſt,
A Scarlet-piece or two, ſtitch'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
Dring Circles of ſwift waters that intwine
The pleaſant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
Or Rainbow is deſcrib'd. But here was now
No place for theſe. And, Painter, haply, thou
Know'ſt only well to paint a Cypreſs tree.
What's this, if he whoſe money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by ſwimming hopeleſs ſcap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd? A great Jar to be ſhap'd,
Was meant at firſt; why forcing ſtill about
Thy labouring wheel, comes ſcarce a Pitcher out?
In ſhort; I bid, Let what thou work'ſt upon,
Be ſimply quite throughout, and wholly one.
Moſt Writers, noble Sire, and either Son,
Are, with the likeneſs of the truth, undone.
My ſelf for ſhortneſs labour; and I grow
Obſcure. This ſtriving to run ſmooth and ſlow,
Hath neither ſoul, nor ſinews. Lofty he
Profeſſing greatneſs, ſwells: That low by lee
Creeps on the ground; too ſafe too afraid of ſtorm.
This ſeeking, in a various kind, to form
One thing, prodigiouſly, paints in the woods
A Dolphin, and a Boar amid the floods.
So, ſhunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong, and artleſs way we tread.
The worſt of Statuaries here about
Th' *Æmilian* School, in braſs can faſhion out
The nails, and every curled hair diſcloſe;
But in the main work hapleſs: ſince he knows
Not to deſign the whole. Should I aſpire
To form a work, I would no more deſire

To

To be that Smith; then live, mark'd one of thoſe,
With fair black eyes, and hair, and a wry noſe.
Take, therefore, you that write, ſtill, matter fit
Unto your ſtrength, and long examine it
Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him whoſe choice doth rear
His matter to his power, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor cleer order e're forſakes.
The vertue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, ſhall be to place
Invention. Now, to ſpeak; and then defer
Much, that might now be ſpoke: omitted here
Till fitter ſeaſon. Now, to like of this;
Lay that aſide, the *Epicks* office is.
In uſing alſo of new words, to be
Right ſpare, and wary: then thou ſpeak'ſt to me
Moſt worthy praiſe, when words that common grew,
Are, by thy cunning placing, made meer new.
Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abſtruſe,
Thou need new terms; thou maiſt, without excuſe,
Fain words, unheard of to the well-truſs'd race
Of the *Cethegi*; And all men will grace,
And give, being taken modeſtly, this leave,
And thoſe thy new, and late coyn'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the *Grecian* ſpring,
And come not too much wreſted. What's that thing,
A *Roman* to *Cæcilius* will allow,
Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* diſavow,
Or *Varius*? why am I now envi'd ſo,
If I can give ſome ſmall increaſe? When, loe,
Cato's and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language; and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that be

Stamp'd

Stamp'd to the time. As woods whoſe change appears
Still in their leaves, throughout the ſliding years,
The firſt-born dying; ſo the aged ſtate
Of words decay, and phraſes born but late
Like tender buds ſhoot up, and freſhly grow.
Our ſelves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the Sea receiv'd into the ſhore,
That from the North, the Navy ſafe doth ſtore,
A Kingly work; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nouriſh men
In neighbour-towns, and feels the weighty plough;
Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His courſe ſo hurtful both to grain, and ſeeds,
Being taught a better way. *All mortal deeds*
Shall periſh: ſo far off it is, the ſtate,
Or grace of ſpeech, ſhould hope a laſting date.
Much phraſe that now is dead, ſhall be reviv'd;
And much ſhall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
If Cuſtom pleaſe; at whoſe diſpoſing will
The power, and rule of ſpeaking reſteth ſtill.
The geſts of Kings, great Captains, and ſad Wars,
What number beſt can fit, *Homer* declares.
In Verſe unequal match'd, firſt ſowre Laments,
After mens Wiſhes, crown'd in their events
Were alſo clos'd: But, who the man ſhould be,
That firſt ſent forth the dapper Elegie,
All the Grammarians ſtrive; and yet in Court
Before the Judge, it hangs, and waits report.
Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muſe gave grace
To chant the Gods, and all their Godlike race,
The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horſe in courſe,
Freſh Lovers buſineſs, and the Wines free ſource,
Th' Iambick arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
This foot the ſocks took up, and buskins grave,

As fit t' exchange diſcourſe; a Verſe to win
On popular noiſe with, and do buſineſs in.
The Comick matter will not be expreſt
In tragick Verſe; no leſs *Thyeſtes* feaſt
Abhors low numbers, and the private ſtrain
Fit for the ſock: Each ſubject ſhould retain
The place allotted it, with decent thews.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of Poems here deſcrib'd, I can, nor uſe,
Nor know t' obſerve: why (i' th' Muſes name)
Am I call'd Poet? wherefore with wrong ſhame,
Perverſly modeſt, had I rather owe
To ignorance ſtill, then either learn, or know.
Yet, ſometime, doth the Comedy excite
Her voyce, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right
With ſwelling throat: and of the tragick wight
Complains in humble phraſe. Both *Telephus*,
And *Peleus*, if they ſeek to heart-ſtrike us
That are Spectators, with their miſery,
When they are poor, and baniſh'd, muſt throw by
Their bombard-phraſe, and foot-and-half-foot words:
'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muſe affords
Her Poems beauty, but a ſweet delight
To work the hearers mind, ſtill, to their plight.
Mens faces, ſtill, with ſuch as laugh, are prone
To laughter; ſo they grieve with thoſe that mone.
If thou would'ſt have me weep, be thou firſt drown'd
Thy ſelf in tears, then thee my loſs will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you ſpeak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I ſhall, or ſleep, or ſmile.
Sad language fits ſad looks; ſtuff'd menacings,
The angry brow; the ſportive, wanton things;
And the ſevere, ſpeech ever ſerious.
For Nature, firſt within doth faſhion us

To

To every ſtate of fortune; ſhe helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
With weighty ſorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and, after by the tongue
Her truch-man, ſhe reports the minds each throw.
If now the phraſe of him that ſpeaks, ſhall flow
In ſound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
And *Roman* Gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a God ſpeak, than,
Or an *Heroe*; If a ripe old man,
Or ſome hot youth, yet in his flouriſhing courſe;
Where ſome great Lady, or her diligent Nurſe;
A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
Of ſome ſmall thankful land: whether he be
Of *Colchis* born; or in *Aſſyria* bred;
Or with the milk of *Thebes* or *Argus*, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that doſt write, or fain
Things in themſelves agreeing. If again
Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be ſeiz'd,
Keep him ſtill active, angry, unappeas'd,
Sharp, and contemning laws, at him ſhould aim,
Be nought ſo 'bove him but his Sword let claim.
Medea make brave with impetuous ſcorn;
Ino bewail'd; *Ixion* falſe, forſworn;
Poor *Io* wandring, wild *Oreſtes* mad.
If ſomething ſtrange, that never yet was had
Unto the *Scene*, thou bring'ſt, and dar'ſt create
A meer new perſon; Look he keep his ſtate
Unto the laſt, as when he firſt went forth,
Still to be like himſelf, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard, to ſpeak things common, properly;
And thou maiſt better bring a *Rhapſody*
Of *Homers*, forth in acts, then of thy own,
Firſt publiſhing things unſpoken, and unknown.

Yet common matter thou thine own mayſt make;
If thou be vile, broad trodden ring forſake.
For, being a Poet, thou mayſt feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldſt faithfully tranſlate,
To render word for word; nor with thy ſlight
Of imitation, leap into a ſtreight,
From whence thy Modeſty, or Poems law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
Nor ſo begin, as did that Circler late,
I ſing a noble War, and *Priam*'s Fate:
What doth this Promiſer ſuch gaping worth
Afford? The Mountains travell'd, and brought forth
A ſcorned Mouſe! O, how much better this,
Who nought aſſays unaptly, or amiſs?
Speak to me, Muſe, the man, who after Troy *was ſack't,*
Saw many Towns, and men, and could their manners tract.
He thinks not, how to give you ſmoak from light,
But light from ſmoak; that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Polypheme*, with theſe.
Nor from the brand, with which the life did burn
Of *Meleager*, brings he the return
Of *Diomede*; nor *Troys* ſad War begins
From the *two Eggs*, that did diſcloſe the twins.
He ever haſtens to the end, and ſo
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter: letting go
What he deſpairs, being handled, might not ſhow.
And ſo well fains, ſo mixeth cunningly
Falſhood with truth, as no man can eſpy
Where the midſt differs from the firſt: or where
The laſt doth from the midſt diſ-joyn'd appear.
Hear, what it is the People, and I deſire:
If ſucha ones applauſe thou doſt require,

That

That tarries till the hangings be ta'en down,
And ſits, till th' *Epilogue* ſays *Clap*, or *Crown*:
The cuſtoms of each age thou muſt obſerve,
And give their years, and natures, as they ſwerve,
Fit rites. The Child, that now knows how to ſay,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play;
Soon angry, and ſoon pleas'd, is ſweet, or ſowr,
He knows not why, and changeth every hour.
Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
Loves Dogs, and Horſes; and is ever one
I' th' open field; Is Wax like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counſel: A Provider ſlow
For his own good, a careleſs letter-go
Of money, haughty, to deſire ſoon mov'd,
And then as ſwift to leave what he hath lov'd.
Theſe ſtudies alter now, in one grown man;
His better'd mind ſeeks wealth, and friendſhip: than
Looks after honours, and bewares to act
What ſtraight-way he muſt labour to retract.
The old man many evils do girt round;
Either becauſe he ſeeks, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the uſe of things forbear,
Or does all buſineſs coldly, and with fear;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With ſloth, yet greedy ſtill of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times paſt, when he was a young lad;
And ſtill correcting youth, and cenſuring.
Mans coming years much good with them do bring:
At his departing take much thence, leſt then,
The parts of age to youth be given; or men
To children; we muſt always dwell, and ſtay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The buſineſs either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the ear, do ſtir the mind more ſlow
Then thoſe the faithful eyes take in by ſhow,
And the beholder to himſelf doth render.
Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maiſt not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the ſight, which fair report will make
Preſent anon: *Medea* muſt not kill
Her ſons before the People; nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked *Arteus* cook, to th' eye,
His Nephews entrails; nor muſt *Progne* flie
Into a Swallow there; Nor *Cadmus* take,
Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.
What ſo is ſhown, I not believe, and hate.
Nor muſt the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once ſeen, to be again call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or leſs then juſt five Acts: nor laid,
To have a God come in, except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: And not
Any fourth man, to ſpeak at all, aſpire.
An Actors parts, and Office too, the Quire
Muſt maintain manly; not be heard to ſing
Between the Act, a quite clean other thing
Then to the purpoſe leads, and fitly 'grees.
It ſtill muſt favour good men, and to theſe
Be won a friend; It muſt both ſway, and bend
The angry, and love thoſe that fear t' offend.
Praiſe the ſpare diet, wholeſom juſtice, laws,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cauſe.
Hide faults, Pray to the Gods, and wiſh aloud
Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.
The Hau'-boy, not as now with latton bound,
And rival with his Trumpet for his ſound,

But ſoft, and ſimple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* rime,
As loud enough to fill the ſeats, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the people met,
They might with eaſe be numbred, being a few
Chaſte, thrifty, modeſt folk, that came to view.
But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their City round,
And they uncenſur'd might at Feaſts, and Plays
Steep the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole days,
Both in their tunes, the licenſe greater grew,
And in their numbers; For, alas, what knew
The Idiot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clown, Townſman, baſe, and noble, mix'd, to judg?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Geſture, and riot, whilſt he ſwooping went
In his train'd Gown about the Stage: So grew
In time of Tragedy, a Muſick new.
The raſh, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; And that ſenſe of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing,
Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddling.
Theſpis is ſaid to be the firſt found out
The Tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in Carts, wherein did ride
Thoſe that did ſing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of Wine. Next *Æſchylus*, more late
Brought in the Viſor, and the robe of State,
Built a ſmall timbred Stage, and taught them talk
Lofty, and grave; and in the buskin ſtalk.
He too, that did in Tragick Verſe contend,
For the vile Goat, ſoon after, forth did ſend
The rough rude Satyres naked; and would try,
Though ſowre, with ſafety of his gravity,

How he could jeſt, becauſe he mark'd and ſaw
The free ſpectators, ſubject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunk: the rites being done,
Were to be ſtaid with ſoftneſſes, and won
With ſomething that was acceptably new.
Yet ſo the ſcoffing Satyres to mens view,
And ſo their prating to preſent was beſt,
And ſo to turn all earneſt into jeſt,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was ſeen to wear
A royal Crown, and purple; he made hop
With poor baſe terms, through every baſer ſhop:
Or whilſt he ſhuns the Earth, to catch at Air
And empty Clouds. For Tragedy is fair,
And far unworthy to blurt out light rimes;
But, as a Matron drawn at ſolemn times
To Dance, ſo ſhe ſhould, ſhamefac'd, differ far
From what th' obſcene, and petulant Satyres are.
Nor I, when I write Satyres, will ſo love
Plain phraſe, my *Piſo's*, as alone t' approve
Meer raigning words: nor will I labour ſo
Quite from all face of Tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether *Davus* ſpeak,
And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weak
Simo; and, of a talent wip'd his purſe;
Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* Guard, and Nurſe.
I can out of known gear, a fable frame,
And ſo, as every man may hope the ſame;
Yet he that offers at it, may ſweat much,
And toil in vain: the excellence is ſuch
Of Order, and Connexion; ſo much grace
There comes ſometimes to things of meaneſt place.
But, let the *Faunes*, drawn from their Groves, beware,
Be I their Judge, they do at no time dare

Like

Like men ſtreet-born, and neer the Hall, reherſe
Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verſe:
Or crack out bawdy ſpeeches, and unclean.
The *Roman* Gentry, Men of Birth, and Mean
Will take offence at this: Nor, though it ſtrike
Him that buys chiches blanch't, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive, or give it an applauſe, the more.
To theſe ſucceeded the old Comedy,
And not without much praiſe; till liberty
Fell into fault ſo far, as now they ſaw
Her licence fit to be reſtrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
His power of foully hurting made to ceaſe.
Two reſt, a ſhort and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
A foot, whoſe ſwiftneſs gave the Verſe the name
Of *Trimeter*, when it was ſix-pac'd,
But meer *Iambicks* all, from firſt to laſt.
Nor is't long ſince, they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for fitneſs ſake,
The ſteady *Spondees*; ſo themſelves do bear
More ſlow, and come more weighty to the ear:
Provided, ne're to yield, in any caſe
Of fellowſhip, the fourth, or ſecond place.
This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:
So rare, as with ſome tax it doth engage
Thoſe heavy Verſes ſent ſo to the Stage,
Of too much haſte, and negligence in part,
Or a worſe Crime, the ignorance of art.
But every Judge hath not the faculty
To note in Poems, breach of harmony;
And there is given too, unworthy leave
To *Roman* Poets. Shall I therefore weave

My Verse at random, and licentiously?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spy,
Grow a safe Writer, and be wary-driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'Tis clear, this way I have got off from blame,
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.
Take you the *Greek* examples, for your light,
In hand, and turn them over day, and night.
Our Ancestors, did *Plautus* numbers praise,
And jests; and both to admiration raise
Too patiently, that I not fondly say;
If either you, or I, know the right way
To part scurrility from wit: or can
A lawful Verse, by th' ear, or finger scan.
Our Poets too, left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the less Crown to wear,
In daring to forsake the *Grecian* tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born facts;
Whether the guarded *Tragedy* they wrought,
Or't were the gowned *Comedy* they taught.
Nor had our *Italy* more glorious bin
In vertue, and renown of arms, then in
Her language, if the Stay, and Care, t' have mended,
Had not our every Poet like offended.
But you, *Pompilius* off-spring, spare you not
To tax that Verse, which many a day, and blot
Have not kept in, and (lest perfection fail)
Not ten times o're, corrected to the nail.
Because *Democritus* believes a wit
Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
Exclude all sober Poets, from their share
In *Helicon*; a great sort will not pare
Their nails, nor shave their beards, but to by-paths
Retire themselves, avoid the publick baths;

For

For ſo, they ſhall not only gain the worth,
But fame of Poets, they think, if they come forth,
And from the Barber *Licinus* conceal
Their heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every ſpring
For choler! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poems? But I cannot buy
My title, at the rate; I 'ad rather, I,
Be like a Whet-ſtone, that an edge can put
On ſteel, though 't ſelf be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my ſelf, will teach them yet
Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nouriſheth, what formed, what begot
The Poet, what becometh, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.
The very root of writing well, and ſpring
Is to be wiſe; thy matter firſt to know;
Which the *Socratick* writings beſt can ſhow:
And, where the matter is provided ſtill,
There words will follow, not againſt their will.
He, that hath ſtudied well the debt, and knows
What to his Countrey, what his friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit beſt,
What brethren, what a ſtranger, and his gueſt,
Can tell a State-mans duty, what the arts
And office of a Judge are, what the parts
Of a brave Chief ſent to the wars: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I ſtill bid the learned Maker look
On life, and manners, and make thoſe his book,
Thence draw forth true expreſſions. For, ſometimes,
A Poem, of no grace, weight, art, in rhimes
With ſpecious places, and being humor'd right,
More ſtrongly takes the people with delight,

And

And better ſtays them there, then all fine noiſe
Of Verſe meer-matter-leſs, and tinckling toies.
The Muſe not only gave the *Greeks* a wit,
But a well-compaſs'd mouth to it,
Being men were covetous of nought but praiſe.
Our *Roman* youths they learn the ſubtle ways
How to divide, into a hundred parts,
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's *Albin*'s ſon will ſay, Subtract an ounce
From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may: four ounces. Glad,
He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keep thine own. Now, add
An ounce, what makes it then? The half pound juſt;
Six ounces. O, whence once the canker'd ruſt,
And care of getting, thus, our minds hath ſtain'd,
Think we, or hope, there can be Verſes fain'd
In juyce of *Cedar*, worthy to be ſteep'd,
And in ſmooth *Cypreſs* boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either profit, or delight,
Or mixing ſweet, and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, a Prieſt, and ſpeaker for the Gods,
Firſt frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at odds,
From ſlaughters, and foul life; and for the ſame
Was Tygers, ſaid, and Lyons fierce, to tame.
Amphion too, that built the *Theban* towers,
Was ſaid to move the ſtones, by his Lutes powers,
And lead them with ſoft ſongs, where that he would.
This was the wiſdom, that they had of old,
Things ſacred, from profane to ſeparate;
The publique, from the private; to abate
Wild raging luſts; preſcribe the marriage good;
Build Towns, and carve the Laws in leaves of wood.
And thus at firſt, an honour, and a name
To divine Poets, and their Verſes came.

Next theſe great *Homer*, and *Tyrtæus* ſet
On edge the Maſc'line ſpirits, and did whet
Their minds to Wars, with rhimes they did reherſe;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verſe;
All way of life was ſhewn; the grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muſes tunes, and ſtrings;
Plays were found out; and reſt, the end, and Crown
Of their long labours, was in verſe ſet down:
All which I tell, leſt when *Apollo*'s nam'd,
Or *Muſe*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' aſham'd.
Be brief, in what thou wouldſt command, that ſo
The docile mind may ſoon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing reſts,
But flows out, that ore-ſwelleth in full breſts.
Let what thou fain'ſt for pleaſures ſake, be neer
The truth, nor let thy Fable think, what e're
It would, muſt be: leſt it alive would draw
The Child, when *Lamia* 'has din'd, out of her maw.
The *Poems* void of profit, our grave men
Caſt out by voices; want they pleaſure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but paſs them by:
But he hath every ſuffrage, can apply
Sweet mix'd with ſowre, to his Reader, ſo
As doctrine, and delight together go.
This book will get the *Sofii* money; This
Will paſs the Seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the far-known Author live.
There are yet faults, which we would well forgive;
For, neither doth the String yet yield that ſound
The hand, and mind would, but it will reſound;
Oft-times a Sharp, when we require a Flat:
Nor always doth the looſed Bow hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I ſee
Much in the *Poem*, ſhine, I will not be

Offended

Offended with few ſpots, which negligence
Hath ſhed, or humane frailty not kept thence.
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the ſame, and warned, will not mend,
Deſerves no pardon; or who'd play, and ſing,
Is laugh'd at, that ſtill jarreth on one ſtring:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A *Chœrilus*, in whom if I but ſee
'Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I hear good *Homer* ſnore.
But, I confeſs, that, in a long work, ſleep
May, with ſome right, upon an Author creep.
As Painting, ſo is Poeſie. Some mans hand
Will take you more, the neerer that you ſtand;
As ſome the farther off: This loves the dark;
This, fearing not the ſubtleſt Judges mark,
Will in the light be view'd: This once, the ſight
Doth pleaſe; this, ten times over, will delight.
You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly by your Fathers care,
And, of your ſelf too, underſtand; yet mind
This ſaying: to ſome things there is aſſign'd
A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may not excel;
Or Pleader at the Bar, that may come ſhort
Of eloquent *Meſſalla*'s power in Court,
Or knows not what *Caſſellius Aulus* can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.
As jarring Muſick doth, at jolly feaſts,
Or thick groſs Ointment, but offend the Gueſts:
As Poppy, and *Sardane* Honey; 'cauſe without
Theſe, the free meal might have been well drawn out:

So,

So, any *Poem*, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettering of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest, sinketh to the lowest, and worst.
He, that not knows the games, nor how to use
His arms in *Mars* his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskilful at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheel, he can sit still, from all;
Lest the throng'd heaps should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-born, do hate
Vice, and, am known to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgment is, thy knowledg too,
Wilt nothing against nature speak, or do:
But, if hereafter thou shall write, not fear
To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* ear,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though 't be
Nine years kept in, your Papers by, yo' are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth do set.
The Writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art. My Judgment will not pierce
Into the Profits, what a meer rude brain
Can; or all toil, without a wealthy vein:
So doth the one, the others help require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.
He, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young; he swear, and freez'd again:
And both from Wine, and Women did abstain.
Who, since, to sing the *Pythian* rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a Master fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to say; I make
An admirable Verse. The great Scurf take

Him

Him at the laſt; I ſcorn to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
To ſay, I'm ignorant. Juſt as a Crier
That to the ſale of Wares calls every Buyer;
So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in moneys out at uſe, command
His flatterers to their gain. But ſay, he can
Make a great Supper; or for ſome poor man
Will be a ſurety; or can help him out
Of an entangling ſuit; and bring 't about:
I wonder how this happy man ſhould know,
Whether his ſoothing friend ſpeak truth, or no.
But you, my *Piſo*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are)
You do not bring, to judge your Verſes, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent!*
Look pale, diſtil a ſhowr, (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the groun'.
As thoſe that hir'd to weep at Funerals, ſwoun,
Cry, and do more than the true Mourners: ſo
The Scoffer, the true Praiſer doth out-go.
Rich men are ſaid with many cups to ply,
And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would try,
If of their friendſhip he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verſes, with your judge do ſo:
Look through him, and be ſure, you take not mocks
For praiſes, where the mind conceals a fox.
If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
He'd ſay, mend this, good friend, and this; 'Tis naught.
If you deny'd, you had no better ſtrain,
And twice, or thrice had 'ſſayd it, ſtill in vain:
He'd bid, blot all, and to the anvile bring
Thoſe ill-torn'd Verſes, to new hammering.

Then

Then, If your fault you rather had defend
Then change; No word, or work, more would he ſpend
In vain, but you, and yours, you ſhould love ſtill
Alone, without a rival, by his will.
A wiſe, and honeſt man will cry out ſhame
On artleſs Verſe; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the careleſs, with his turned pen;
Cut off ſuperfluous ornaments; and when
They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
Become an *Ariſtarchus*. And, not ſay,
Why ſhould I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
Theſe trifles into ſerious miſchiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and ſuffer'd wrong to tread.
Wiſe, ſober folk, a frantick *Poet* fear,
And ſhun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leproſie, or had
The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
According to the Moon. But, then the boys
They vex, and follow him with ſhouts, and noiſe,
The while he belcheth lofty Verſes out,
And ſtalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
Buſie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
Into a pit, or hole, although he call
And cry aloud, Help gentle Country-men,
There's none will take the care, to help him then;
For, if one ſhould, and with a rope make haſte
To let it down, who knows, if he did caſt
Himſelf there purpoſely, or no; and would
Not thence be ſav'd, although indeed he could?
I'le tell you but the death, and the diſeaſe
Of the *Sicilian* Poet *Empedocles*;
He, while he labour'd to be thought a God
Immortal took a melancholique odd

Conceit,

Conceit, and into burning *Ætna* leap't.
Let Poets periſh, that will not be kept.
He that preſerves a man, againſt his will,
Doth the ſame thing with him, that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can
Recal him yet, he'ld be no more a man:
Or love of this ſo famous death lay by.
His cauſe of making Verſes none knows why;
Whether he piſs'd upon his Fathers grave;
Or the ſad thunder-ſtrucken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad;
And, as a Bear; if he the ſtrength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All; So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting go his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a Horſe-leech, full of blood.

FINIS.